WINNOWED SONGS

FOR Sunday Schools

BY IRA D. SANKEY

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WINNOWED SONGS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Edited and Compiled by

IRA D. SANKEY.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
76 East Ninth Street, New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
74 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.
19 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

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PREFACE.

IN WINNOWED SONGS for Sunday Schools, may be found a number of *new* Hymns and Tunes never before published, together with a choice selection of the most useful and popular pieces to be found in the whole range of Sunday School Hymnody.

While we might have filled every page of this volume with the most classical music of foreign composers, and secured thereby for the book a very limited use and circulation, yet we have not felt called upon to do so. We have, however, retained a number of the most useful and practical of this class of tunes by such composers as DYKES, HOPKINS, SULLIVAN, BARNBY, HAYNE and others, but a large majority of the hymns and tunes are by our own American authors, whose "Gospel Songs" are now being sung around the world in every land where the gospel is proclaimed or the name of JESUS known.

This book has been compiled especially for Sunday Schools, largely from the same sources of Sacred Song which gave to the world the popular collection known as "Gospel Hymns."

We invite a careful examination of every page of WINNOWED SONGS, believing that the pieces will sing their way into the hearts of the children wherever used.

We desire to express our thanks to the large number of authors and composers whose names are found in this collection, for kind permission granted to use copyright pieces. Special thanks are due to HUBERT P. MAIN for valuable assistance in the preparation of this work.

IRA D. SANKEY.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

WINNOWED SONGS

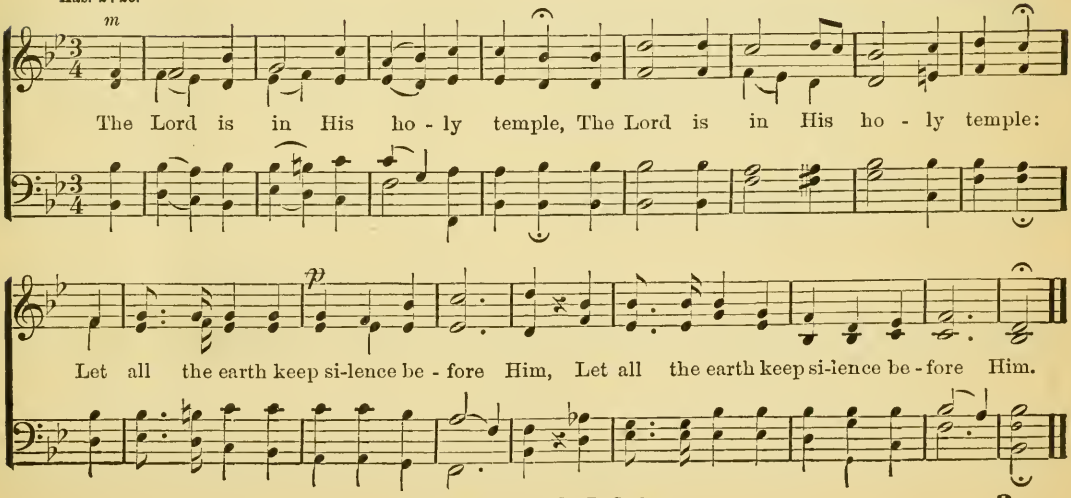
FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

Hab. 2 : 20.

Hubert P. Main.



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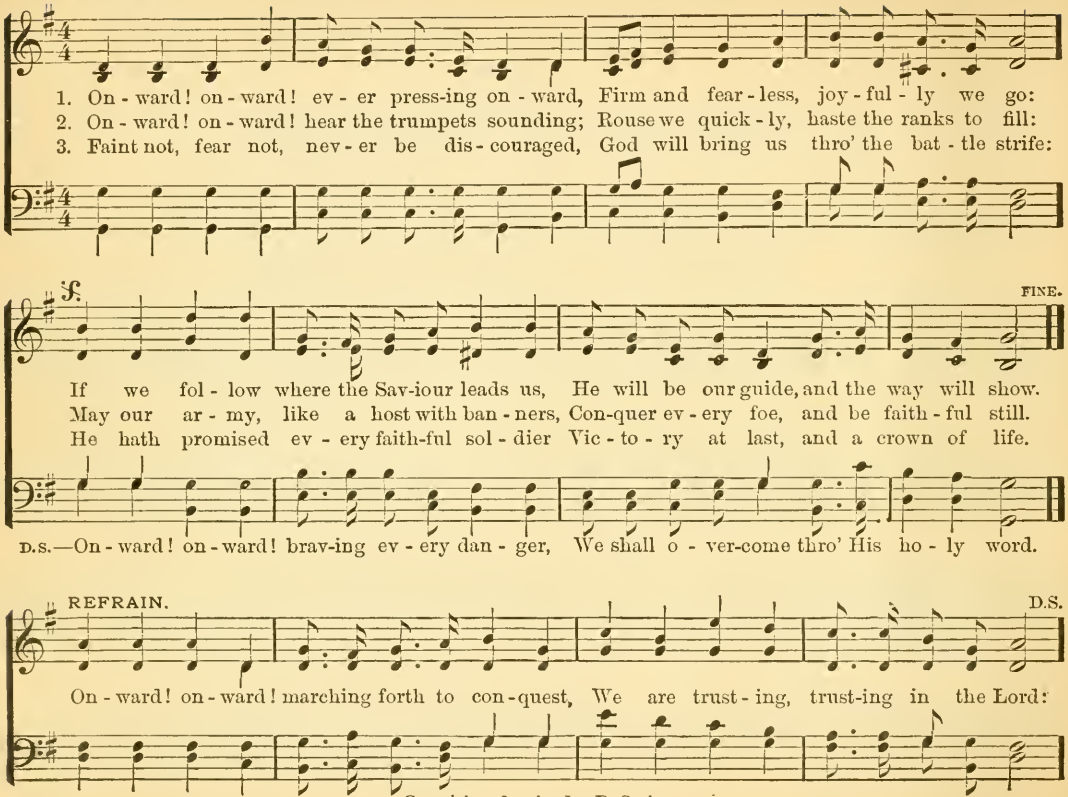
Onward, Pressing Onward.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



FINE. D.S.

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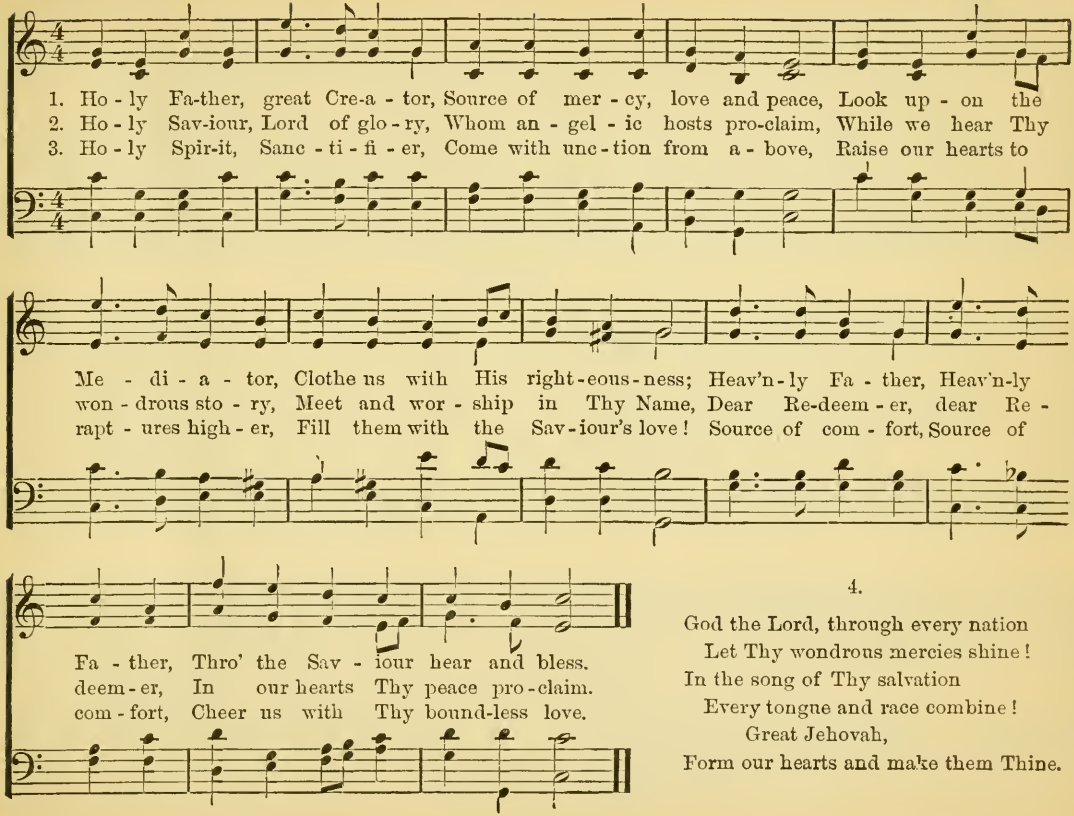
Holy Father, Great Creator.

Rev. A. V. Griswold. Henry Smart.

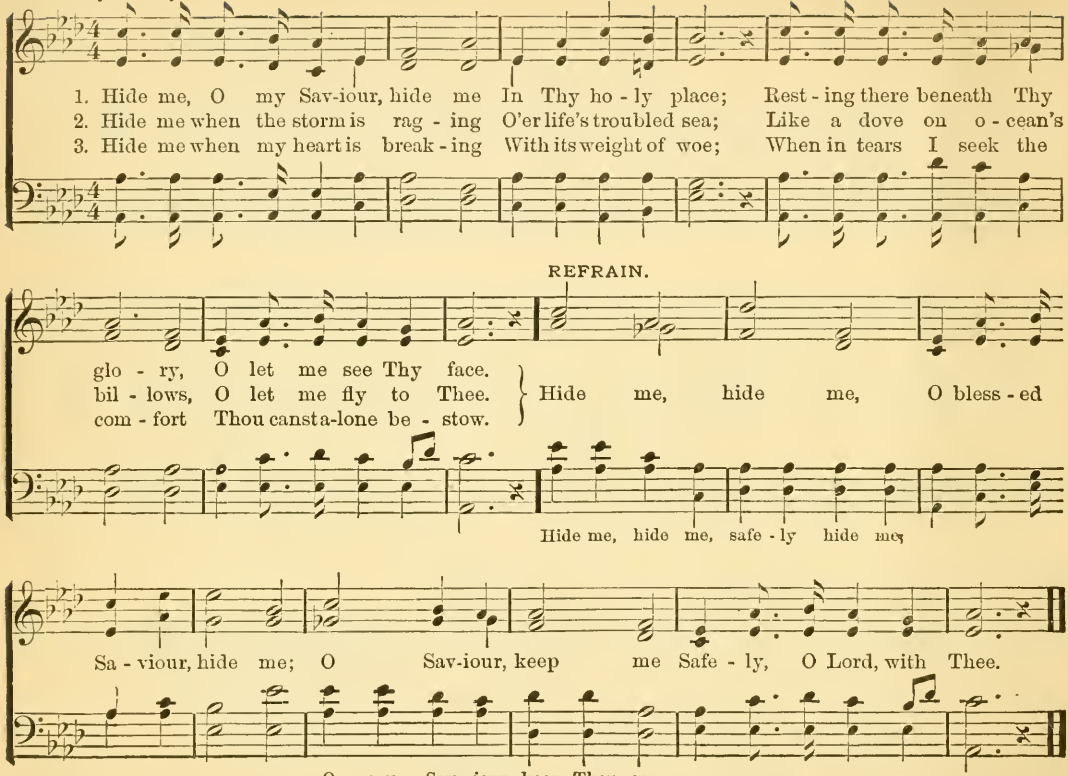


4.

God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Hide Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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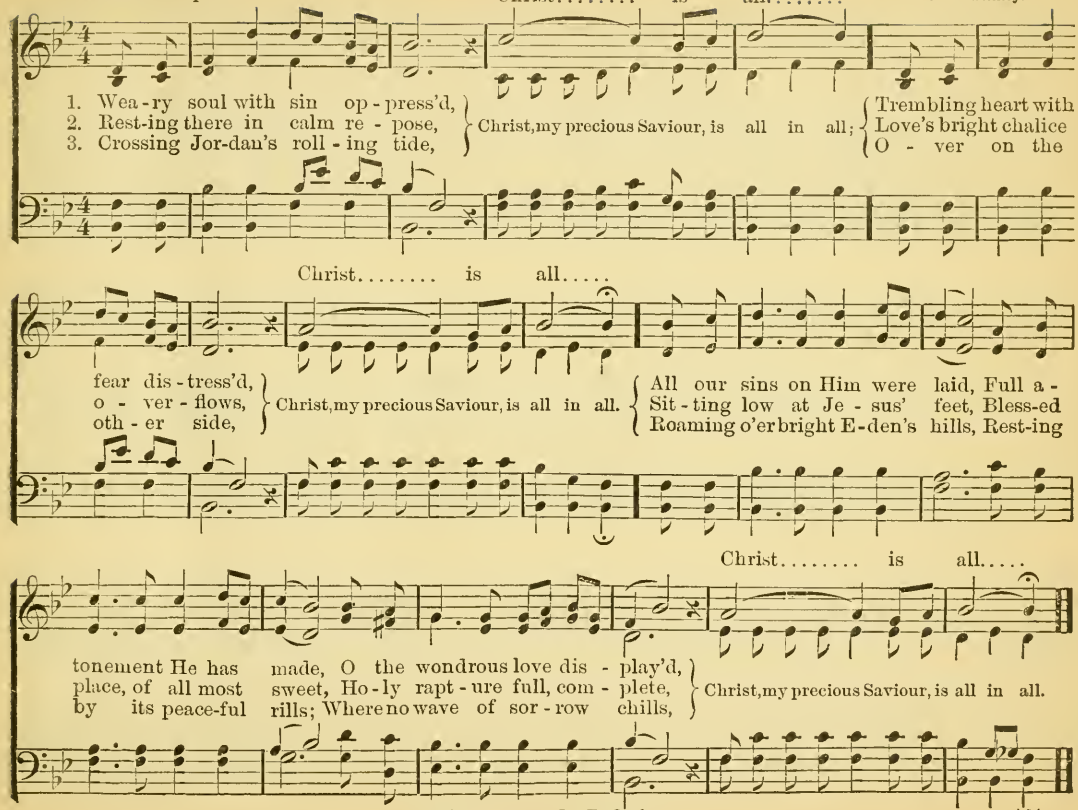
Christ is All.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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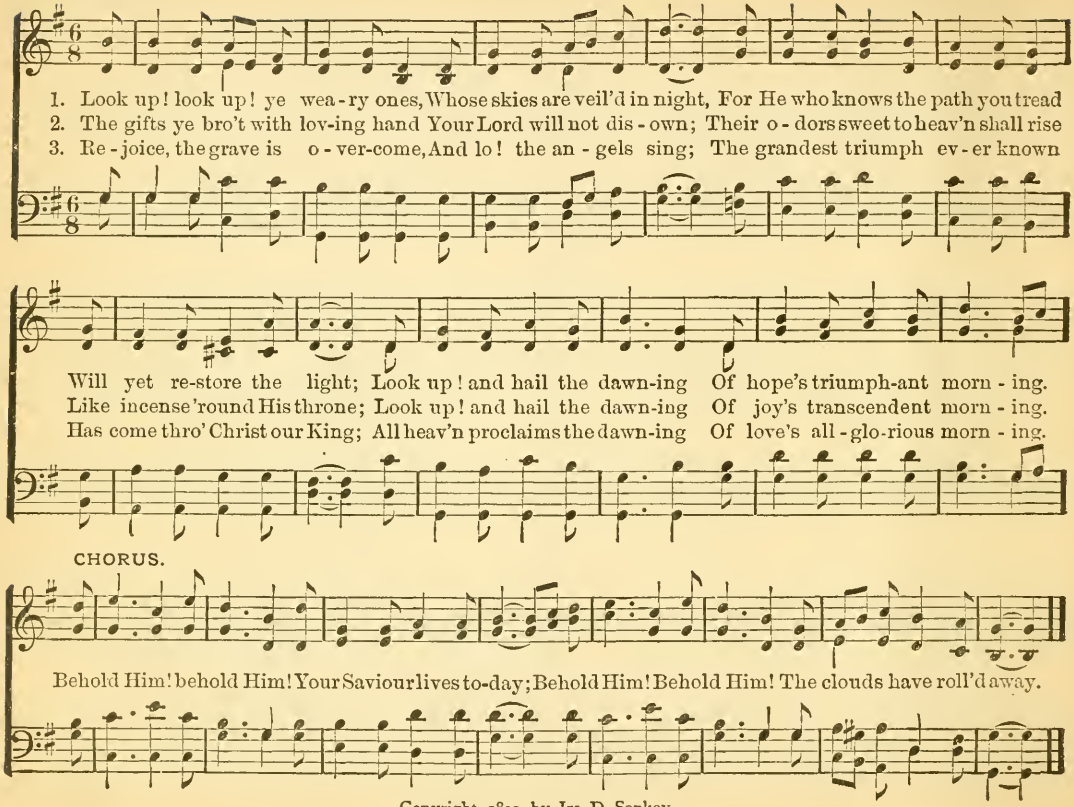
Behold Him! Behold Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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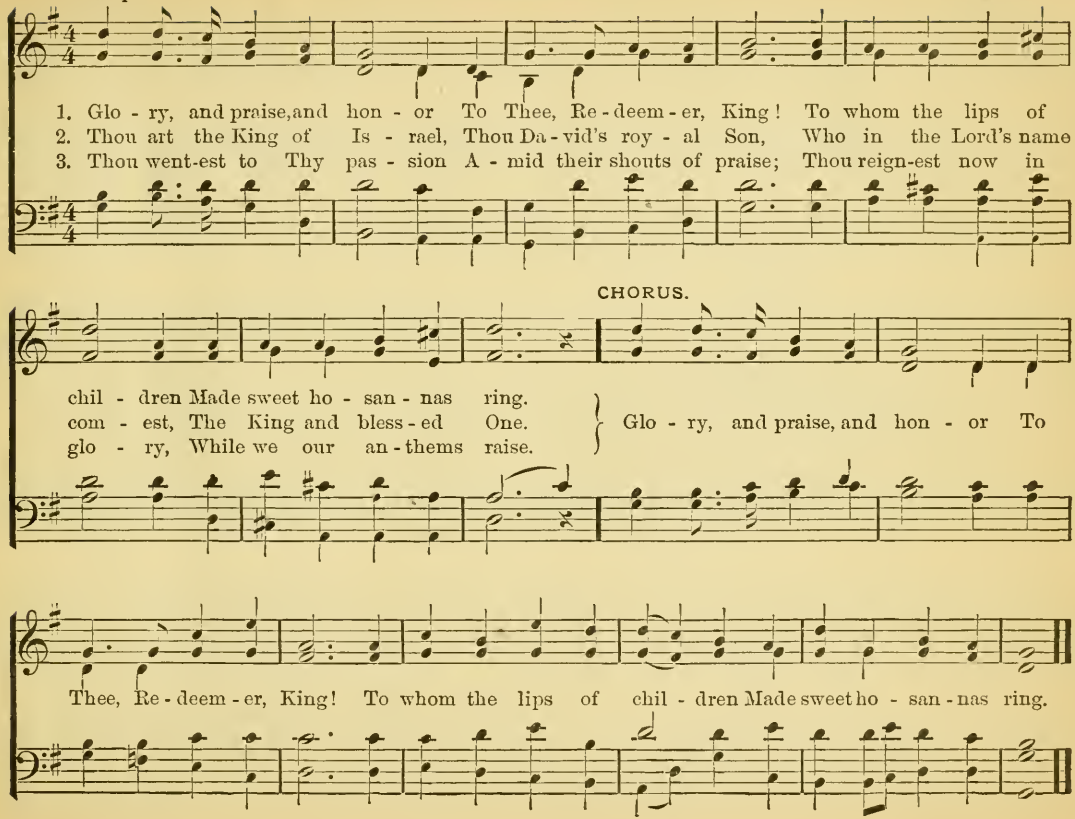
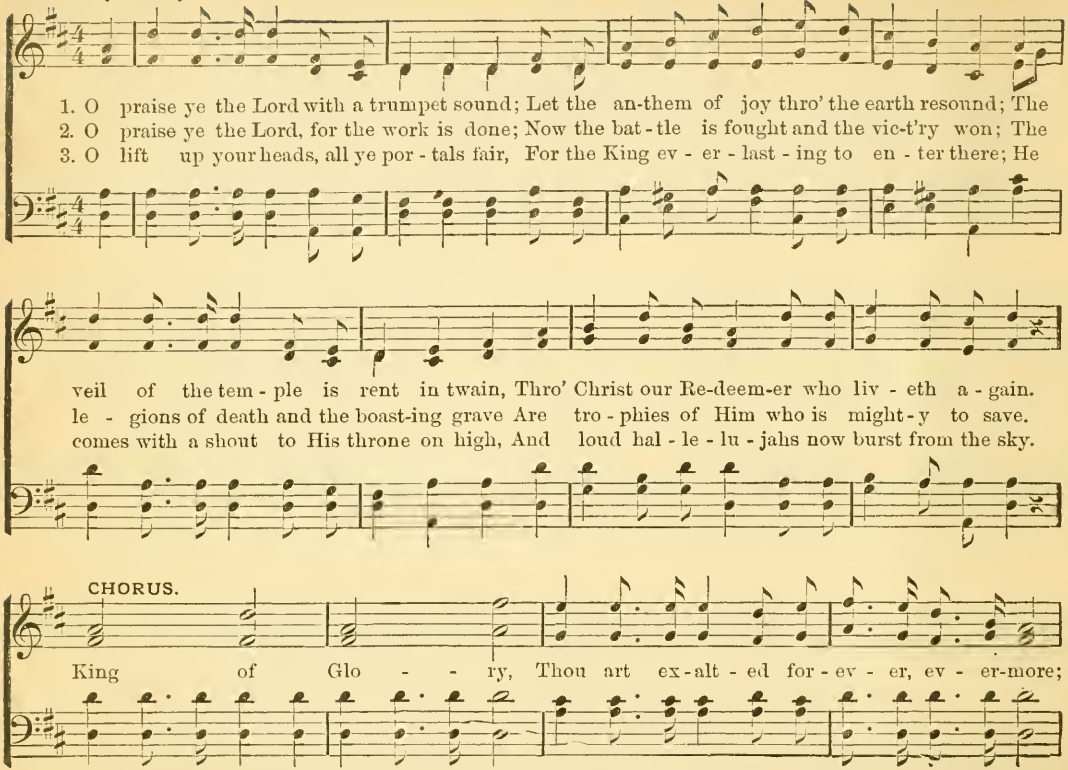
Theodulph. Anon.



King of Glory.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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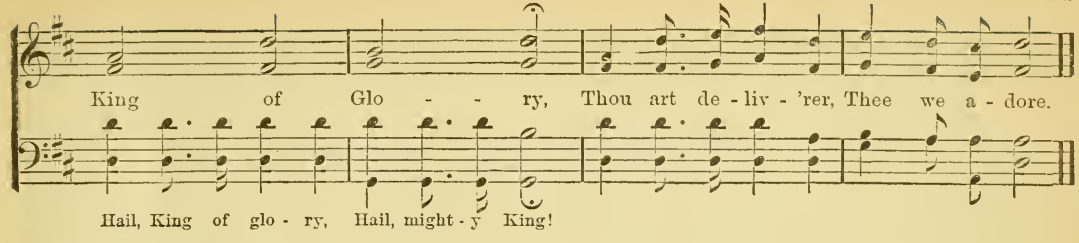
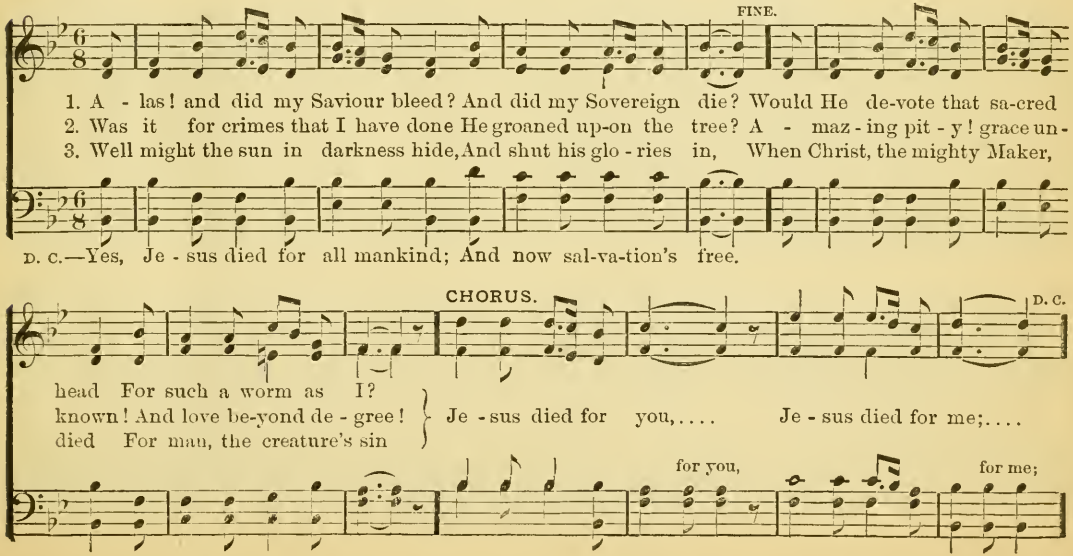
King of Glory.—Concluded.



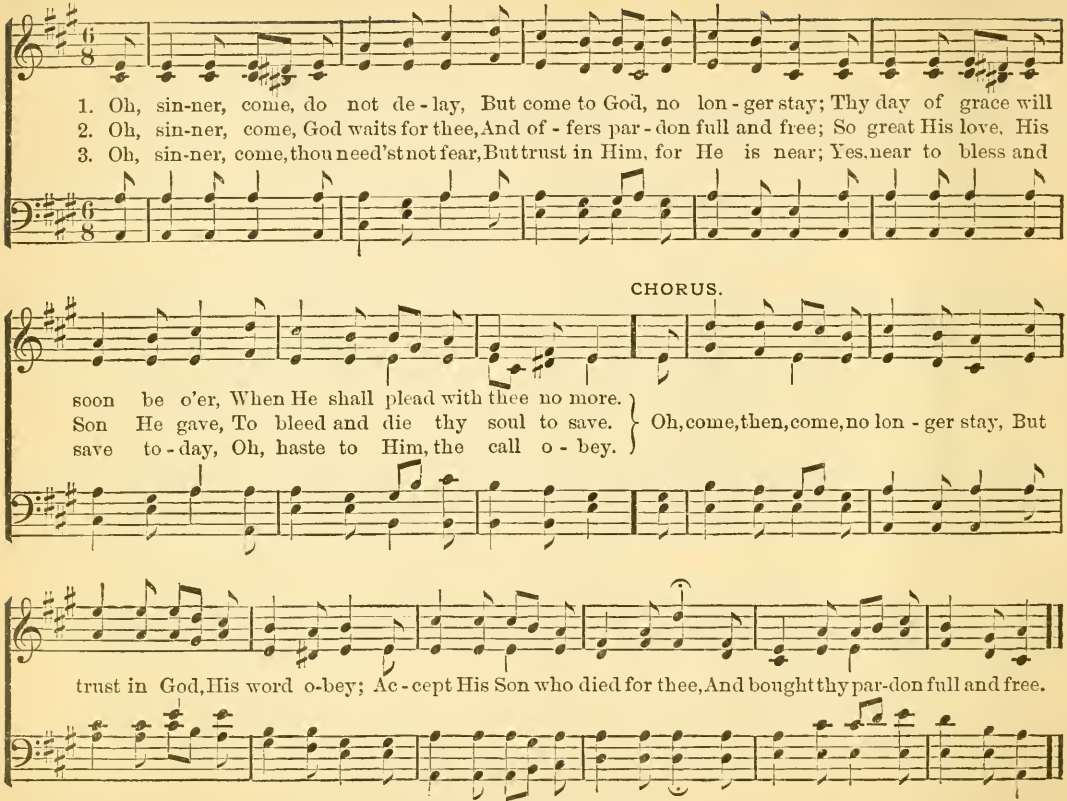
Alas! and did My Saviour Bleed?

I. Watts. S. J. Vail.



Oh, Sinner, Come.

William Mahone. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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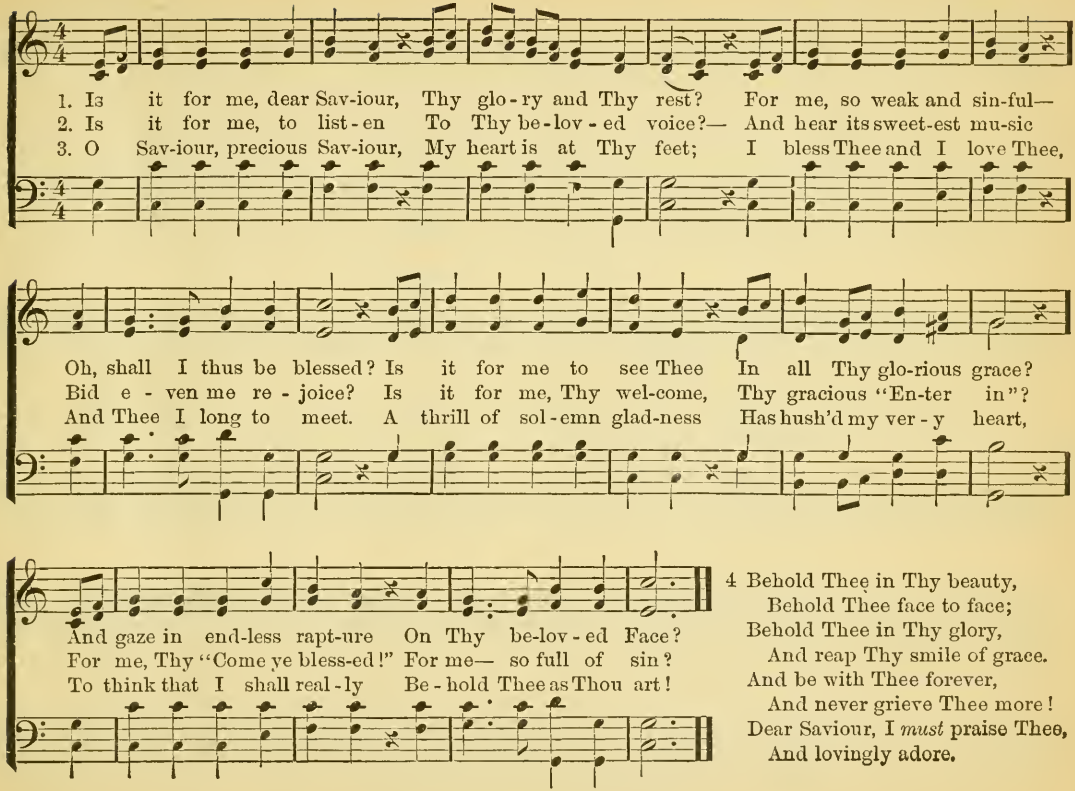
Is it for Me?

F. R. Havergal. Welsh Air, arr. by Ira D. Sankey.



4 Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace.
And be with Thee forever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.

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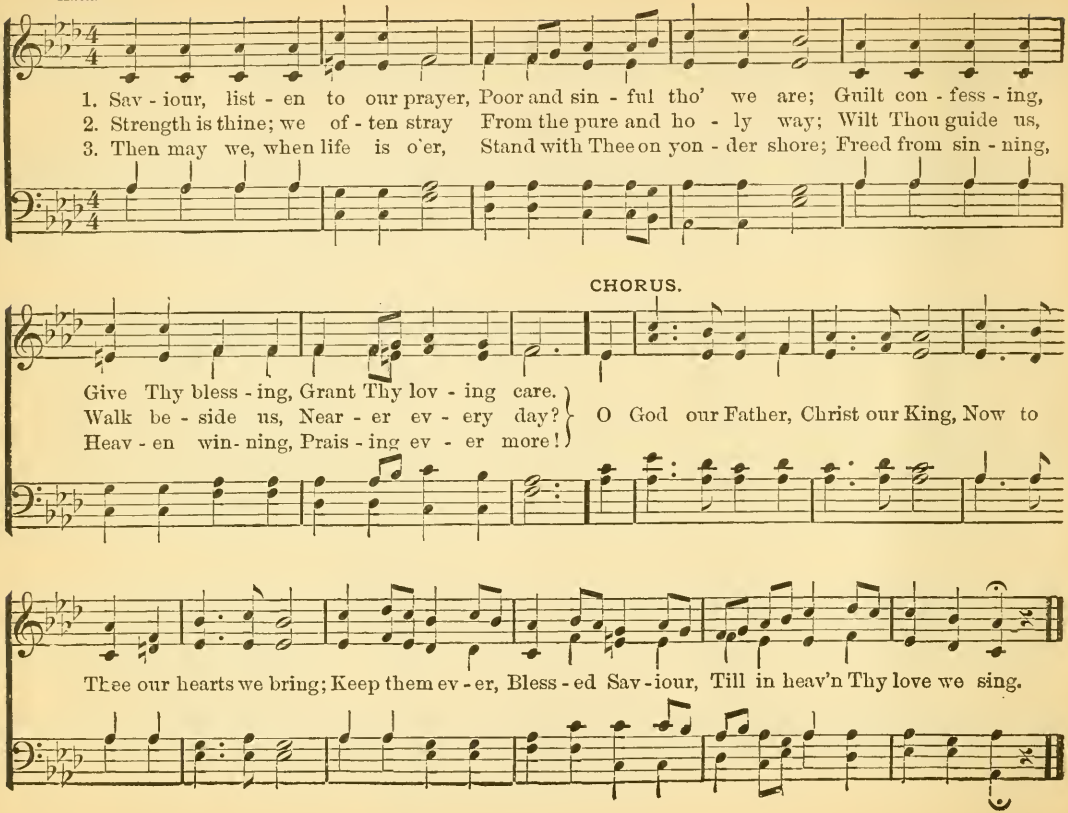
Saviour, Listen to Our Prayer.

Anon. E. W. Kellogg, by per.



Leave Me not, O Gentle Saviour.

L. Ashbaugh.

Harry J. Kurzenknabe.

1. Leave me not, for I am lone-ly, And the way I can-not see; Lest I wan-der in-to
2. Leave me not, for darkness gathers Round a-bout the path I tread; Leave me not, but let my
3. Leave me not, for sin is near me; With temp-ta-tion life is fraught; Then thro' all life's toil-some

REFRAIN.

dan-ger, Keep me, Sav-iour, near to Thee.
foot-steps Ev-er by Thy hand be led.
jour-ney, O, my Sav-iour, leave me not.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, Keep me near to
Leave me not, O, gen-tle Sav-iour,

Thee: Lest I wan-der in-to dan-ger, Keep me, Sav-iour near to Thee.
Keep me near to Thee,

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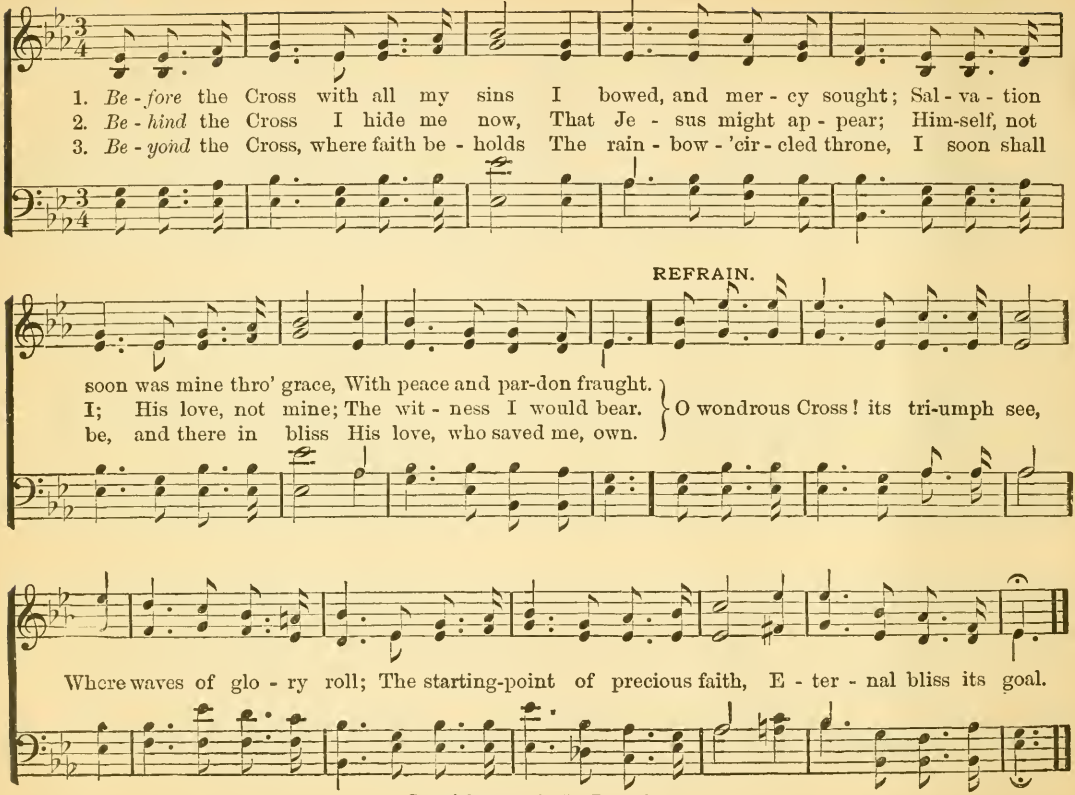
The Cross of Christ.

Albert Midlane. Ira D. Sankey.



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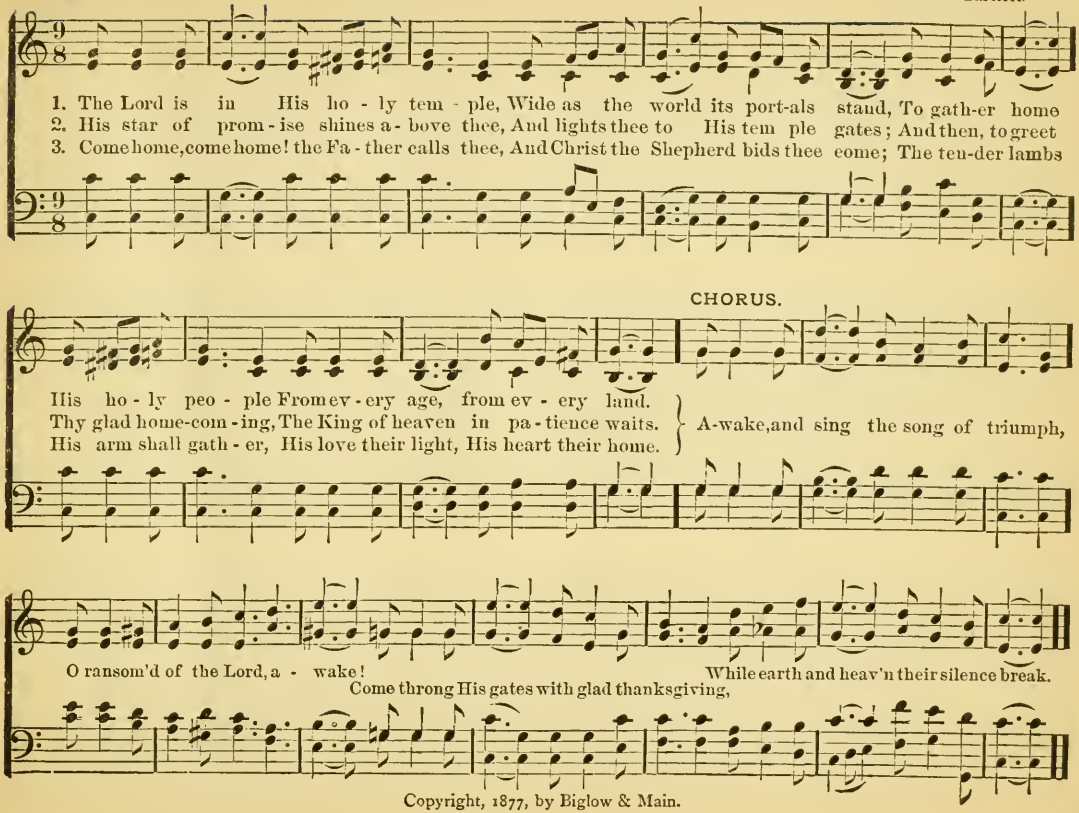
Awake, and Sing.

Mary A. Lathbury. Maro L. Bartlett.



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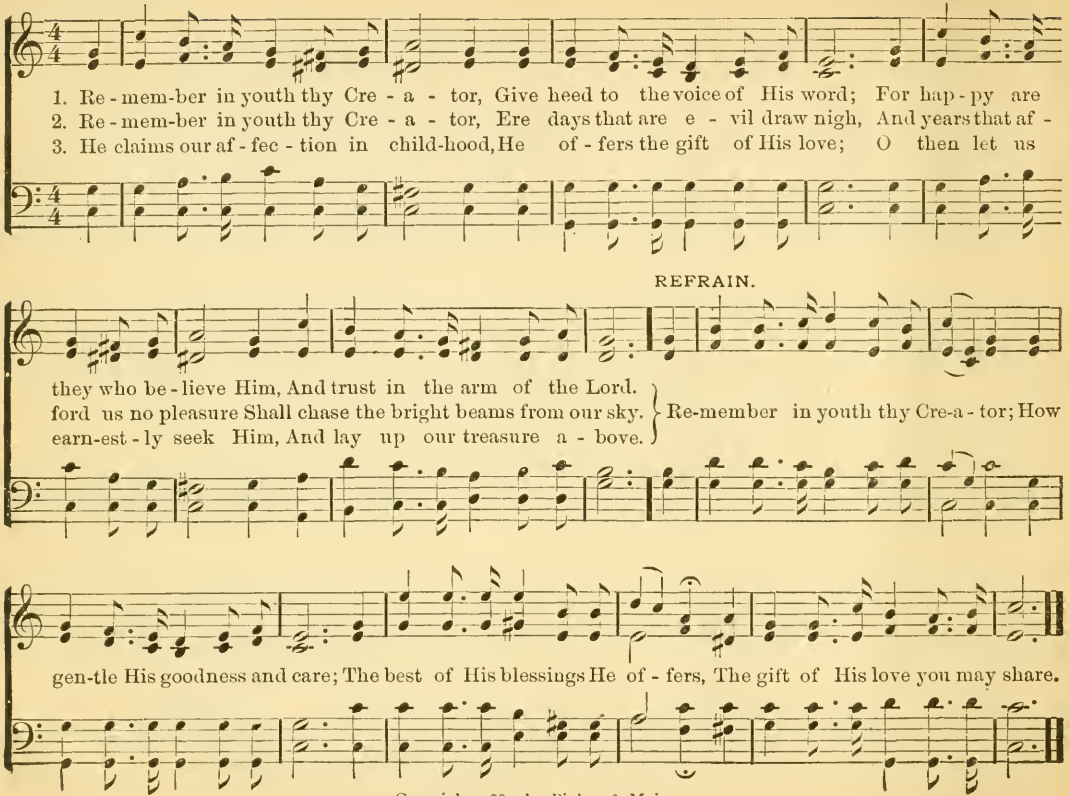
Remember in Youth thy Creator.

Maud Marion. B. C. Unseld.



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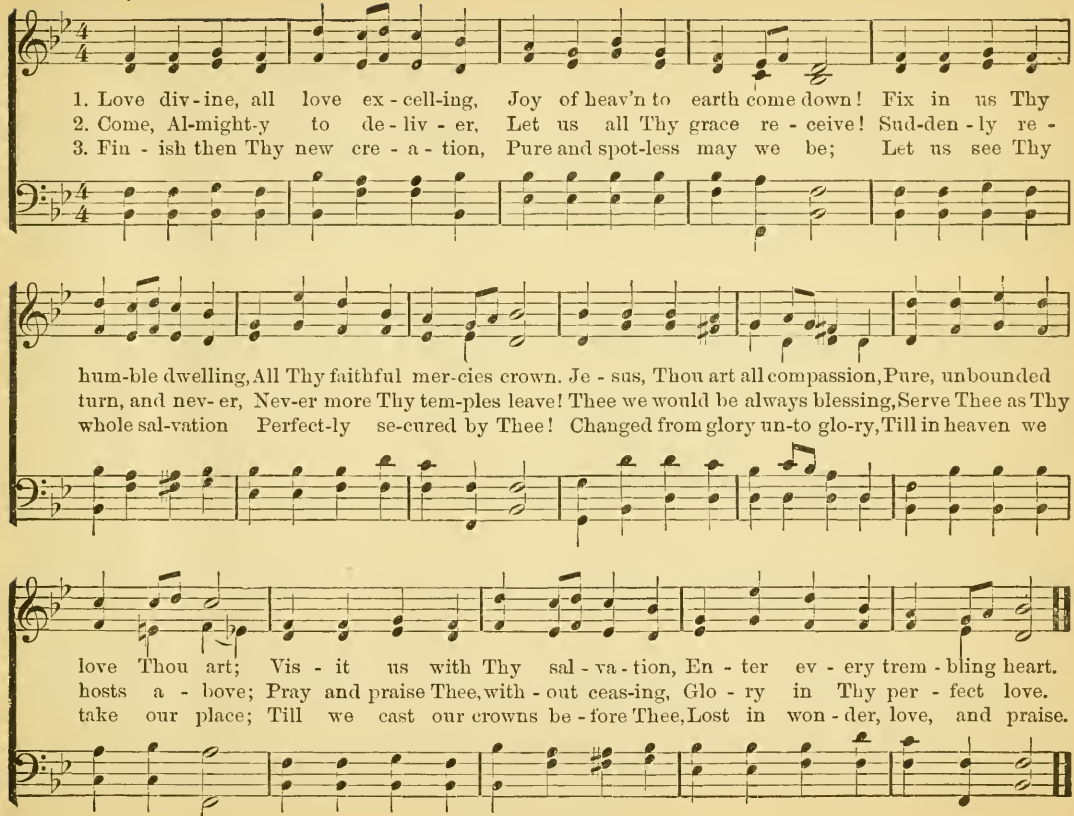
Love Divine.

C. Wesley. John Zundel.



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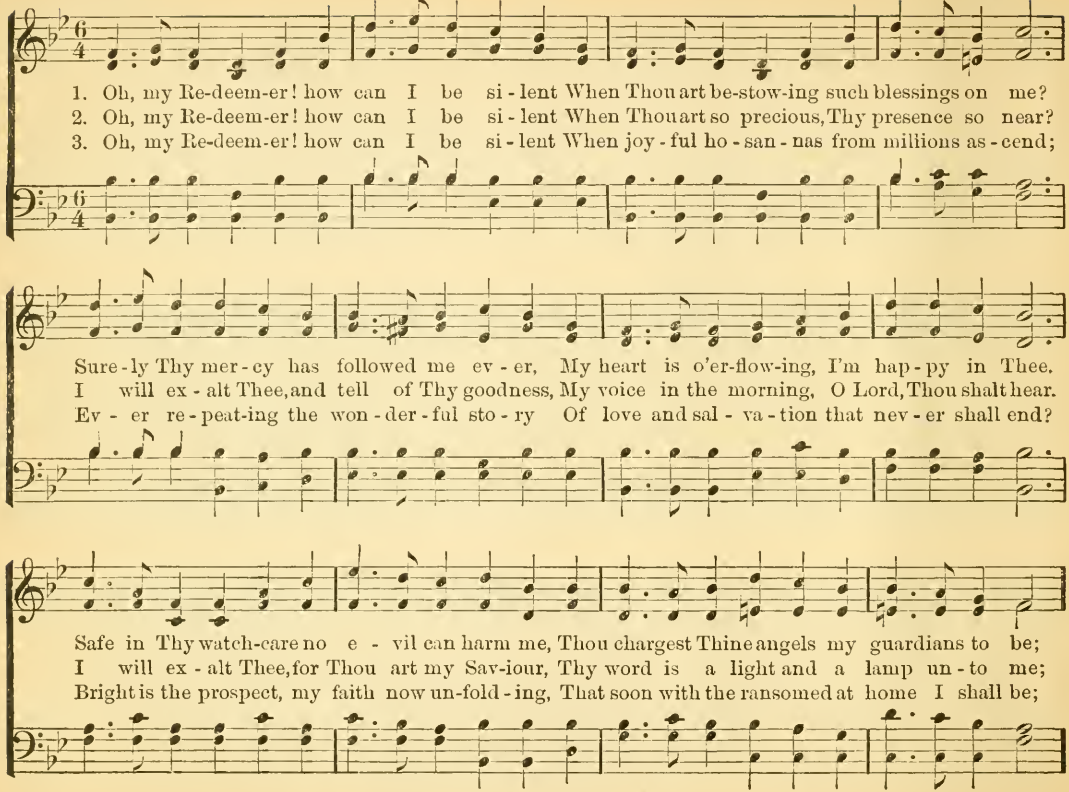
Oh, My Redeemer!

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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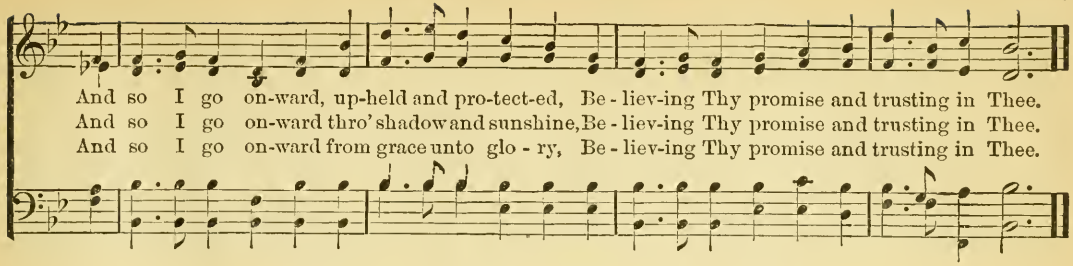
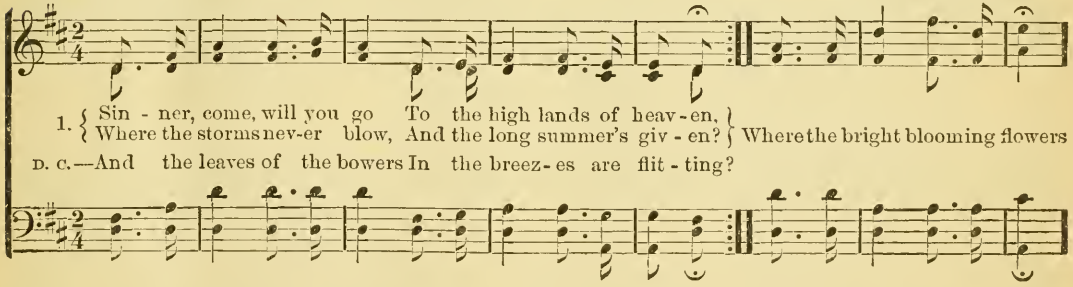
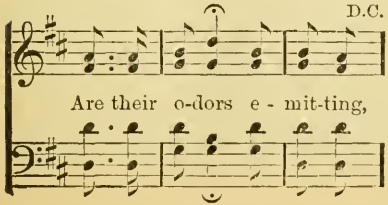


Sinner, Come, Will You Go?

Rev. C. B. Davidson. Arr. by Wm. McDonald.



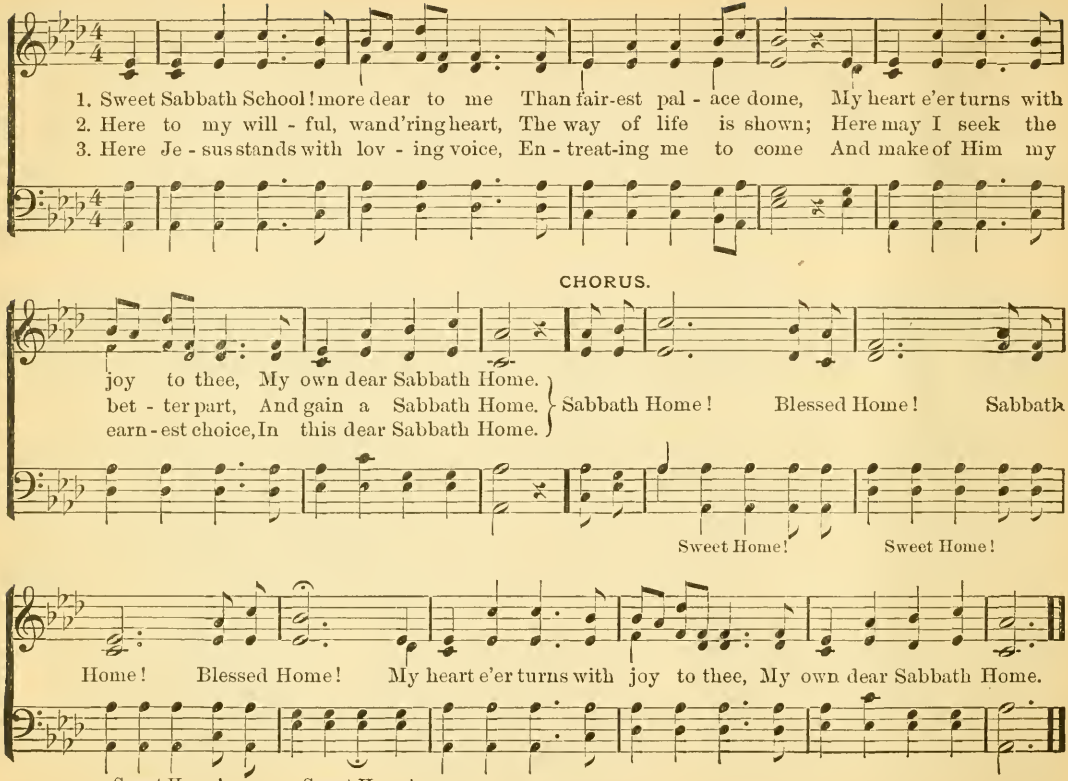


2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright cluster pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

My Sabbath Home.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.



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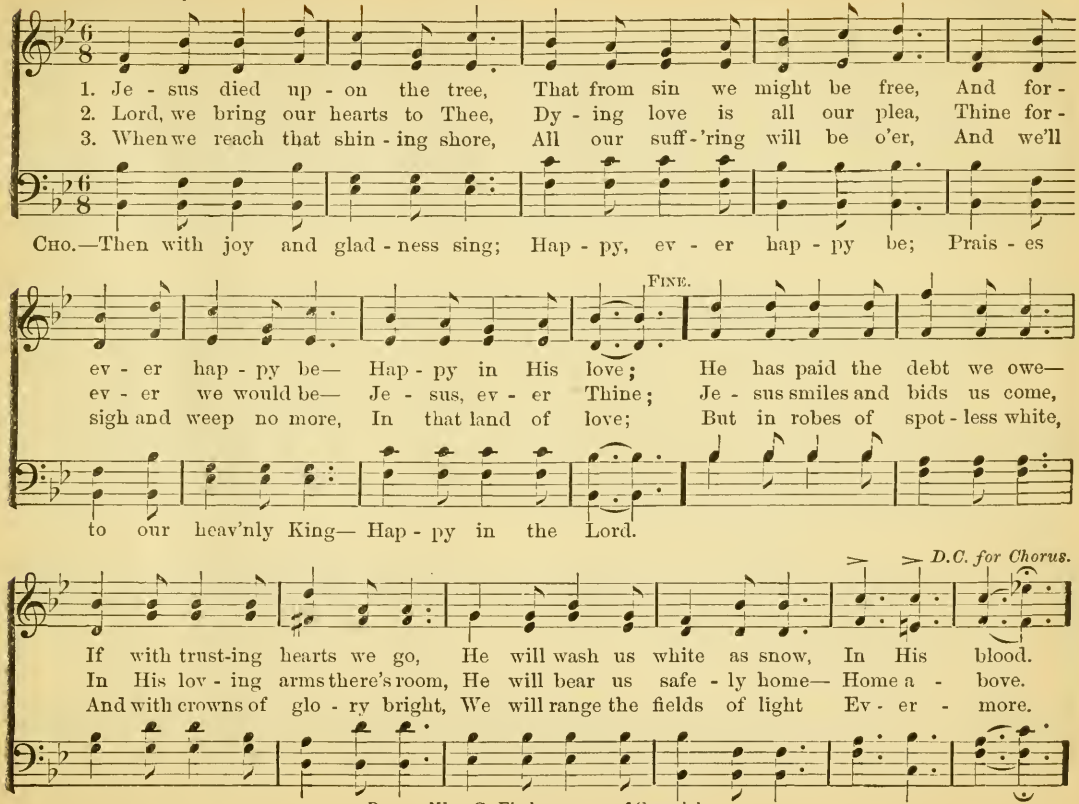
Happy, Ever Happy.

Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer.



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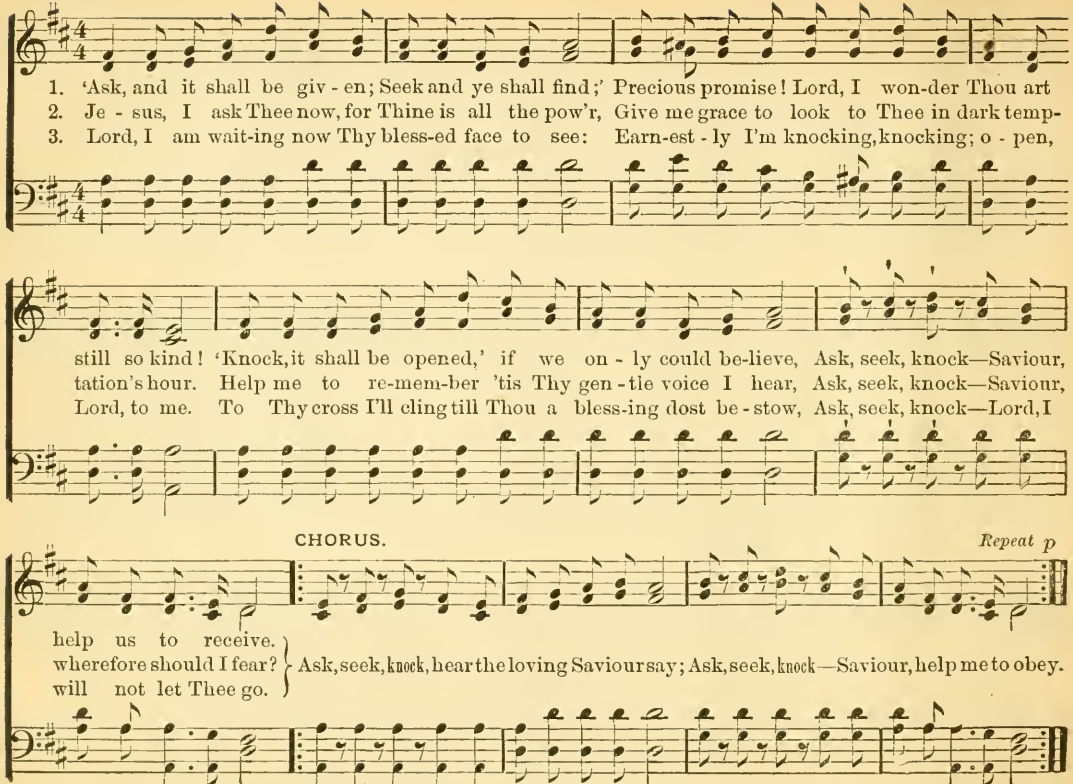
Ask, Seek, Knock.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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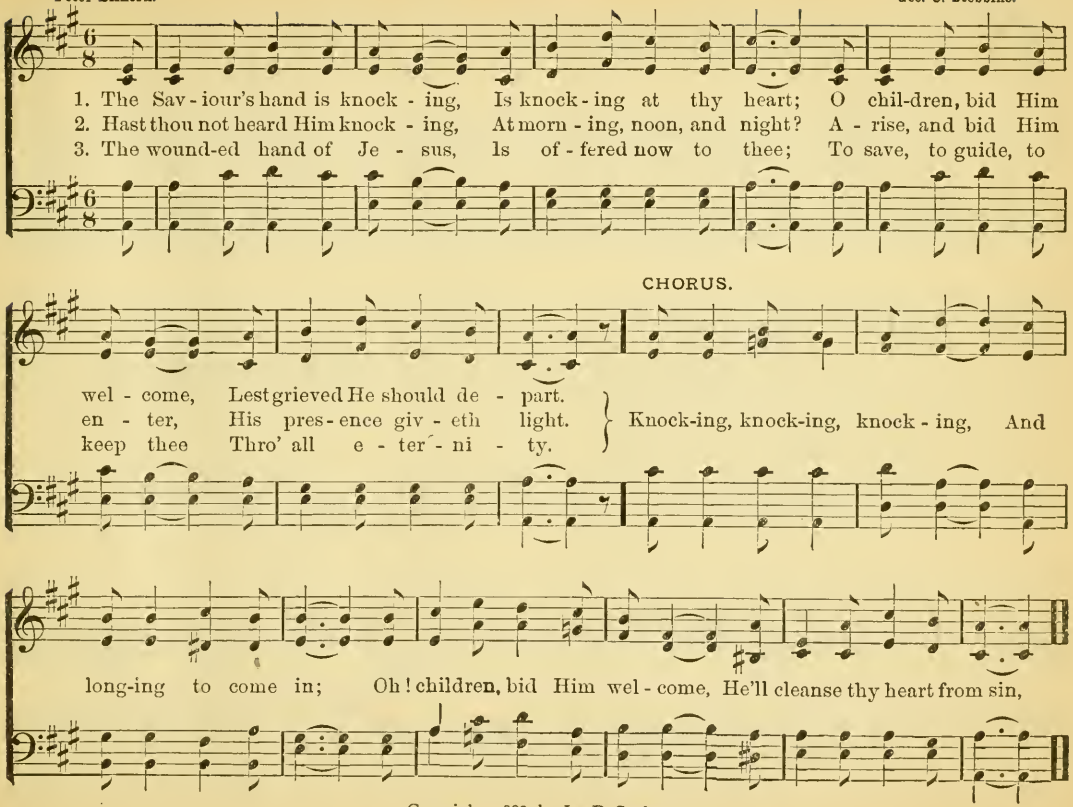
The Saviour's Hand.

Peter Bilhorn. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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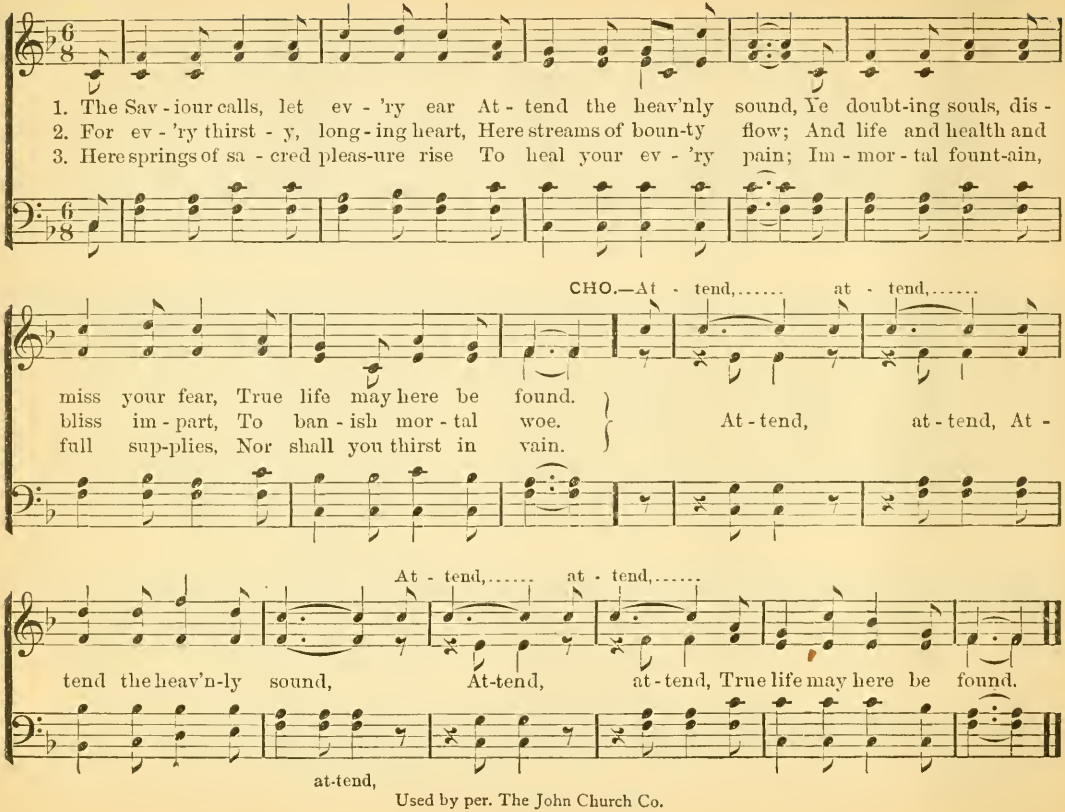
The Saviour Calls.

Anne Steele. Geo. F. Root.



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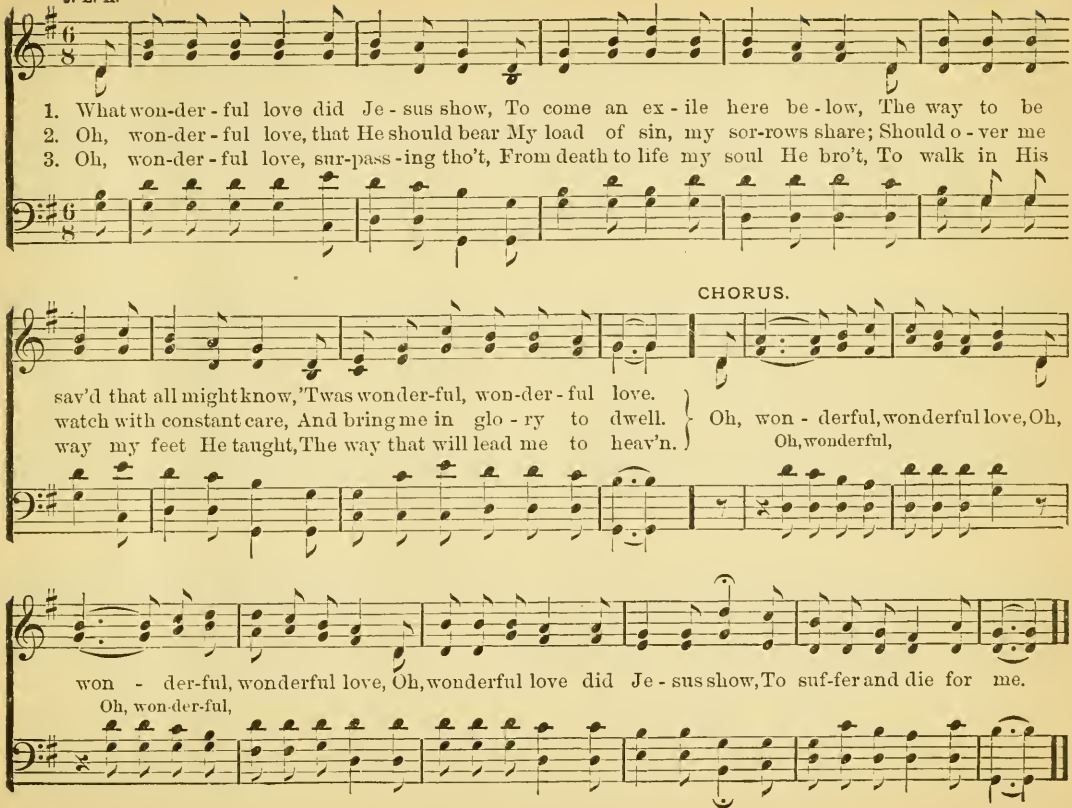
What Wonderful Love.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.



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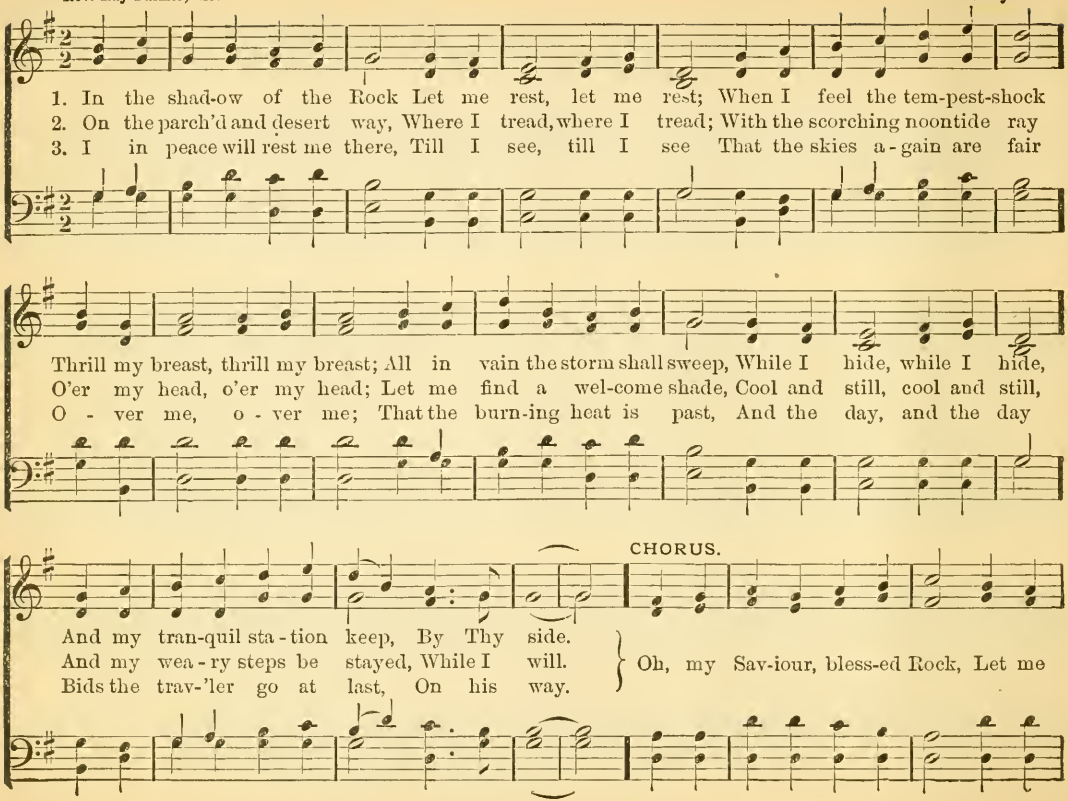
In the Shadow of the Rock.

Rev. Ray Palmer, arr.

Ira D. Sankey.



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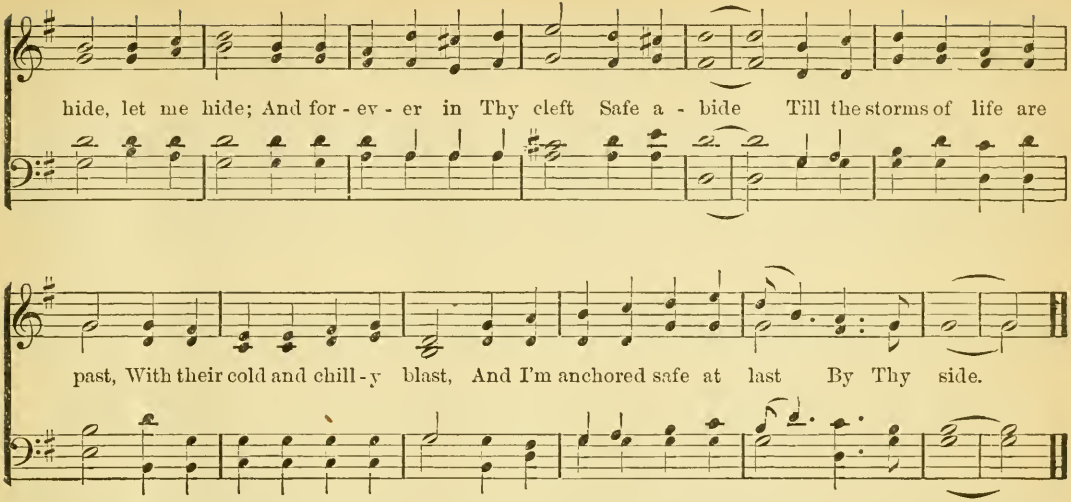
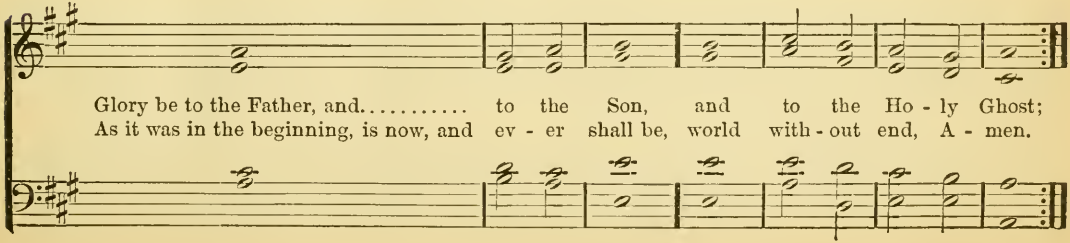
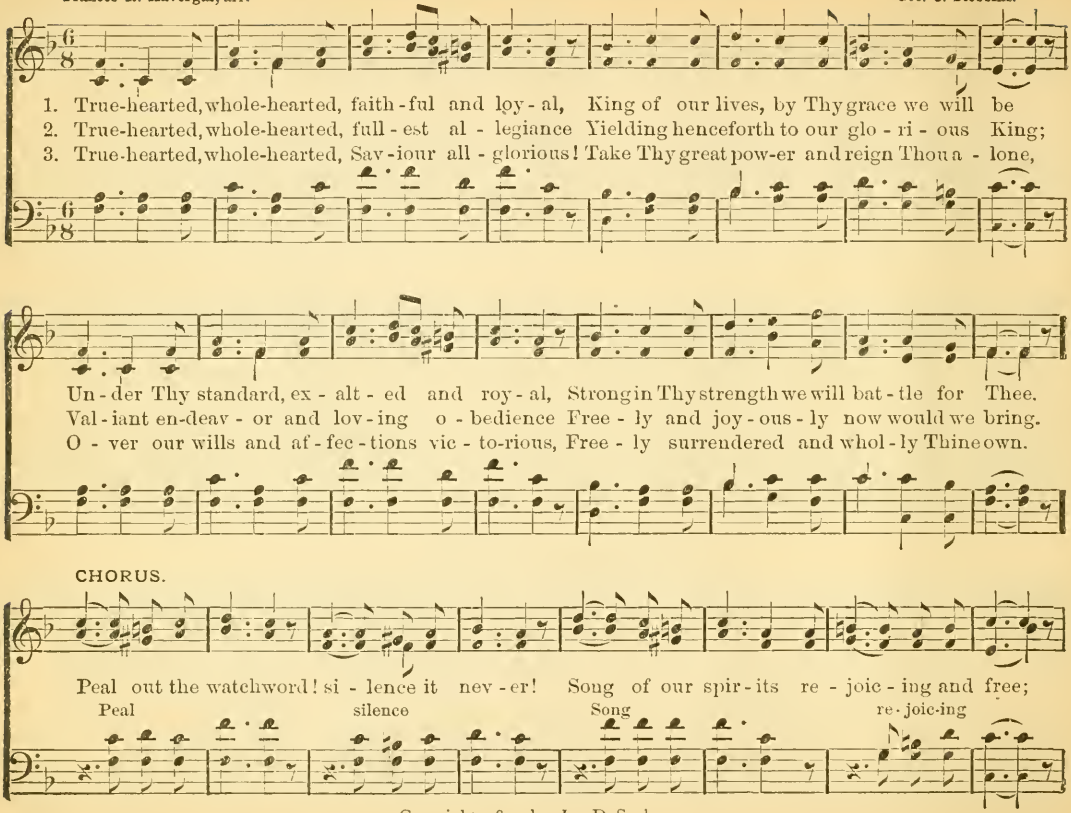


Gloria Patri.



True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal, arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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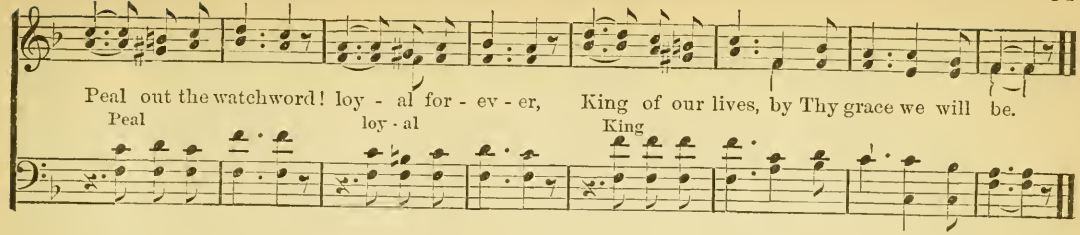
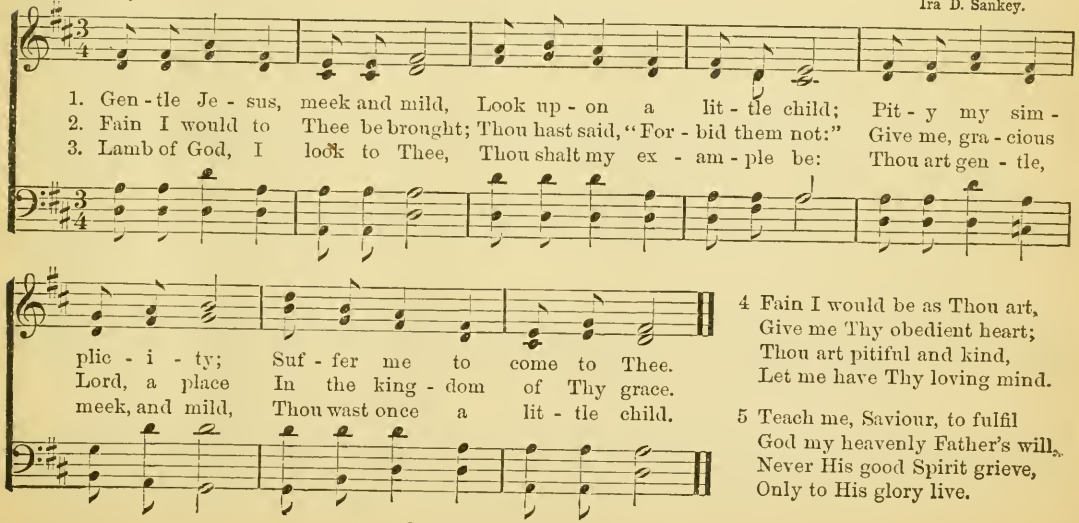
True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.



Gentle Jesus.

C. Wesley. Ira D. Sankey.



4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Teach me, Saviour, to fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

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Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. Childs. J. H. Tenney.

1. In robes made white thro' Je - sus' blood, We soon shall meet be - yond the flood, And hold sweet
2. I fear not now what ills may come: By faith I see my heavenly home, And hear the
3. O meet - ing blest, with friends so dear! What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear! What thrills of
4. Dear Sav - iour, guide my will - ing feet, That I may have that joy com-plete; And live to

con - verse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
an - gel voic - es say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way," Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
rapt - ure wake the soul As back those golden gates shall roll, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
praise thro' end - less day The love that dries all tears a - way, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!

CHORUS.

Be - yond.... the swell-ing flood! Be - yond.... the swell - ing flood! Be - yond.... the

Be - yond the swelling flood!..... Be - yond the swell - ing flood!..... Be - yond the swelling

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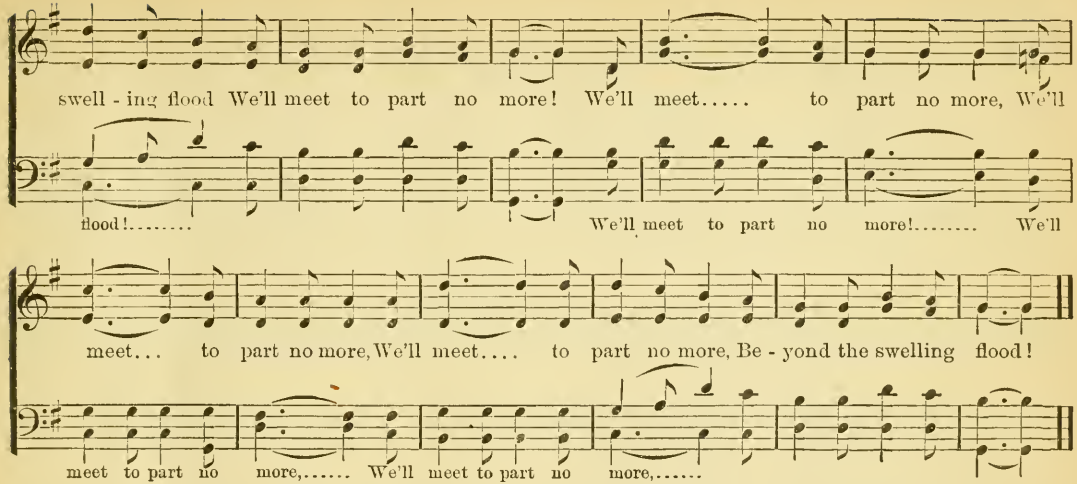
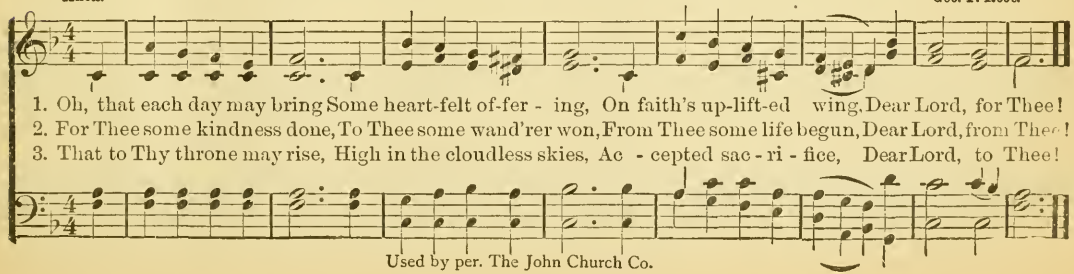


Something each Day.

Anon. Geo. F. Root.



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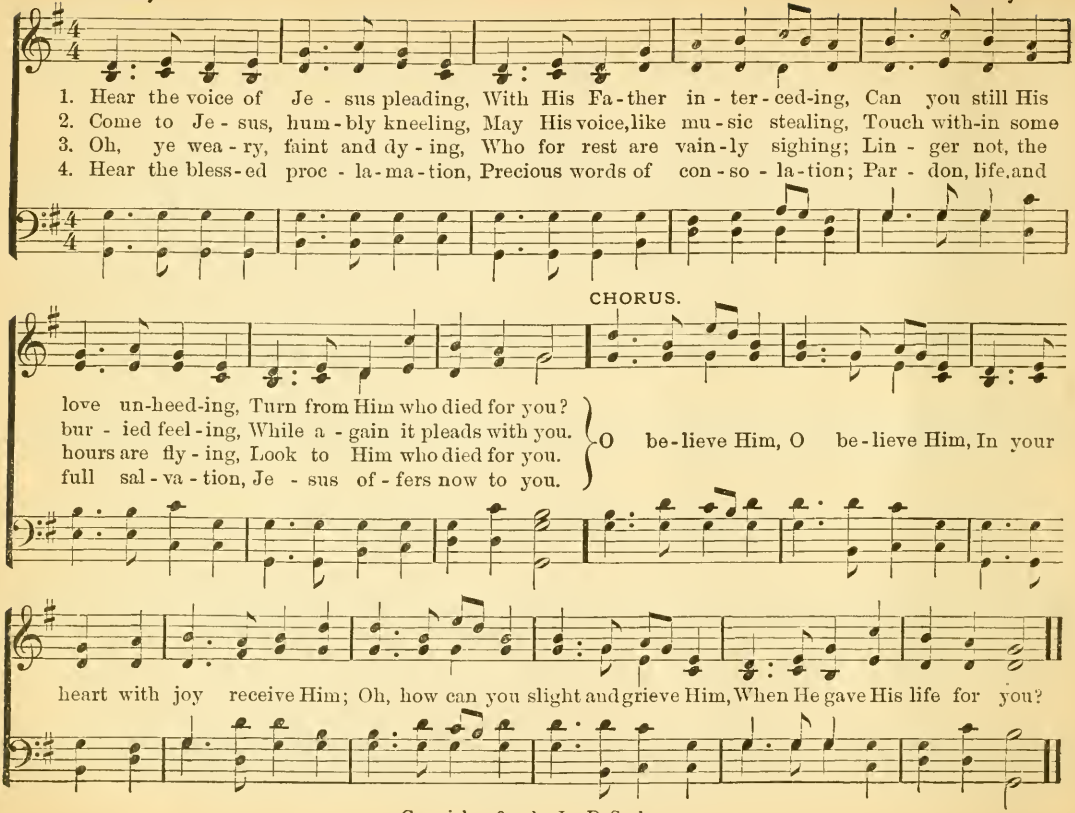
O Believe Him.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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Able to Save.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Doubt no more thy Saviour's pow'r, But in His strength be brave; Oh, come, and learn this ver - y hour
2. To thy dead-ly foes with - in No lon-ger be the slave, But stretch thine arms to Christ, thy King,
3. Come, no more thy love with-hold, But par-don hum-bly crave, And thou shalt find with joy un - told

CHORUS.

That He is a - ble to save.
For He is a - ble to save.
That He is a - ble to save.

A - ble to save, a - ble to save All who with gladness His promise re - ceive; A - ble to save, a - ble to save, E'en to the ut - ter-most, all who be-lieve.

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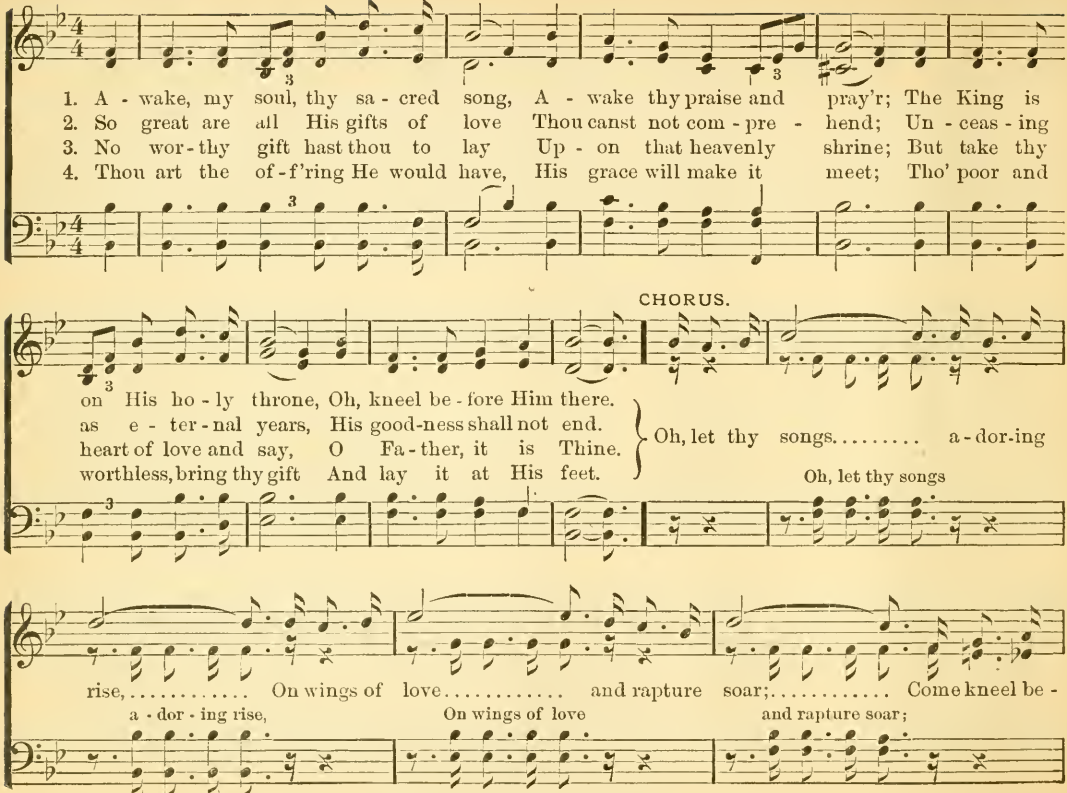
Awake, my Soul.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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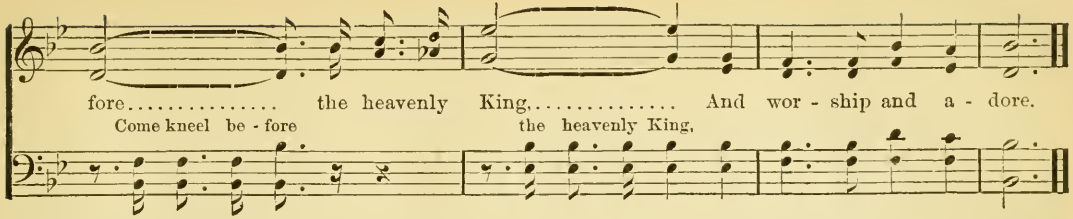
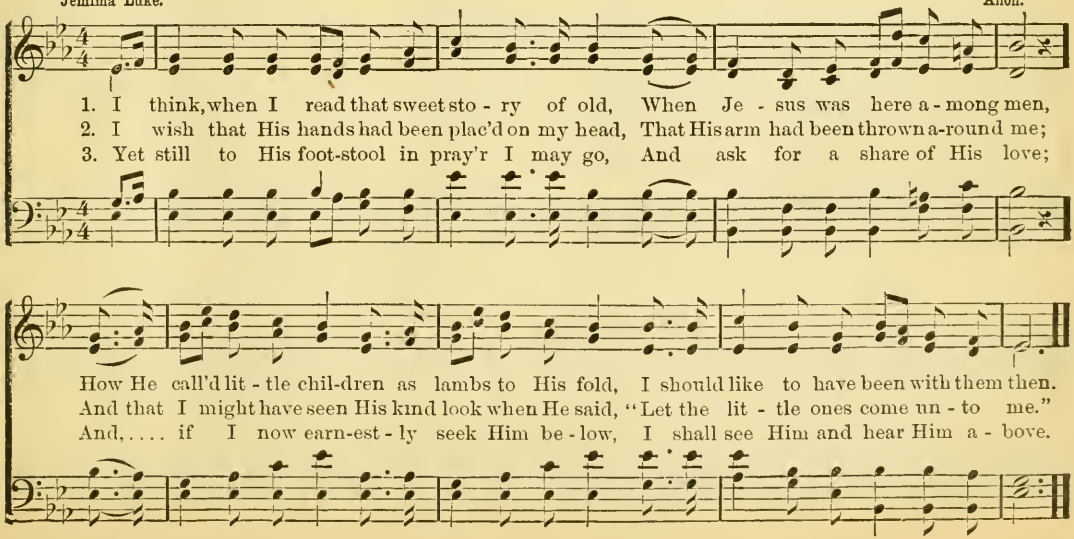


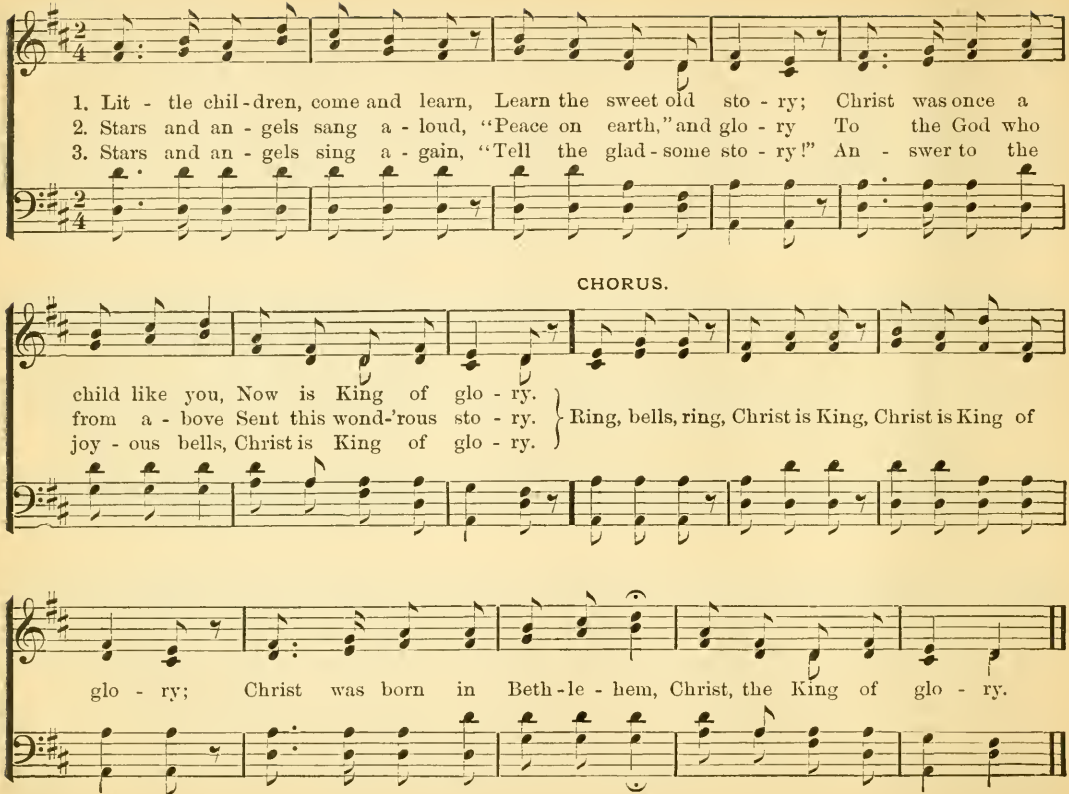
I Think, when I Read.

Jemima Luke. Anon.



Christ is King.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Merritt. H. P. Danks.



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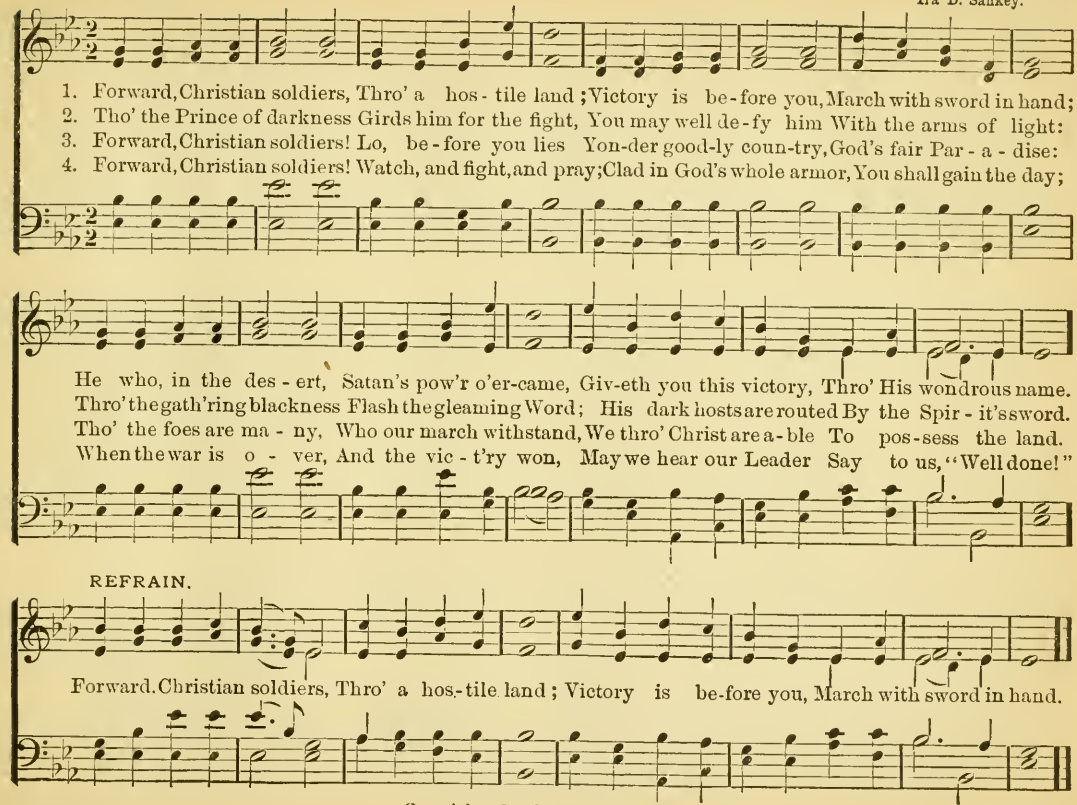
Forward, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. H. L. Hastings.

Ira D. Sankey.



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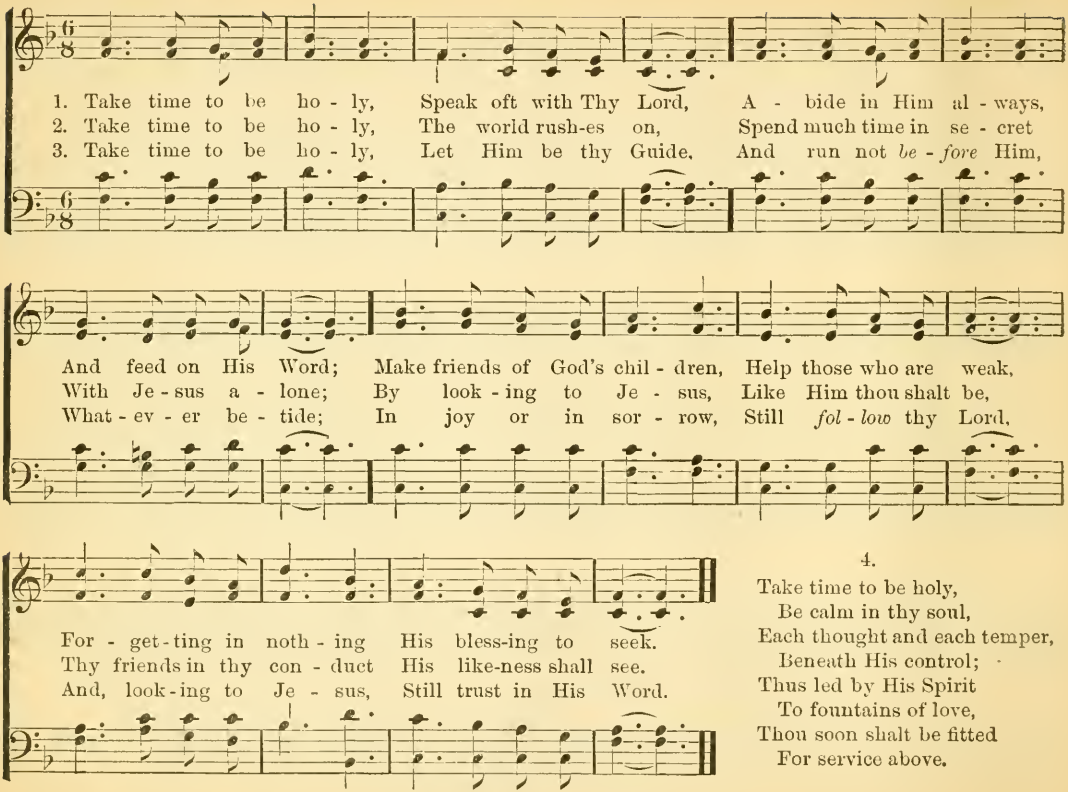
Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.



4.

Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each temper,
Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

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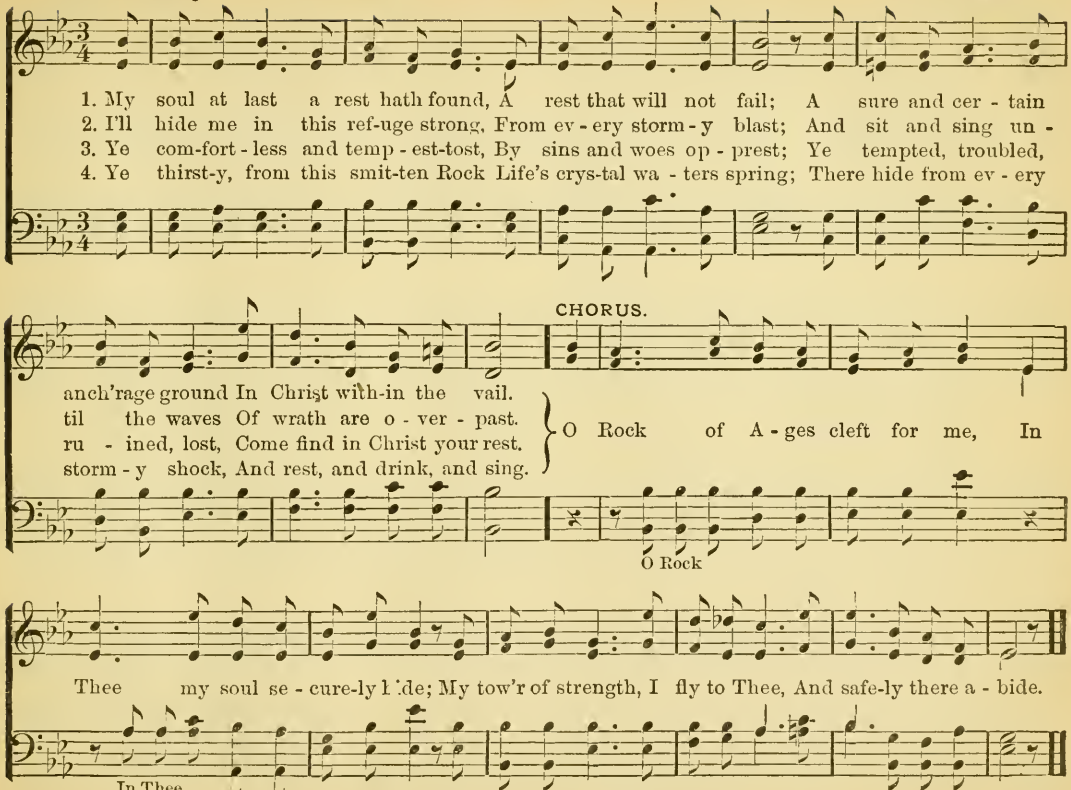
O Rock of Ages.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.



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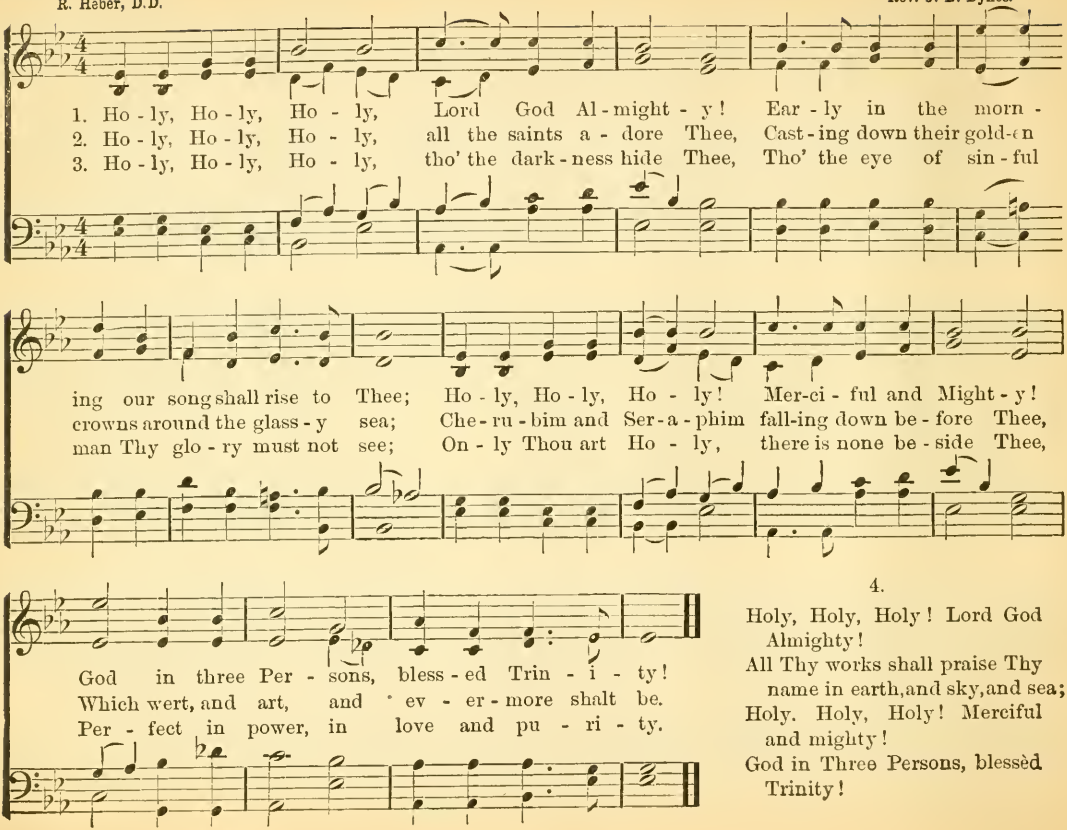
Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

R. Heber, D.D. — Rev. J. B. Dykes.

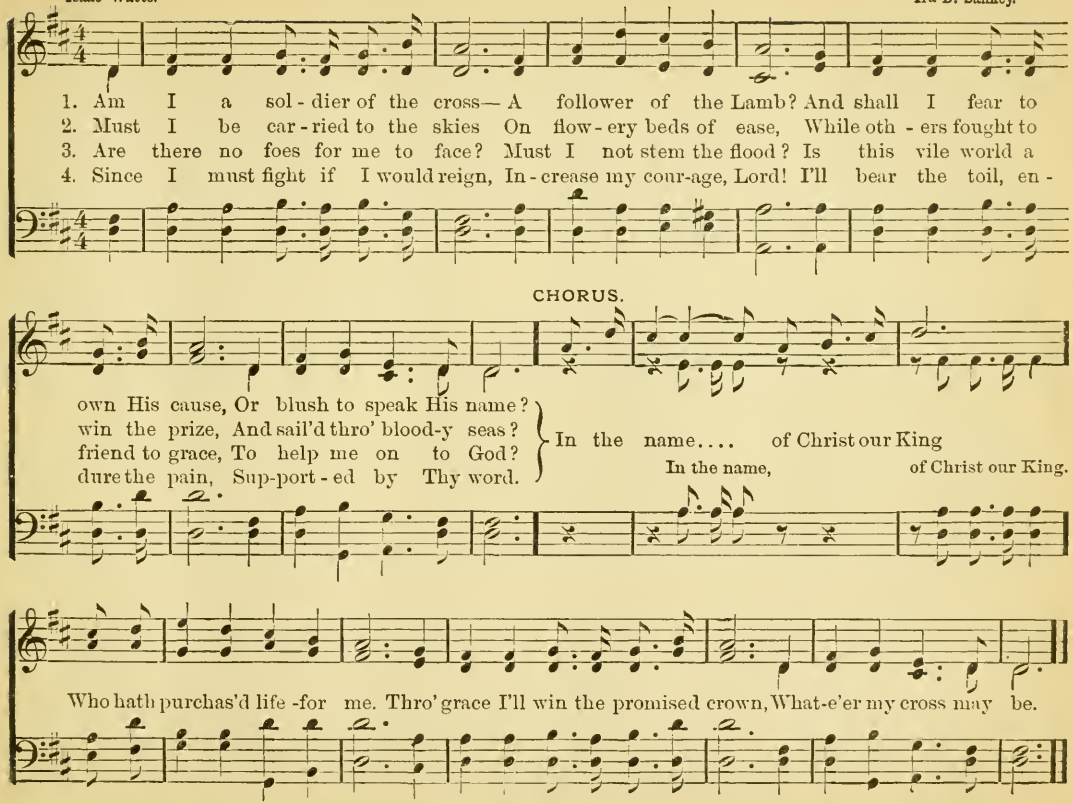


4.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy. Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

A Soldier of the Cross.

Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.



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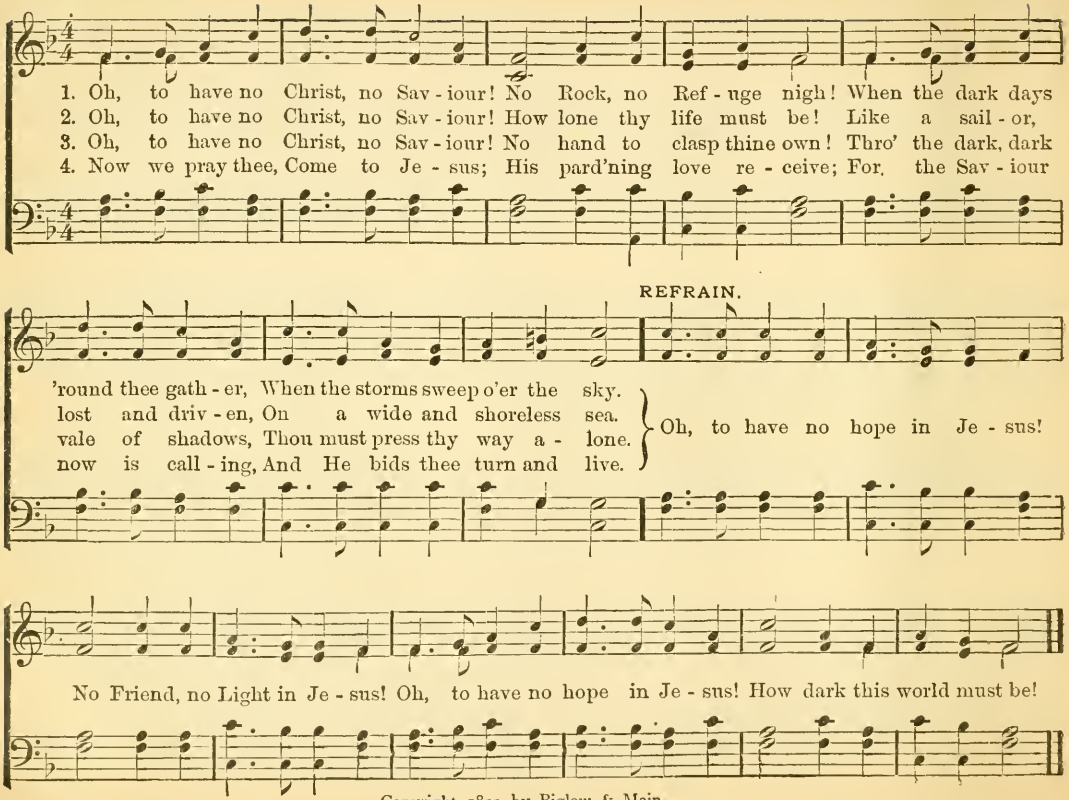
No Hope in Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. R. Lowry.



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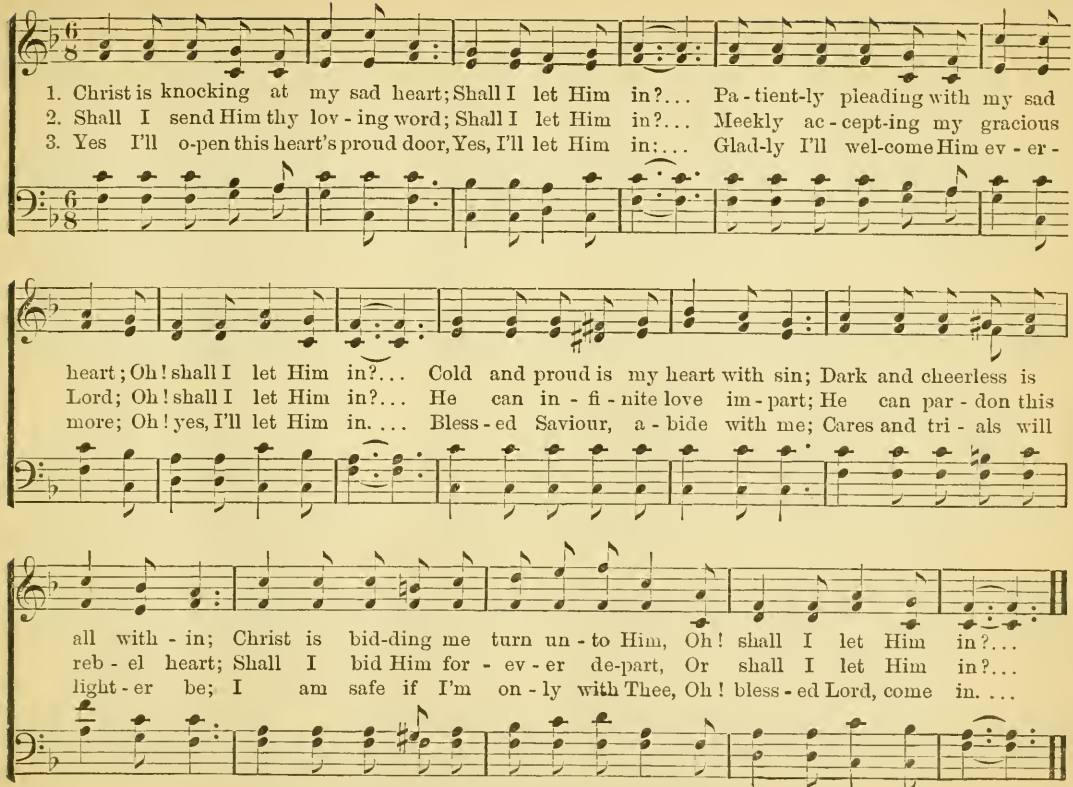
Shall I let Him In?

H. R. P.

H. R. Palmer.



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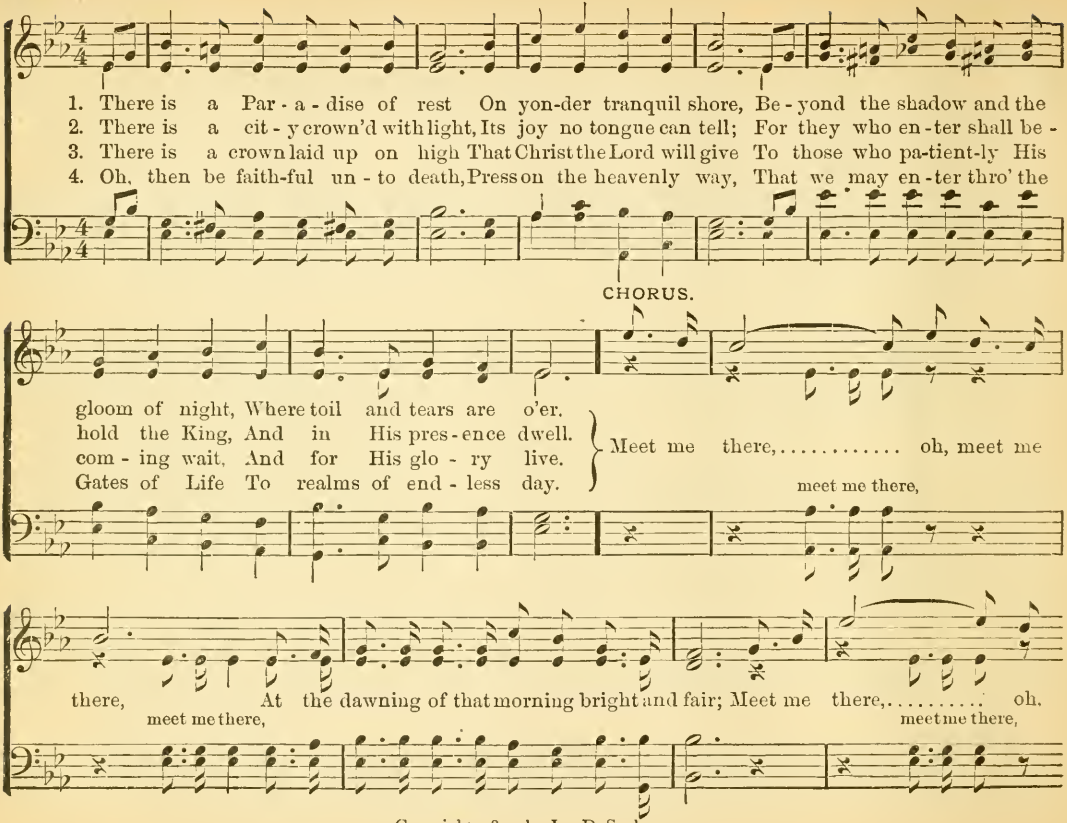
There is a Paradise of Rest.



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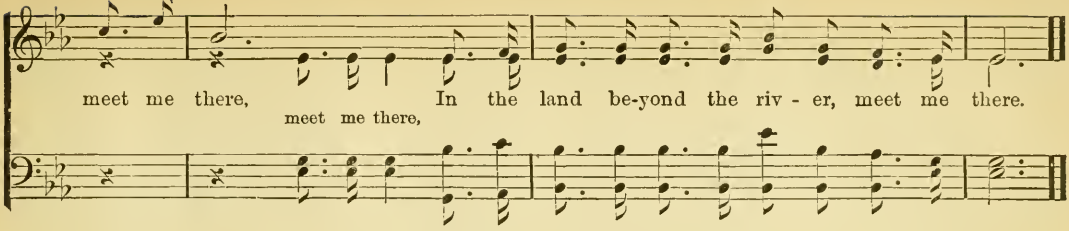
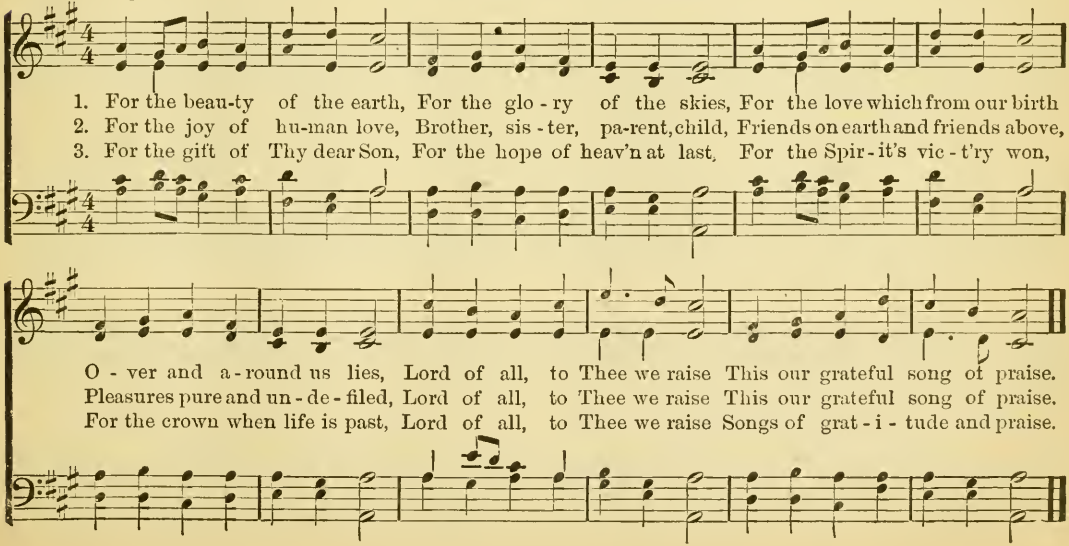


Our Song of Praise.

F. S. Pierpont. Conrad Kocher.



Josephine Pollard.

Joy-Bells.

Henry Tucker.

1. Joy - bells ring - ing, Chil - dren sing - ing, Fill the air with mu - sic sweet; Joy - ful
2. Joy - bells ring - ing, Chil - dren sing - ing, Hark! their voic - es, loud and clear; Breaking
3. Earth seems bright-er, Hearts grow light - er, As the tune - ful mel - o - dy Charms our
4. Joy - bells near - er Sound, and clear - er, When the heart is free from care; Skies are

CHORUS.

meas - ure, Guile-less pleas - ure, Make the chain of song com-plete.
o'er us, Like a cho - rus, From a pur - er, hap - pier sphere.
sad - ness In - to glad - ness, Peal - ing, peal - ing, joy - ful - ly.
clear - ing, While we're hear - ing Joy - bells ring - ing ev - ery - where.

Joy - bells! joy - bells!
Chil-dren! chil - dren!

p *f*

Nev - er, nev - er cease your ring-ing;
Nev - er, nev - er cease your sing-ing;

List, list, the song that swells. Joy - bells! Joy - bells!

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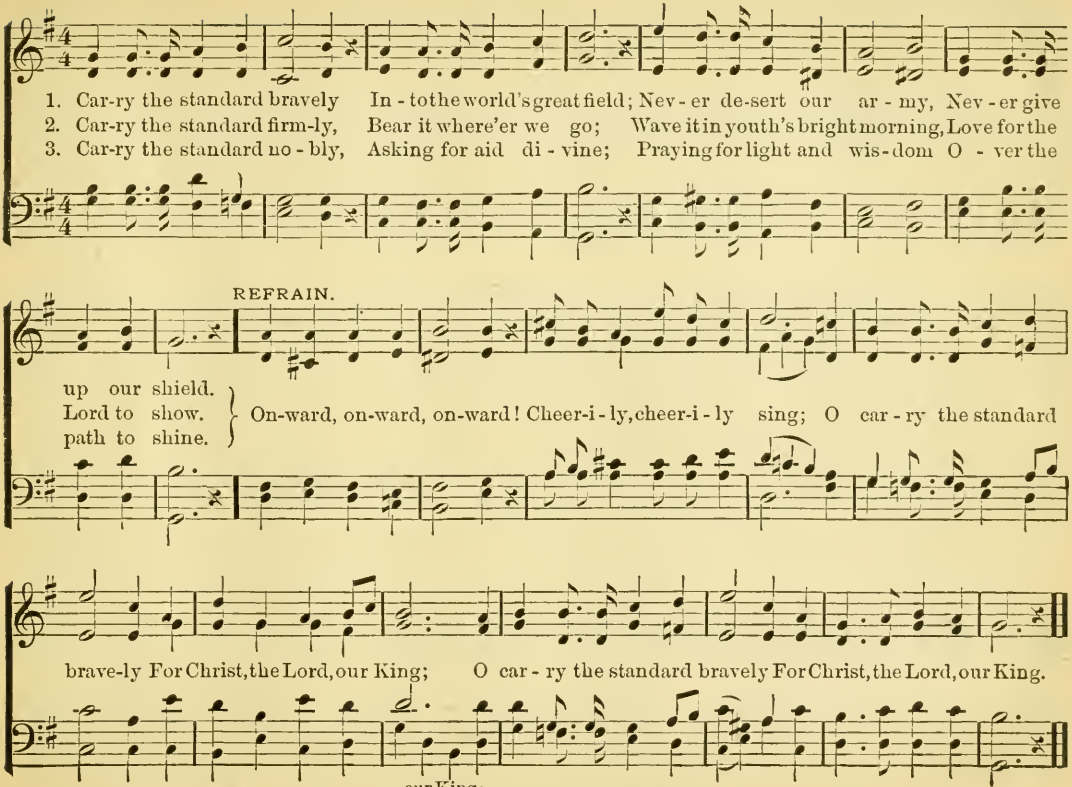
Carry the Standard Bravely.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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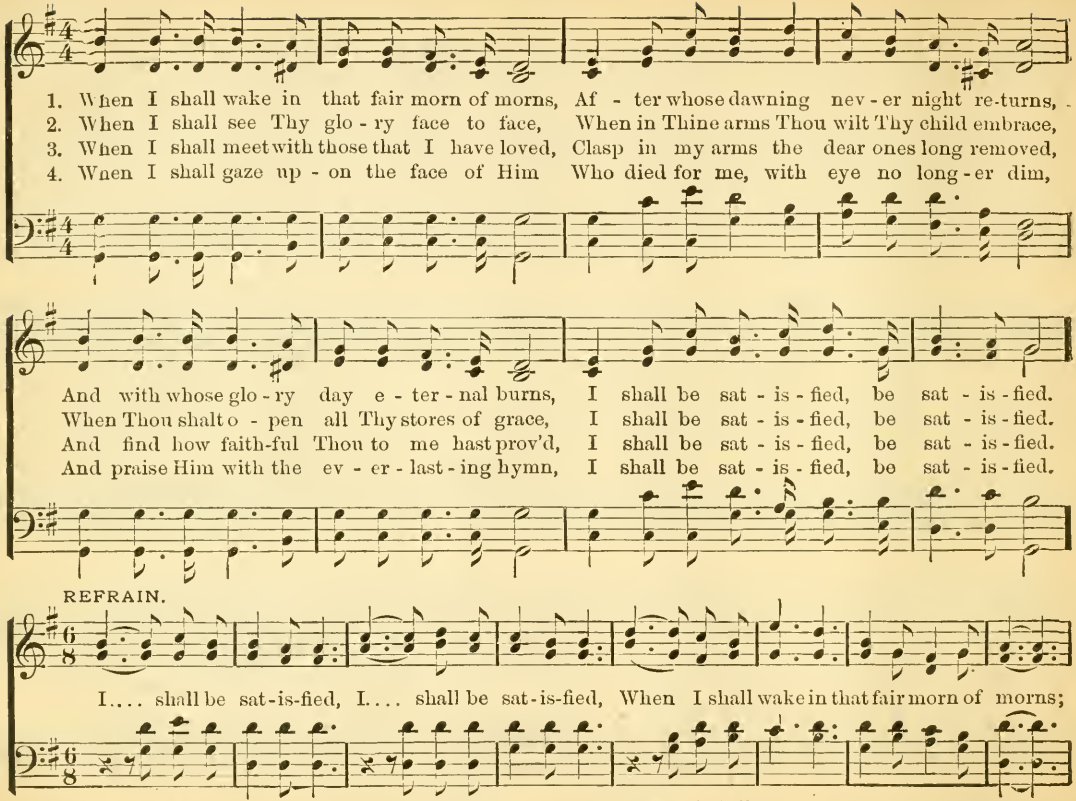
Horatius Bonar, D. D.

Satisfied.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



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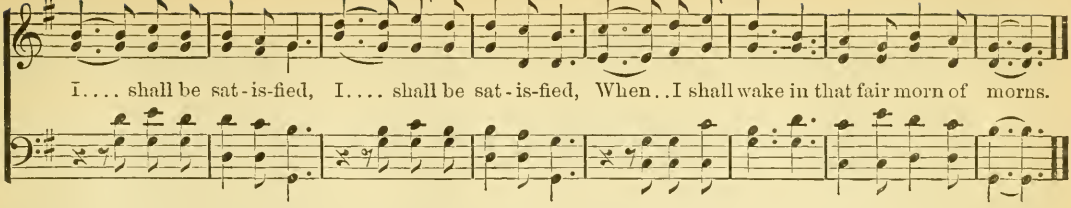
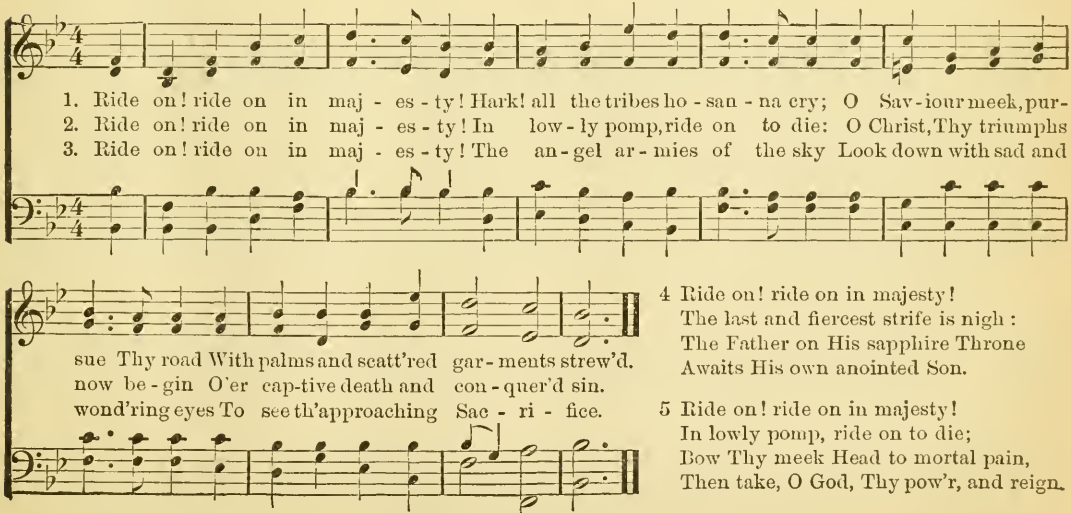


Ride on, in Majesty.

Rev. H. H. Milman. Ira D. Sankey.



4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign.

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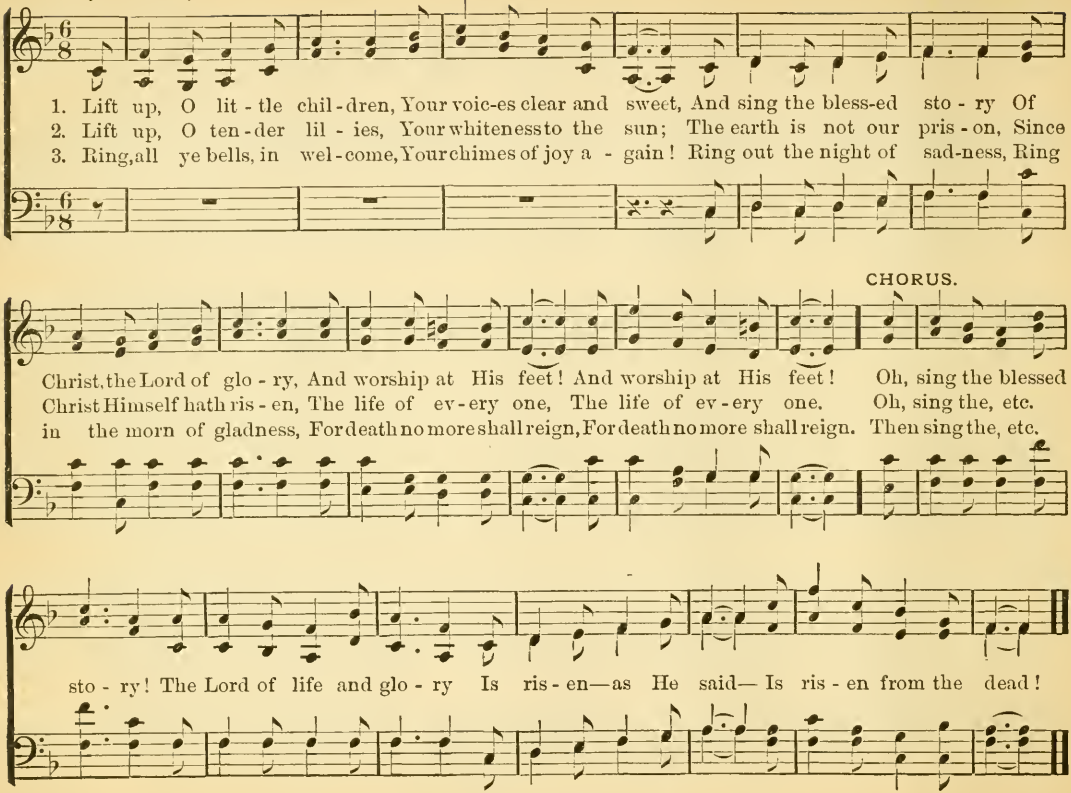
Lift Up, O Little Children.

Mary A. Lathbury. M. C. Seward.



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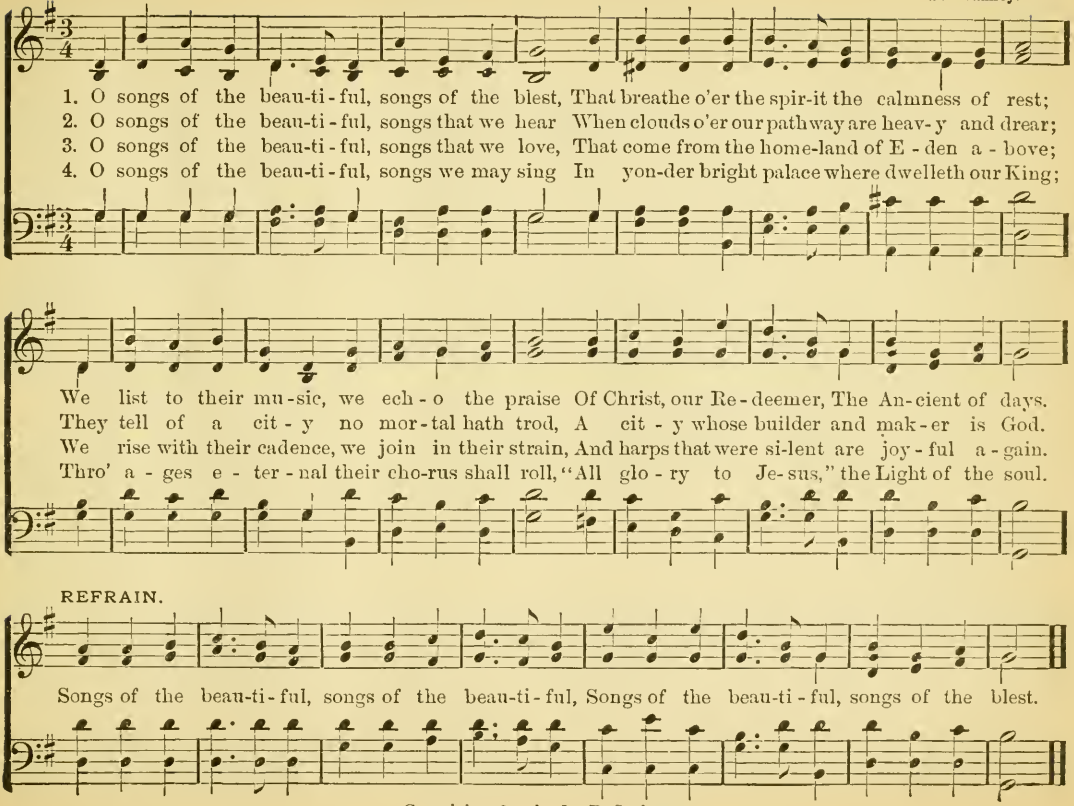
O Songs of the Beautiful.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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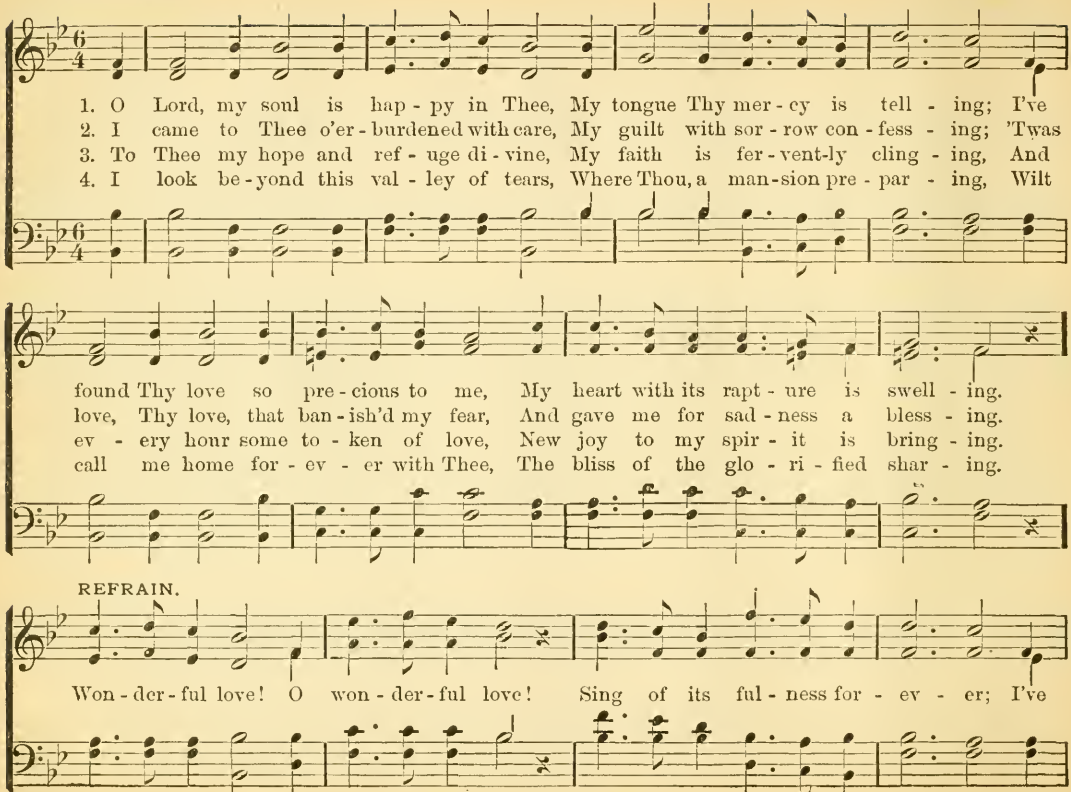
Wonderful Love!

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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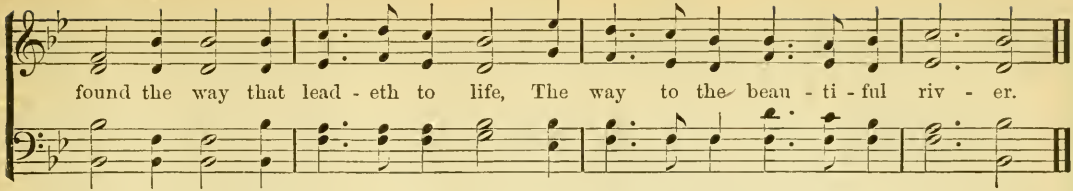
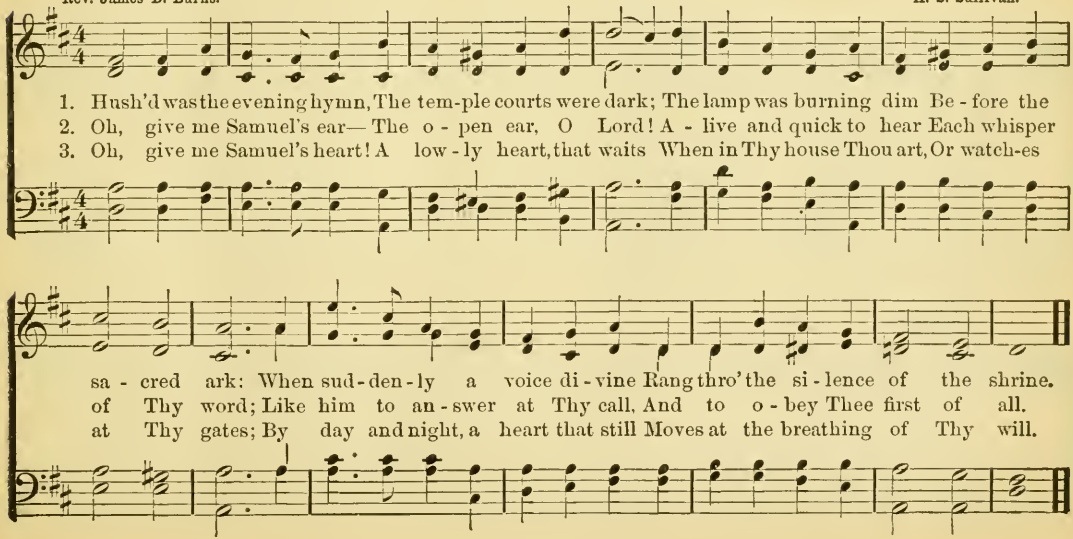


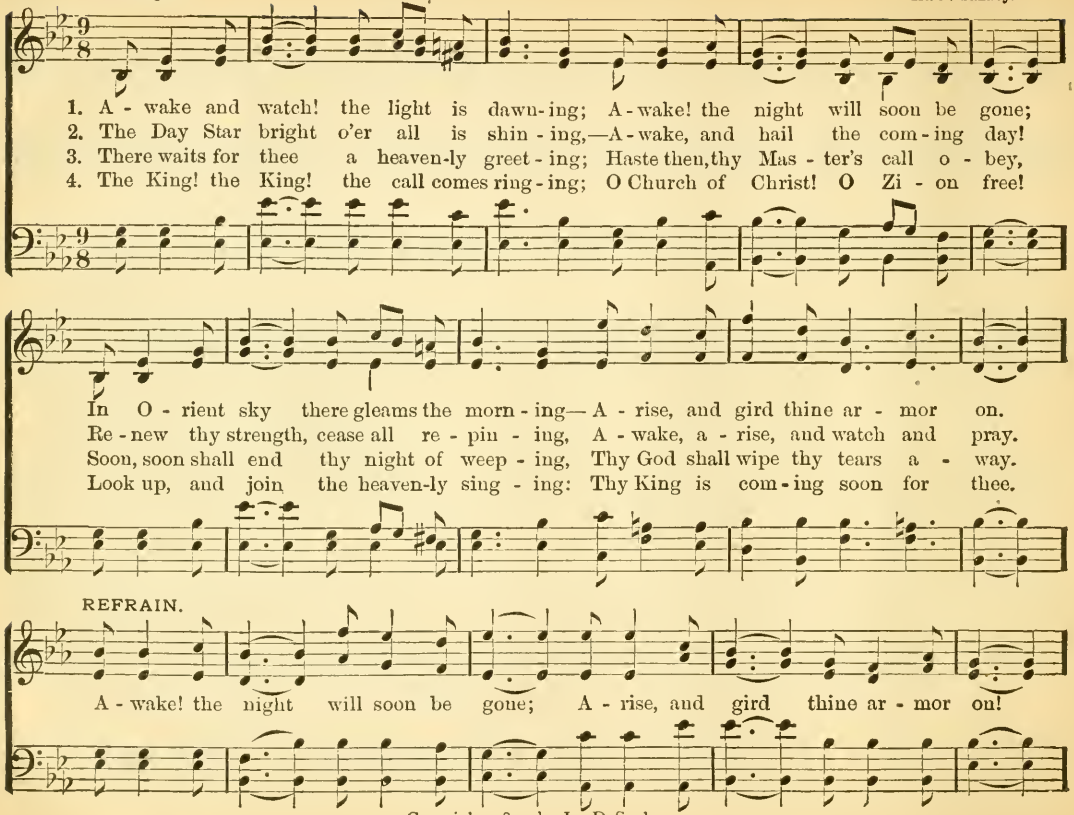
Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Rev. James D. Burns. A. S. Sullivan.



Awake and Watch.

L. D. Harrington. Ira D. Sankey.



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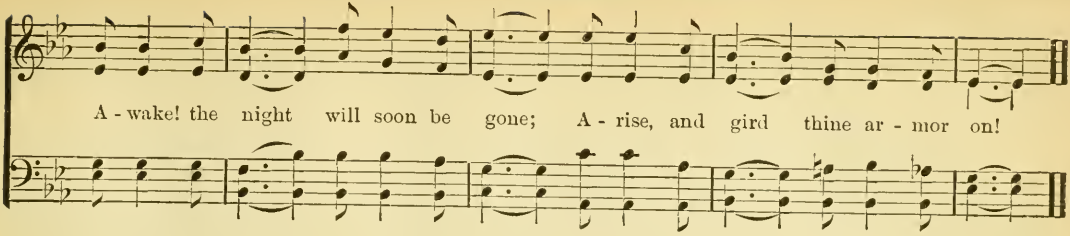
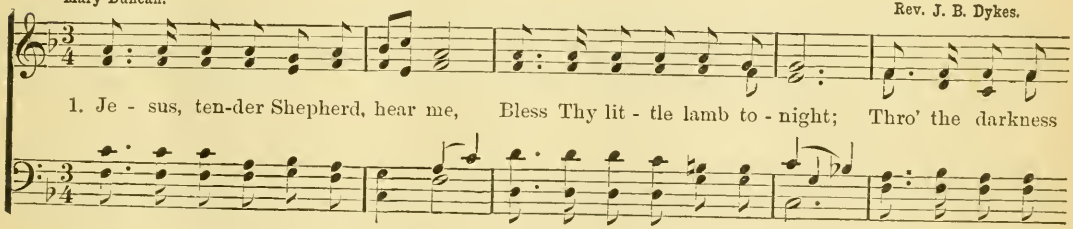
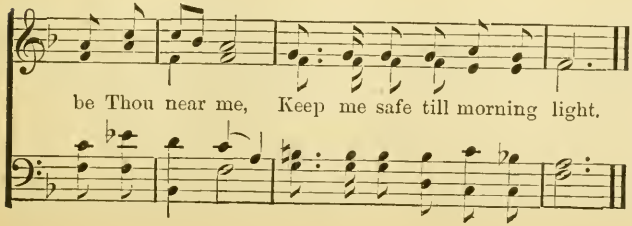
Awake and Watch.—Concluded.



Jesus, tender Shepherd.

Mary Duncan. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



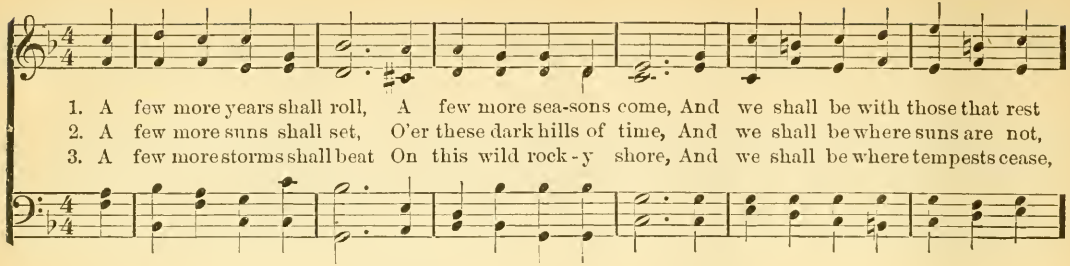


2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

A Few more Years shall Roll.

H. Bonar, D.D. L. G. Hayne.



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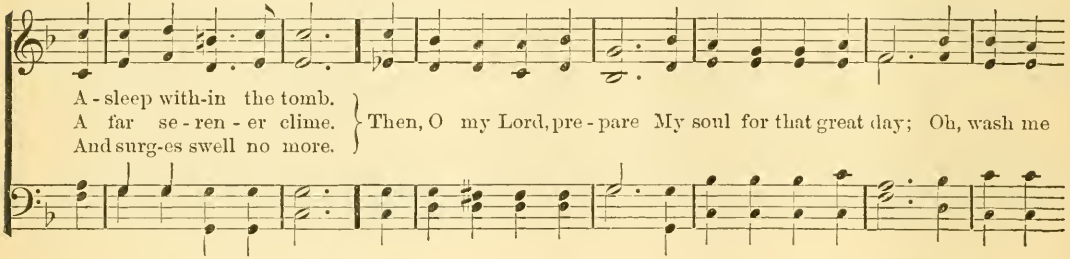
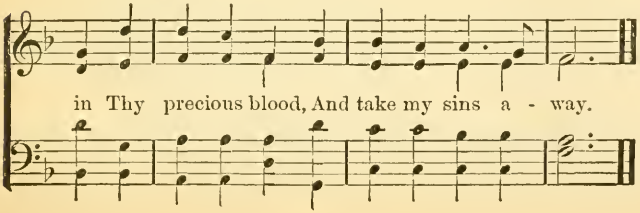


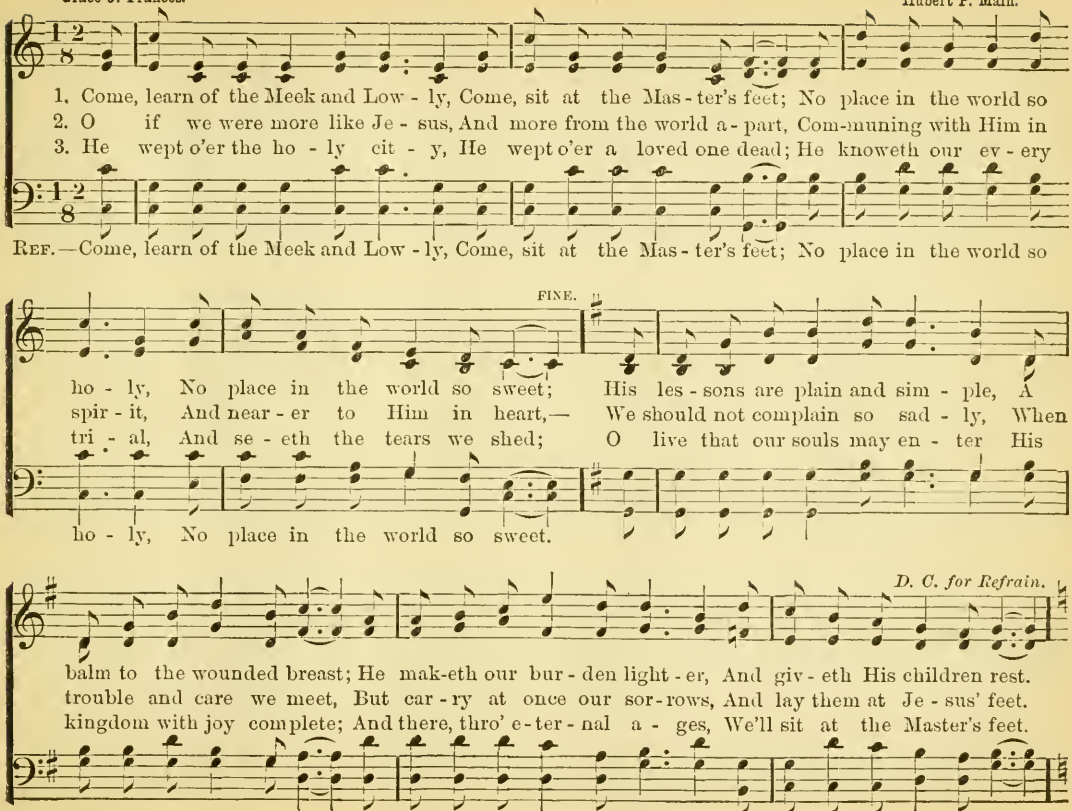


4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; who lives
That we with Him may reign.

Come, Learn of the Meek and Lowly.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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Just Beyond the Silent River.

R. A. D.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Just be - yond the si - lent riv - er, O - ver on the fur - ther shore, Ma - ny
2. Just be - yond these fleet - ing shad - ows, O - ver on the gold - en strand, Robed in
3. Just be - yond these earth - ly part - ings We shall soon u - nit - ed be, In the

CHORUS.

loved ones there shall greet us, Where the ma - ny mansions are.
white we'll walk with Je - sus Thro' that fair and hap - py land.
home be - yond the riv - er, Close be - side the crys - tal sea.

} Just beyond earth's snow-capp'd mount-ains, In that land so bright and fair, We shall see, and be like Je - sus, Safe for-

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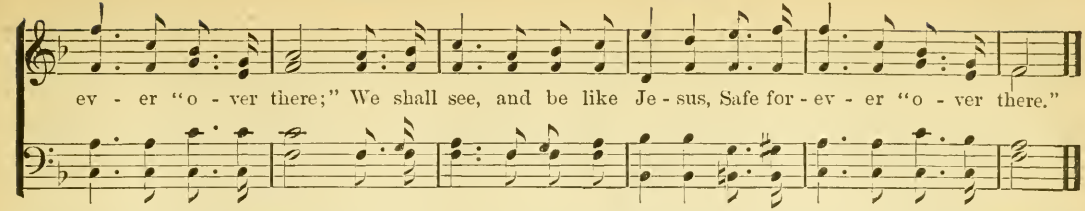
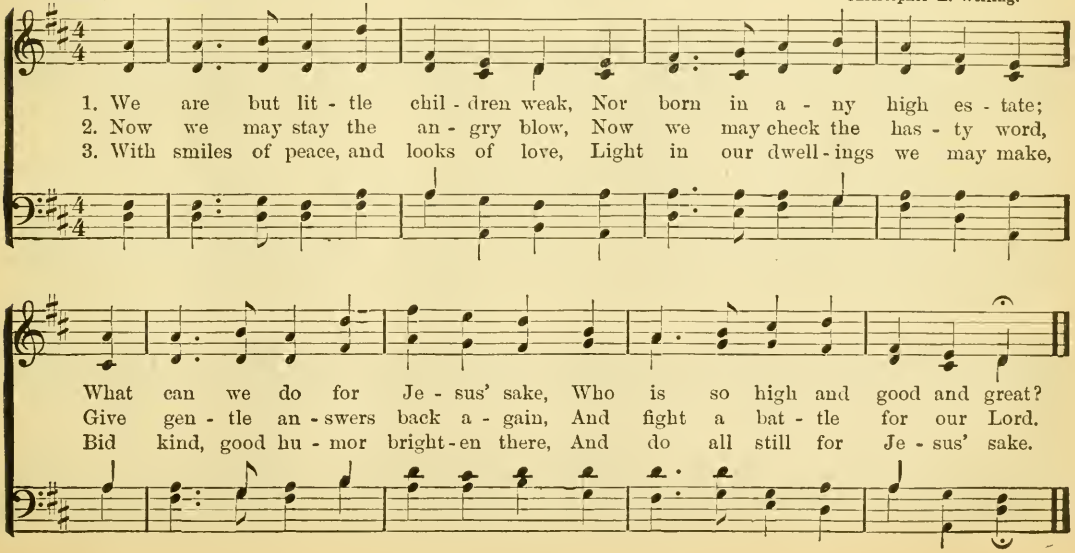
Just Beyond the Silent River.—Concluded.



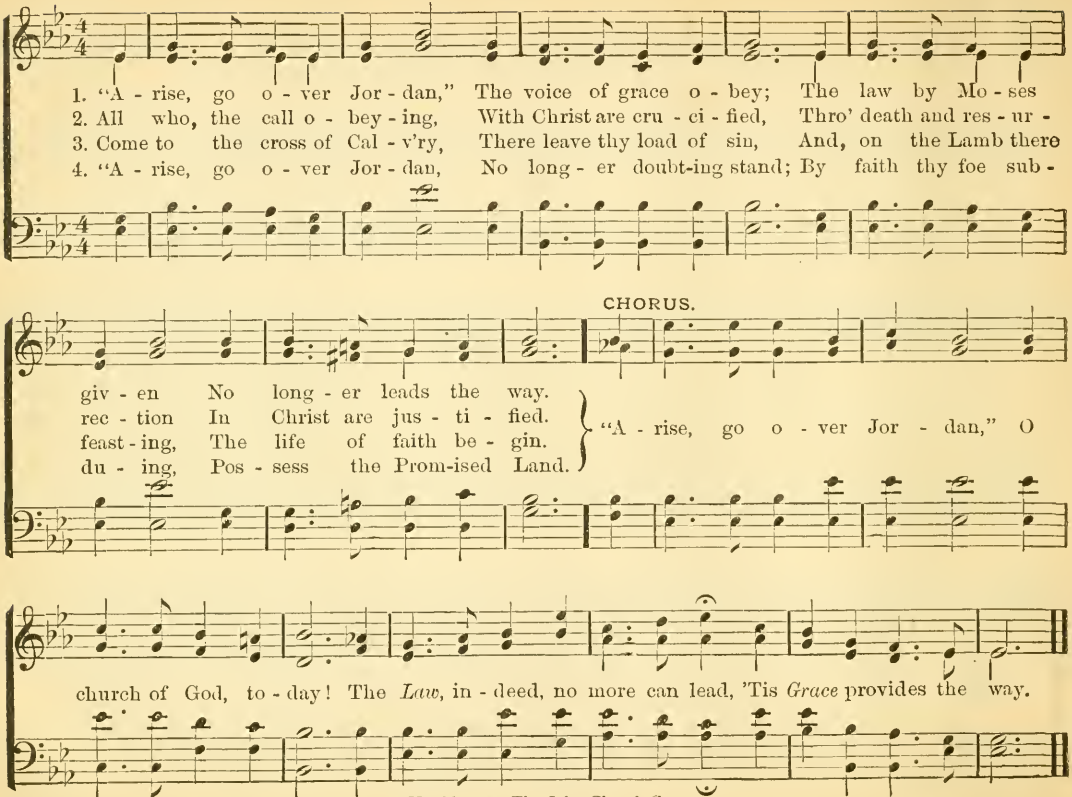
We are but Little Children weak.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Christopher E. Willing.



Arise, go over Jordan.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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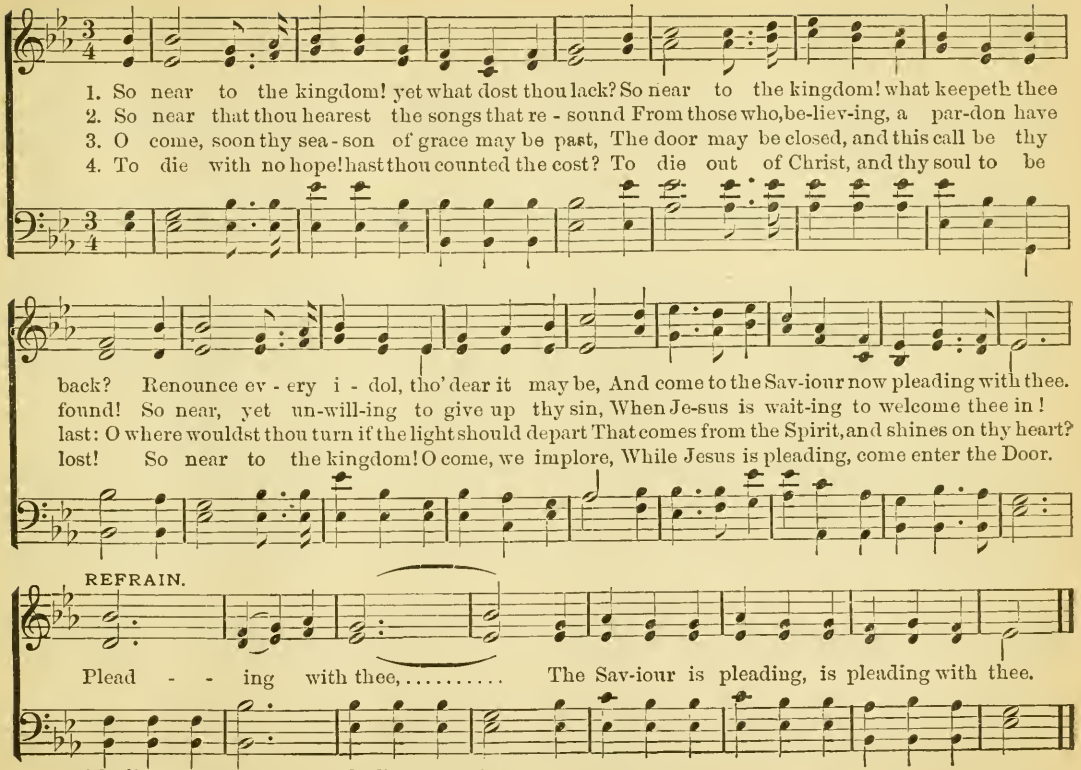
So Near to the Kingdom.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



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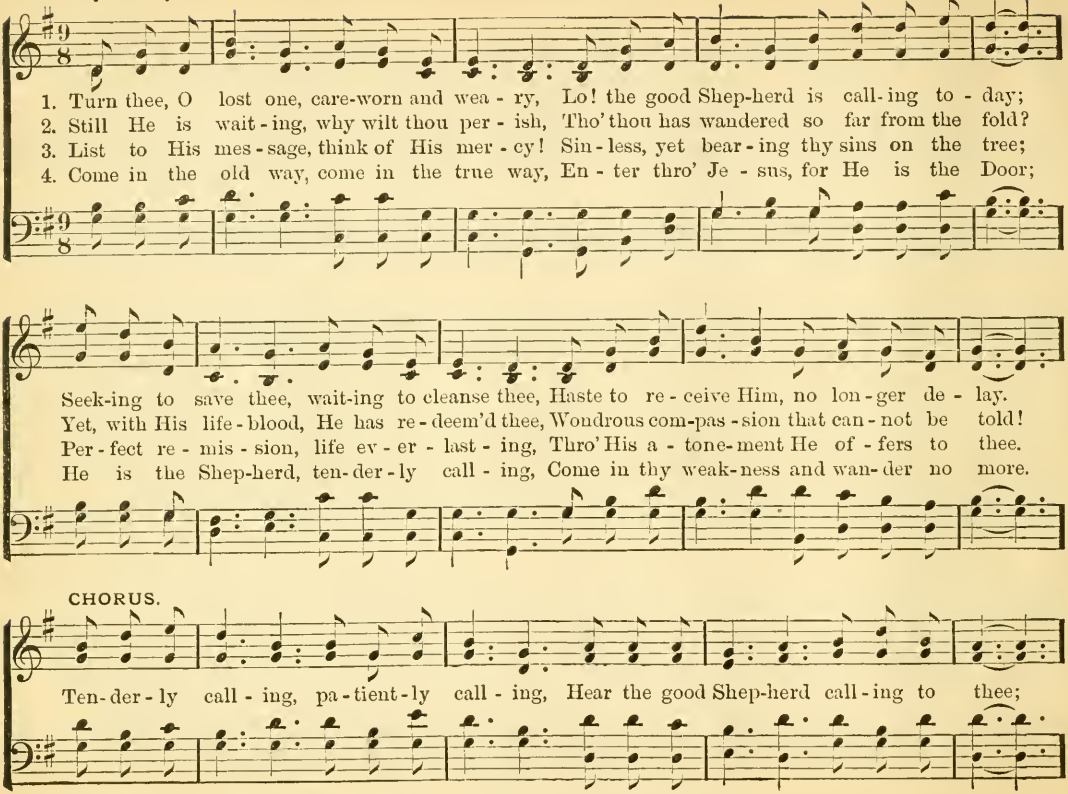
Tenderly Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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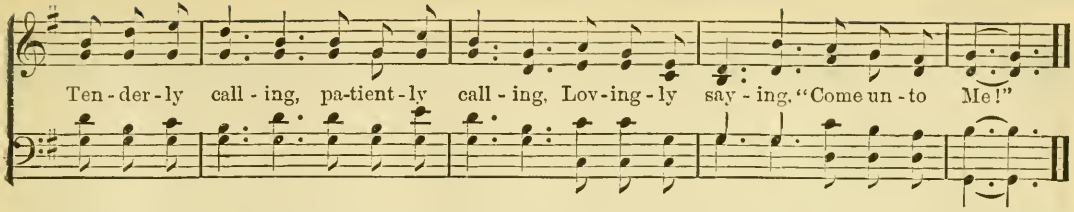
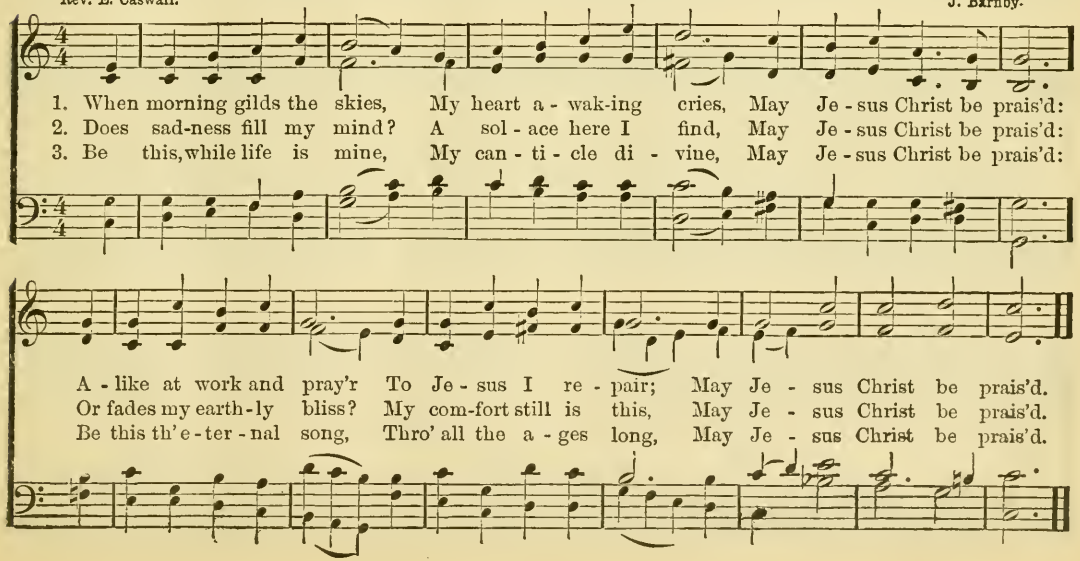
Tenderly Calling.—Concluded.



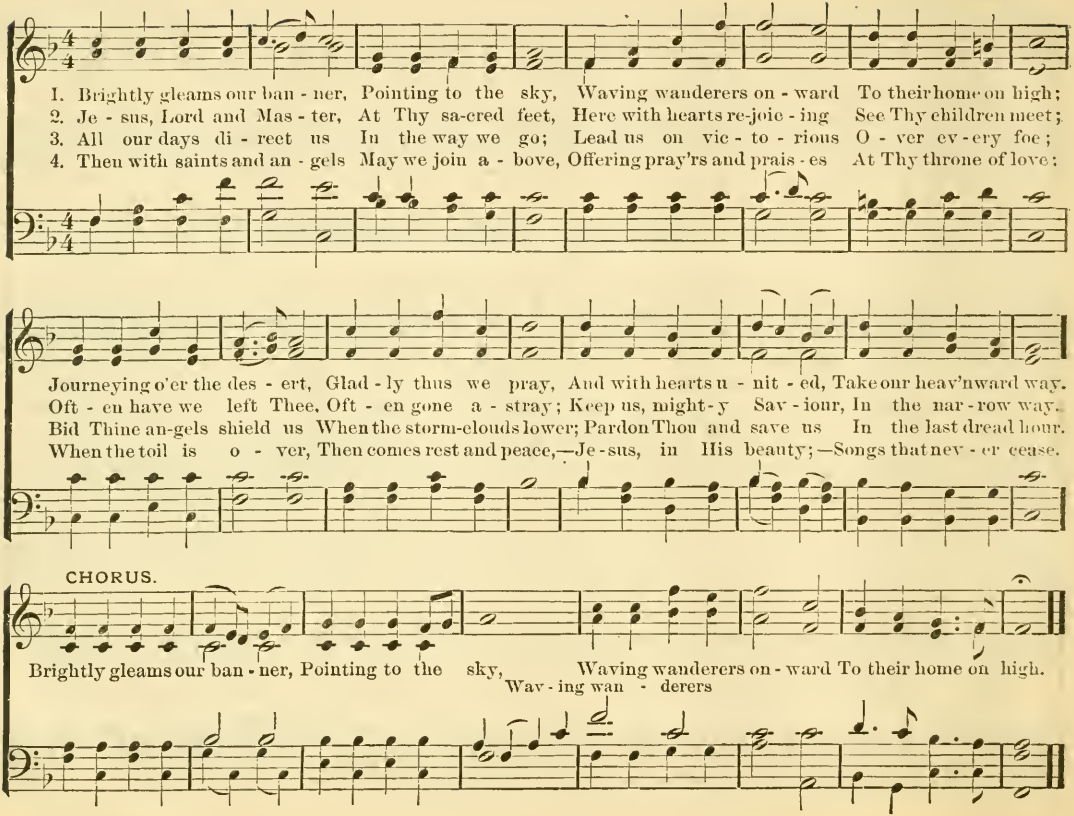
When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Rev. E. Caswall. J. Barnby.



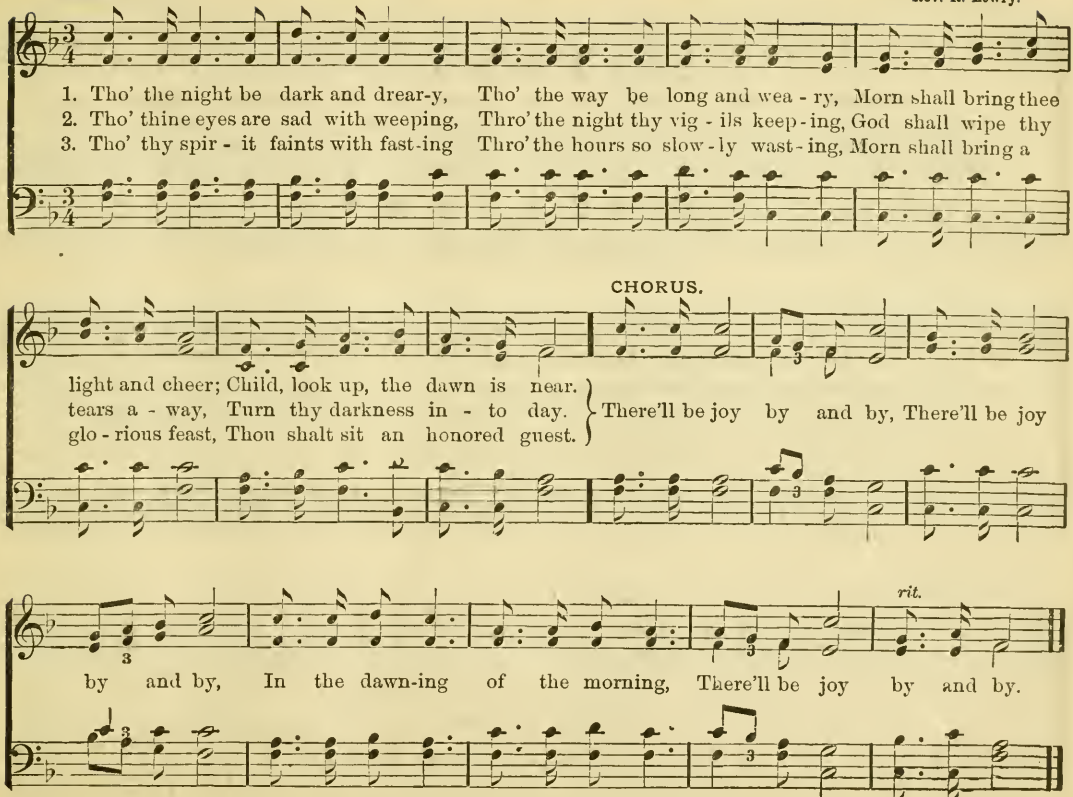
Brightly Gleams our Banner.

T. J. Potter. A. S. Sullivan.



There'll be Joy By and By.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Rev. R. Lowry.



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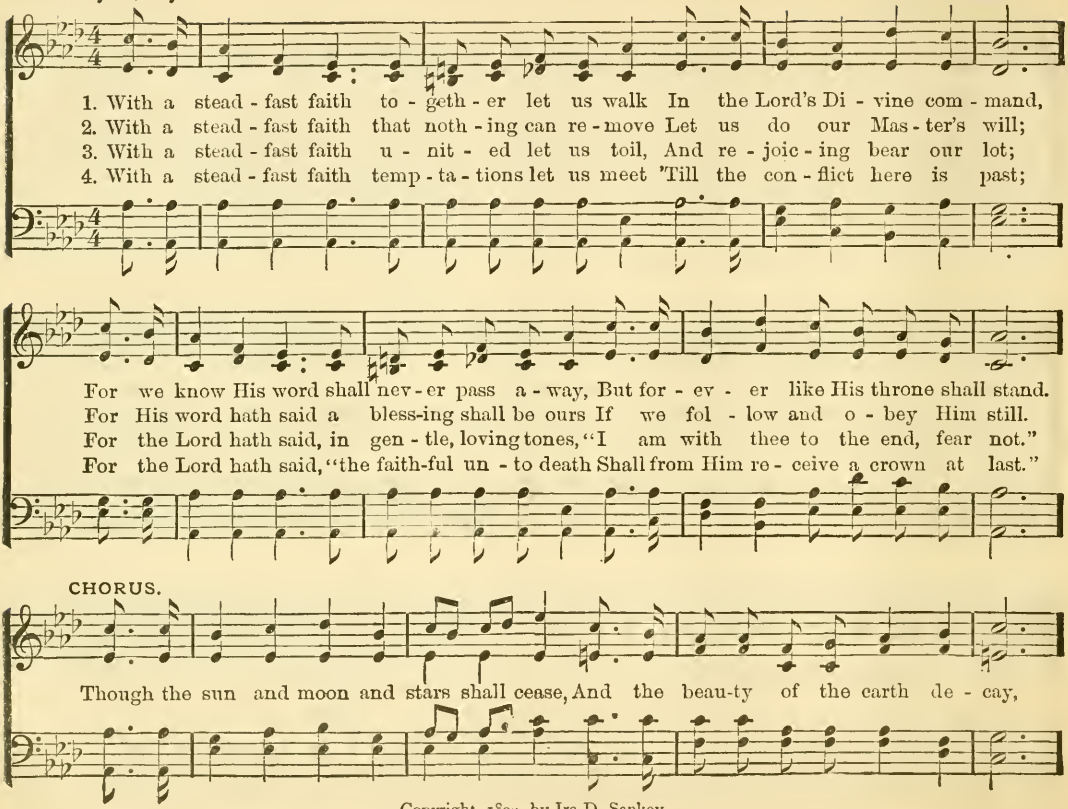
With a Steadfast Faith.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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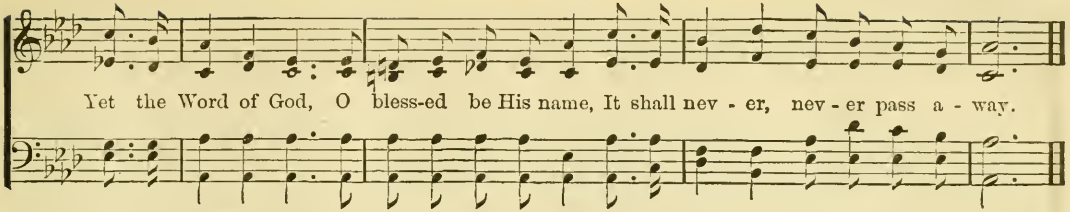
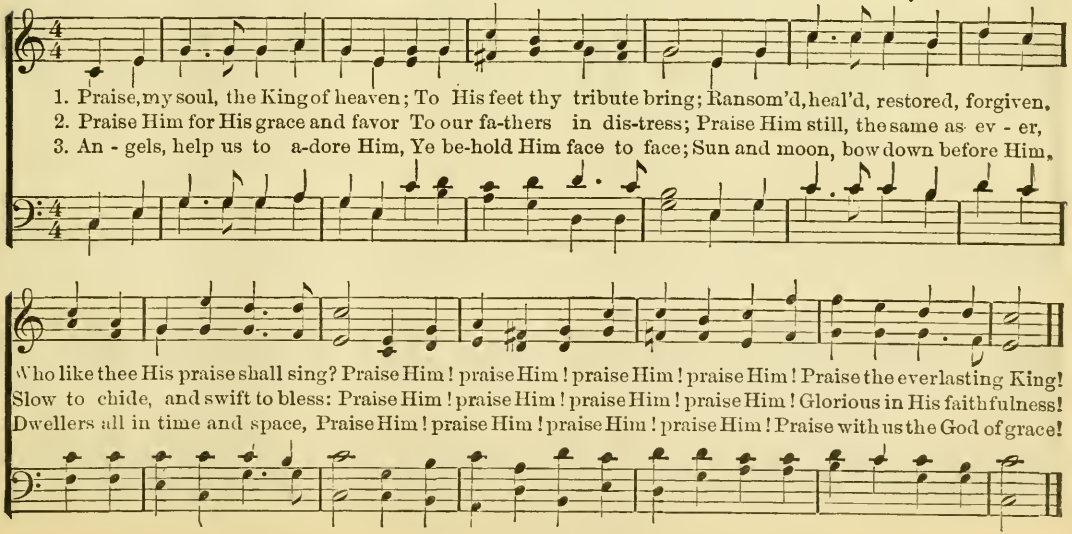


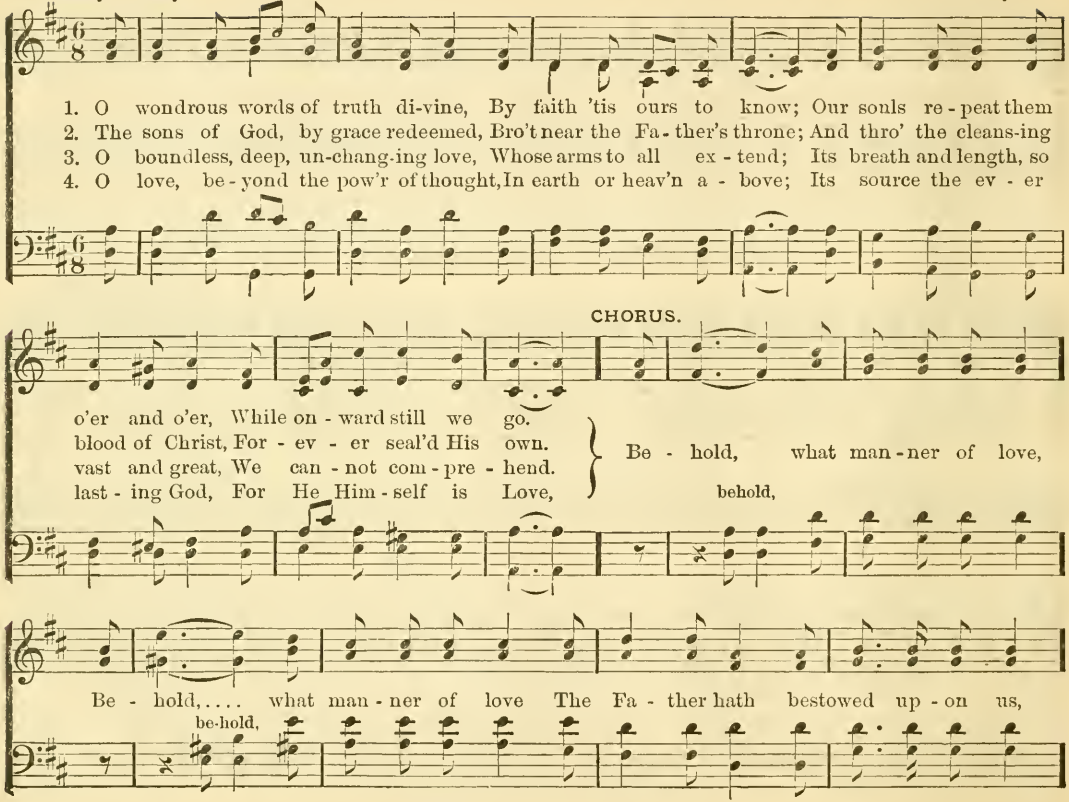
Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven!

H. F. Lyte. Henry J. Gauntlett.



Behold, what Manner of Love.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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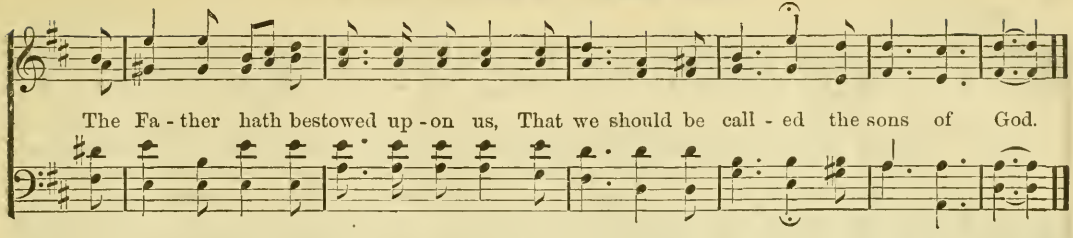
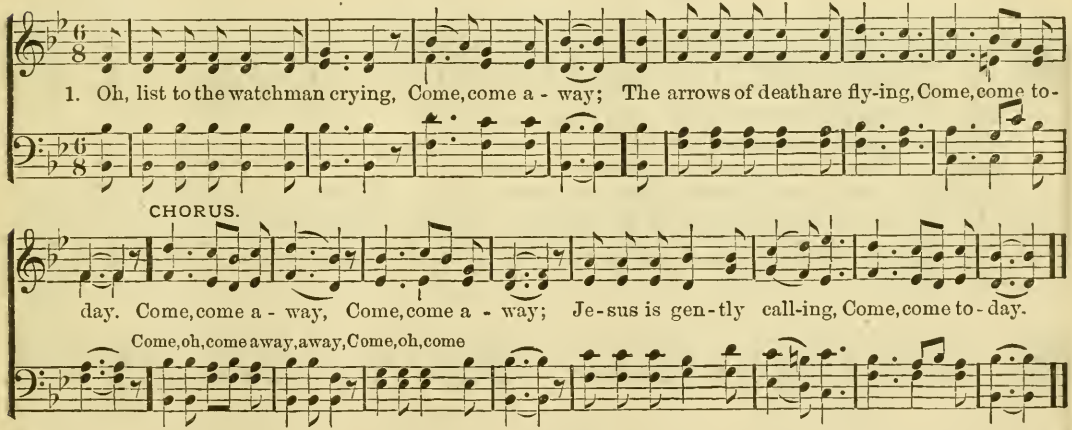


Come, Come Away.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



2 The Spirit of God is pleading,
Come, come away;
The Saviour is interceding,
Come, come to-day.

3 The mercy of God is calling,
Come, come away;
How sweetly the words are falling,
Come, come to-day

4 The angels of God entreat you,
Come, come away;
The Father Himself will meet you,
Come, come to-day.

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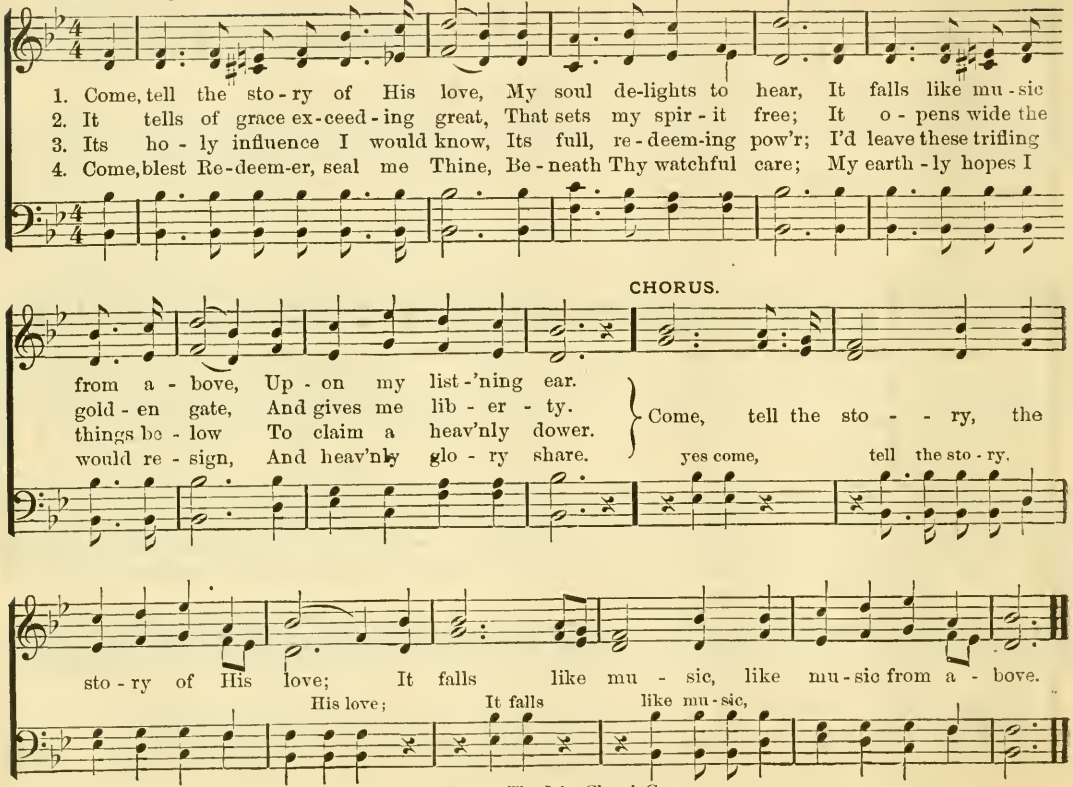
The Story of His Love.

Mrs. M. O. Page. C. C. Case.



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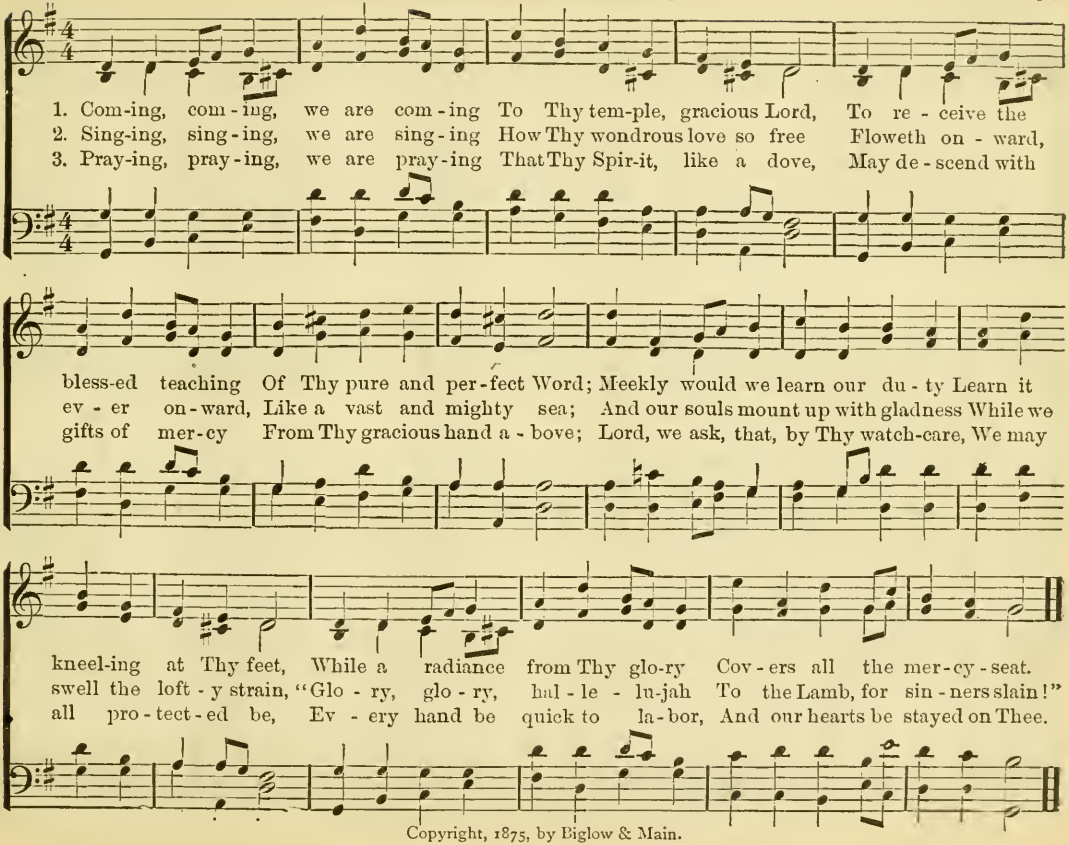
Grace J. Frances.

We are Coming.

Hubert P. Main.



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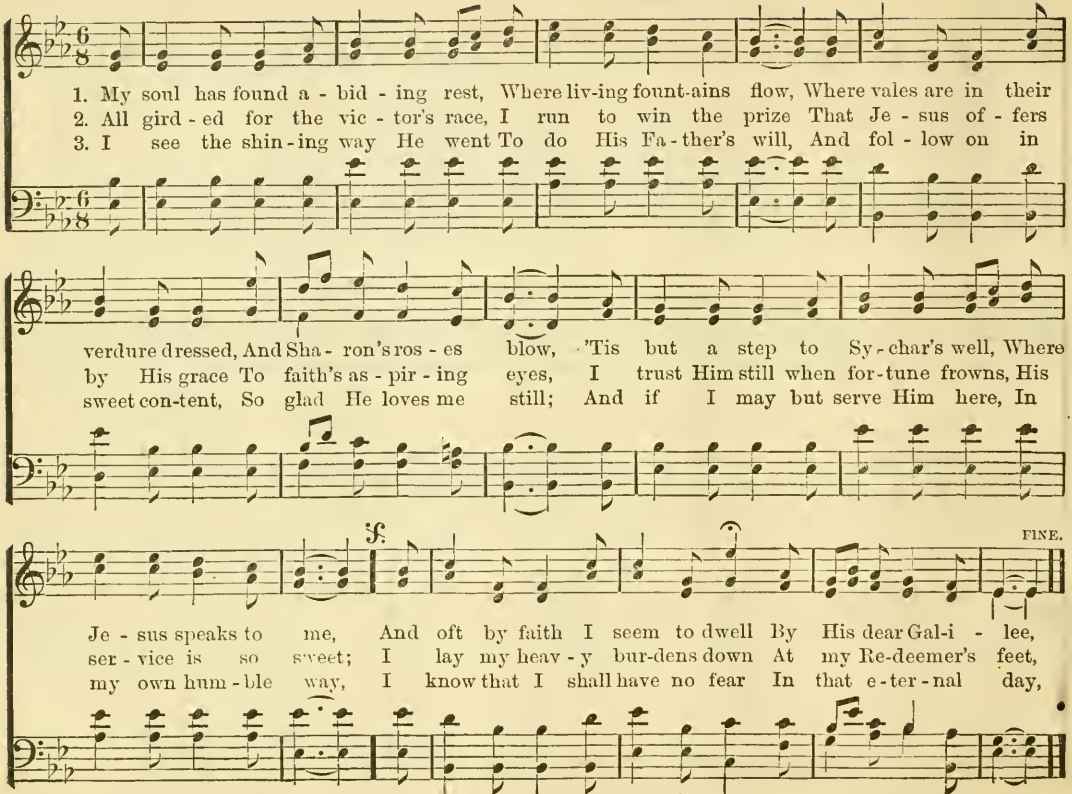
Abiding Rest.

Dr. J. J. Maxfield. W. A. Ogden.



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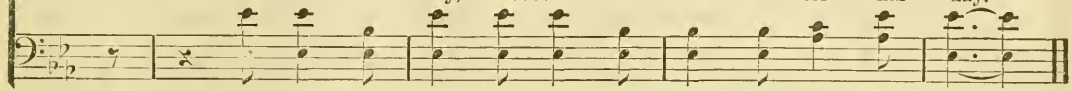
Abiding Rest.—Concluded.

D. S.

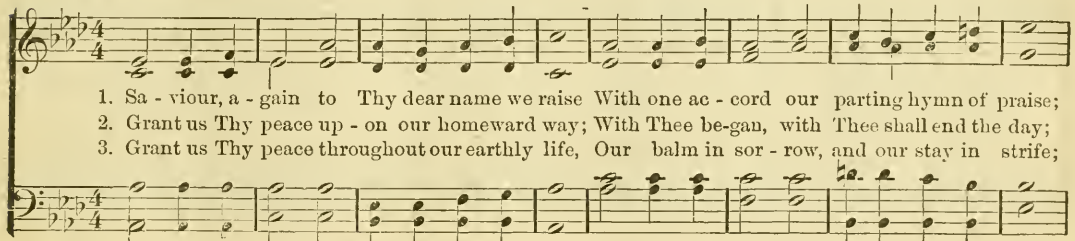
By His dear Gal - i - lee,..... By His dear Gal - i - lee.
At my Re - deem - er's feet,..... At my Re - deem - er's feet.
In that e - ter - nal day,..... In that e - ter - nal day.



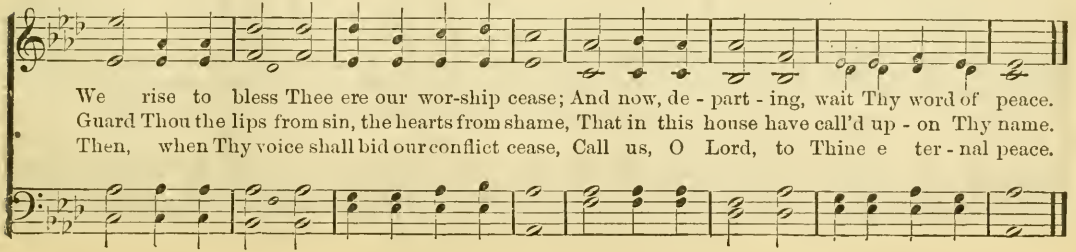
John Ellerton.

Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name.

E. J. Hopkins.



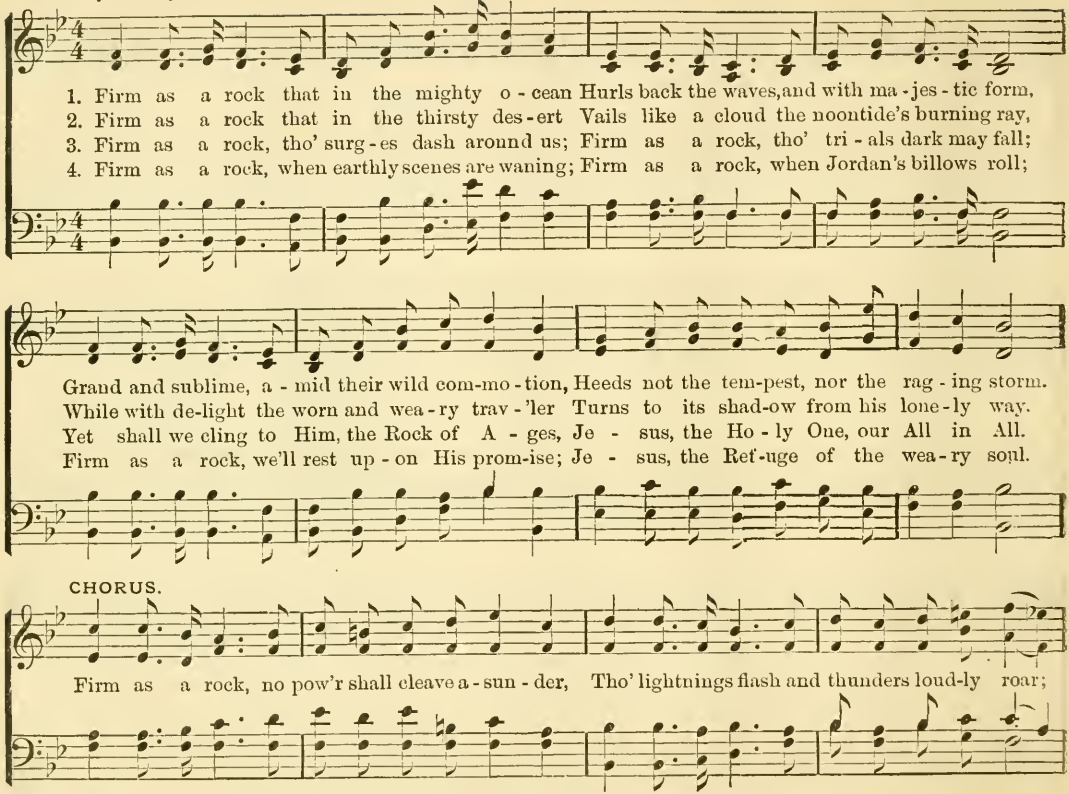
1. Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-gan, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;



We rise to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease; And now, de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name.
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e ter - nal peace.

Firm as a Rock.

Fanny J Crosby. Ira D. Sankey



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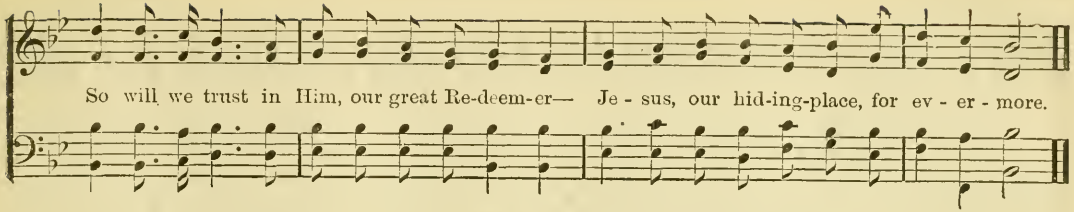
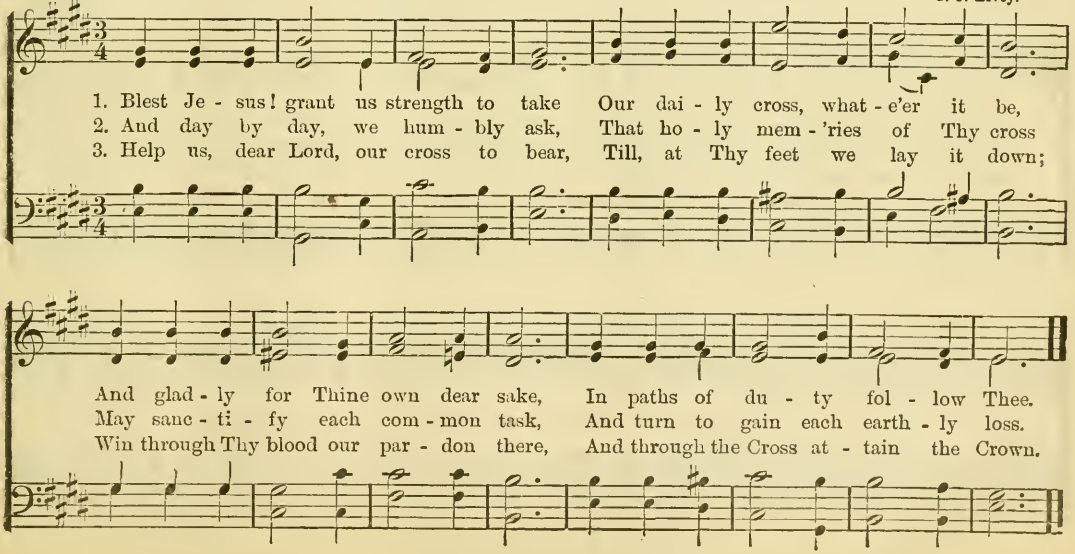


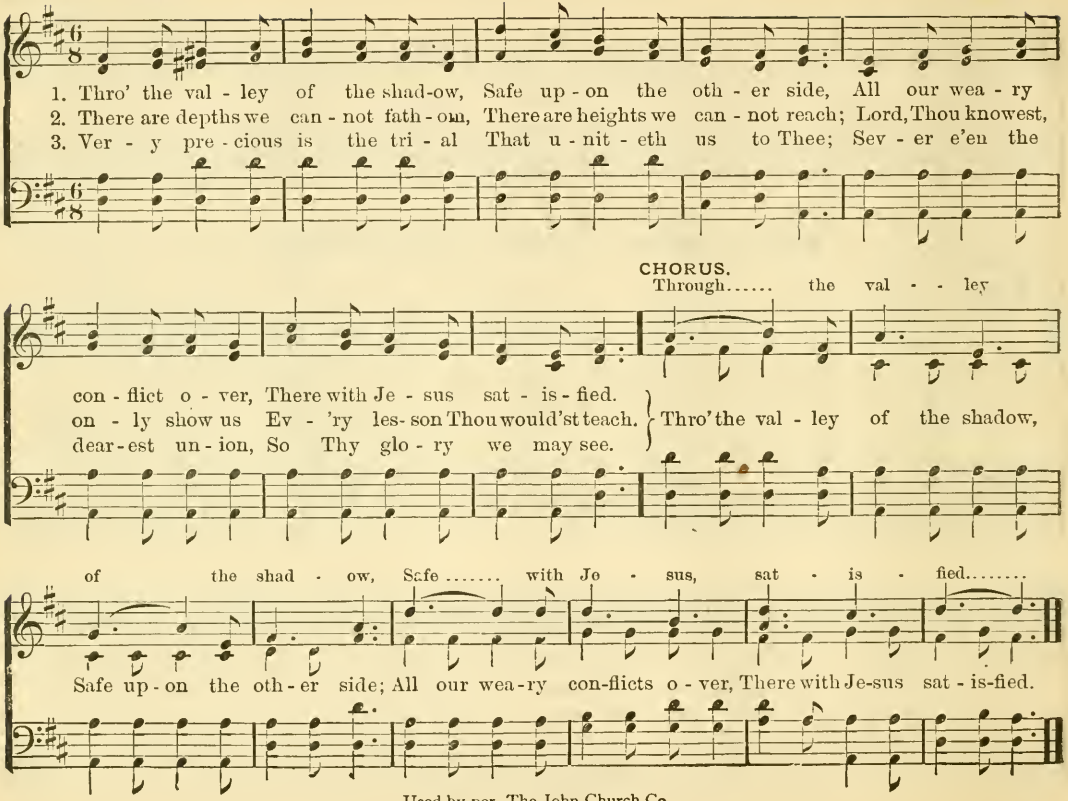
Blest Jesus! Grant Us Strength.

Rev. W. W. How. G. J. Elvey.



Through the Valley.

A. C. P. Crozier. Geo. F. Root.



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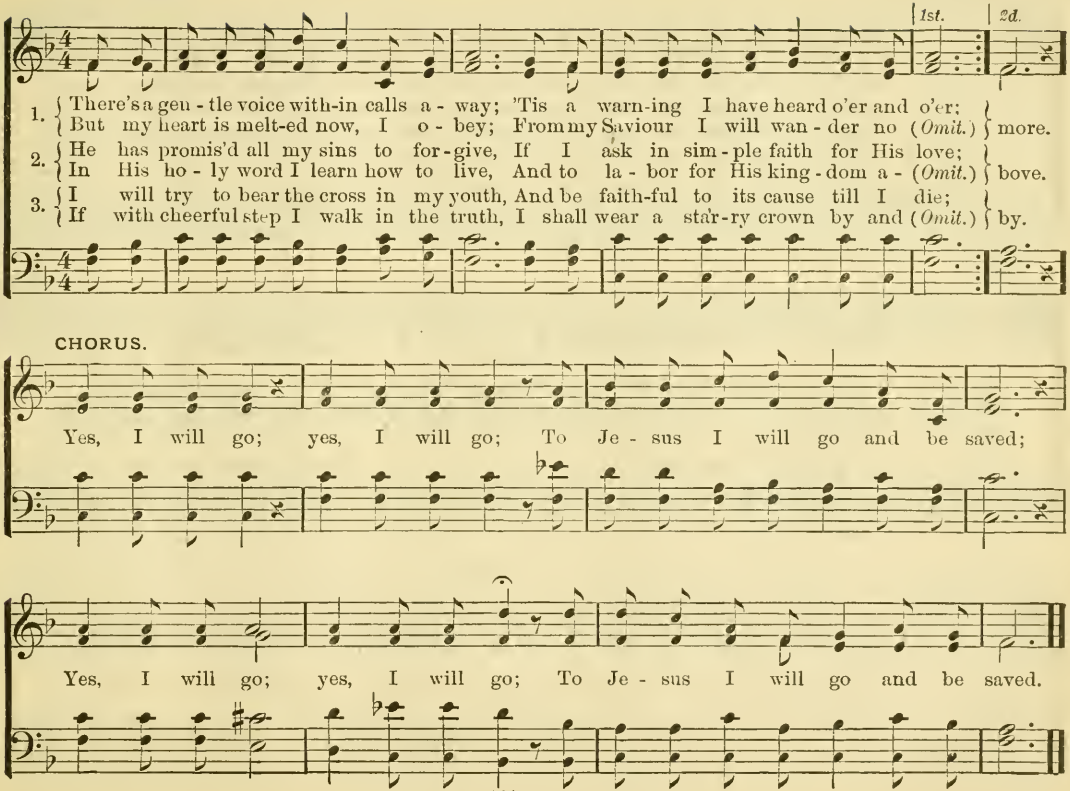
To Jesus I will Go.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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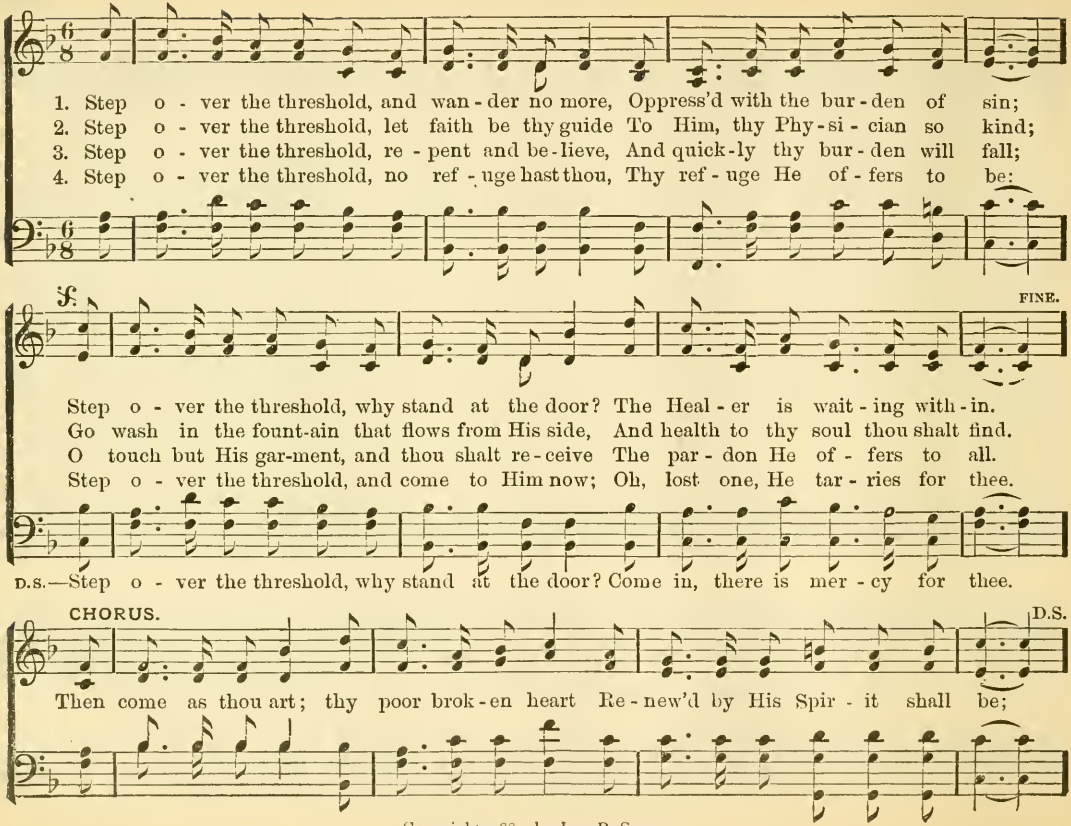
Frank Gould.

Over the Threshold.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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Awake, and Shout Hosanna.

Grace J. Frances.

Arr. by H. P. Main, fr. F. Mendelssohn.

1. A - wake, and shout Ho - san - na, With all our ransom'd pow'rs; A full, complete sal - va - tion Thro'
2. Lift up, lift up our voic-es, And in the Saviour's name, His full and free sal - va - tion, With
3. Come back, come back, ye lost ones, Why will you far-ther go? Why wander on in darkness, So

But they who

Christ the Lord is ours; He saves us to the ut - most, He saves us ev - er - more; But they who
trumpet tongue proclaim; The precious blood He of - fered, Can all the world re - store; But who - so
near the brink of woe; Come back to Him who loves you, Be slaves to sin no more; The glorious

would His grace re - ceive,

would His grace re - ceive, But they who would His grace receive Must knock at mercy's Door.
will be freed from sin, But who - so will be freed from sin Must en - ter thro' the Door.
light of gos - pel grace, The glorious light of gos - pel grace Shines thro' the o - pen Door.

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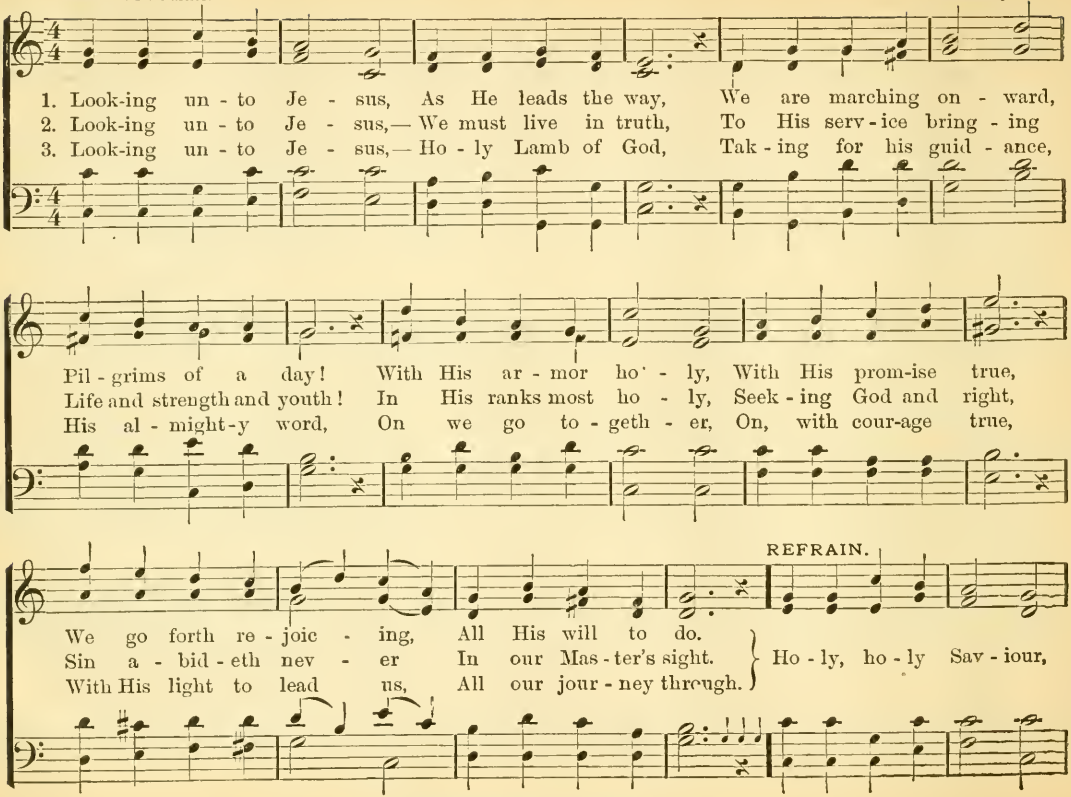
Looking Unto Jesus.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. J. R. Murray.



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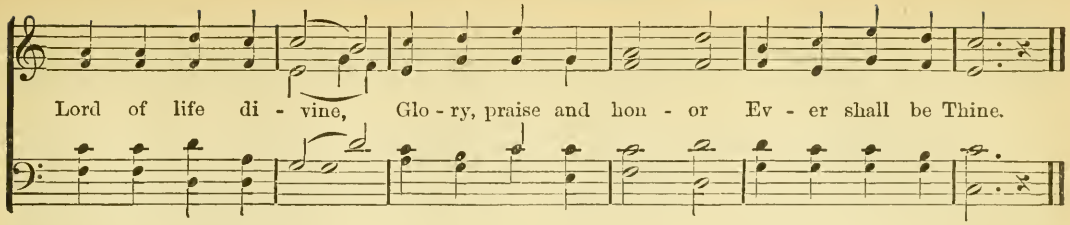
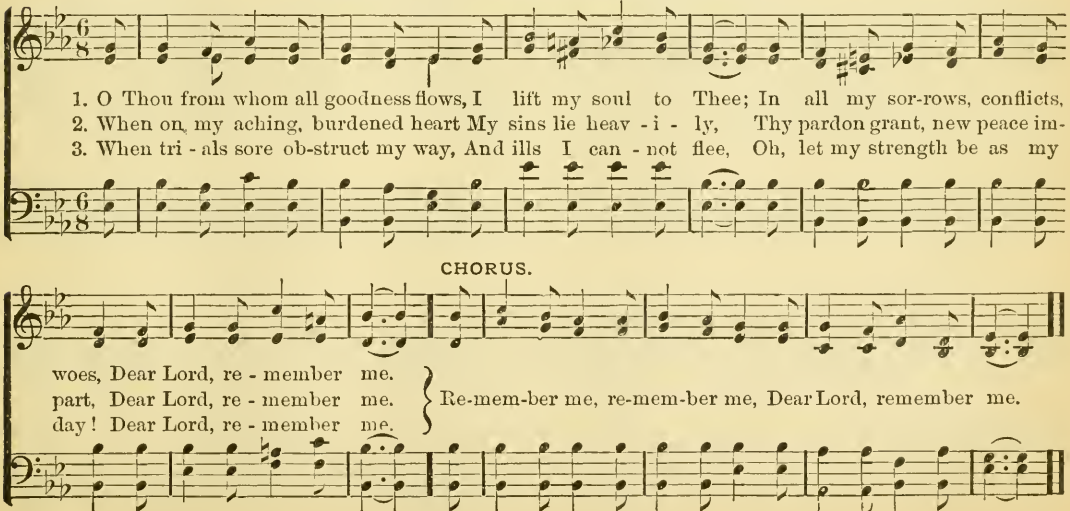


Thomas Haweis, arr.

Dear Lord, Remember Me.

Geo. F. Root.



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Wonderful Kindness.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness, My Re-deem - er, Lord and King! How it makes my
2. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness That with rapt-ure fills my heart; Like a spring whose
3. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness, He has led me all my way; And I still re -

CHORUS.

soul to praise Him, And my tongue with joy to sing.
heal - ing wa - ters To the spir - it life im-parts.
call His mer - cy While I sing from day to day.

} Won-der-ful kindness, Wonderful kindness

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has shown un - to me;... Won - der - ful kind - ness, Won - der - ful

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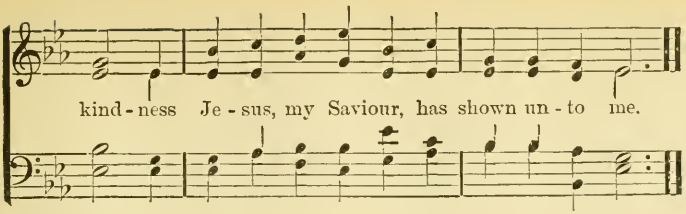
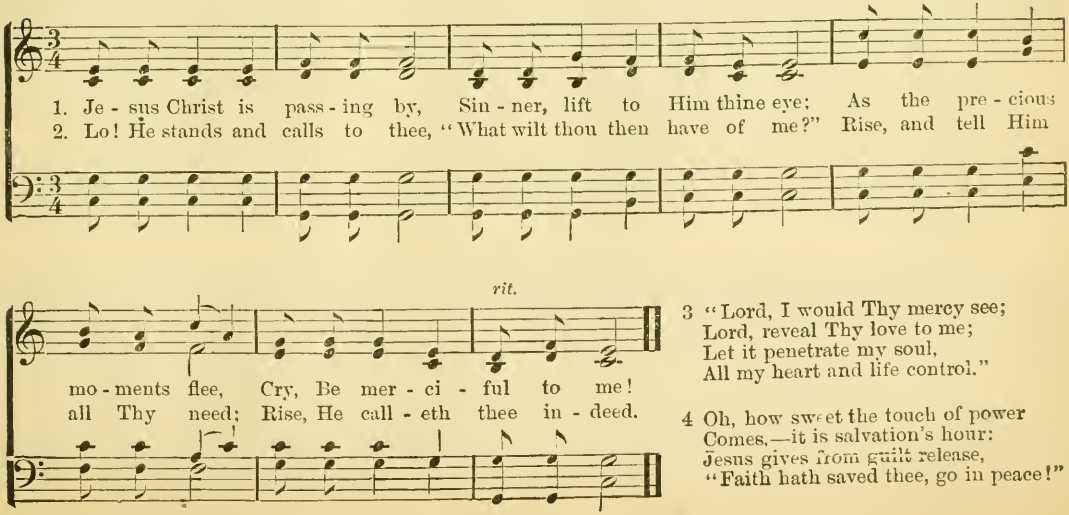


4 Oh, how great His loving kindness,
And the riches of His grace;
Deep and boundless, everlasting,
Changing not with time or place.

5 Oh, how great His loving kindness,
Let me tell it o'er and o'er;
Till in nobler strains I praise Him
With the ransomed evermore.

Jesus Christ is Passing by.

J. Denham Smith. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, by per.

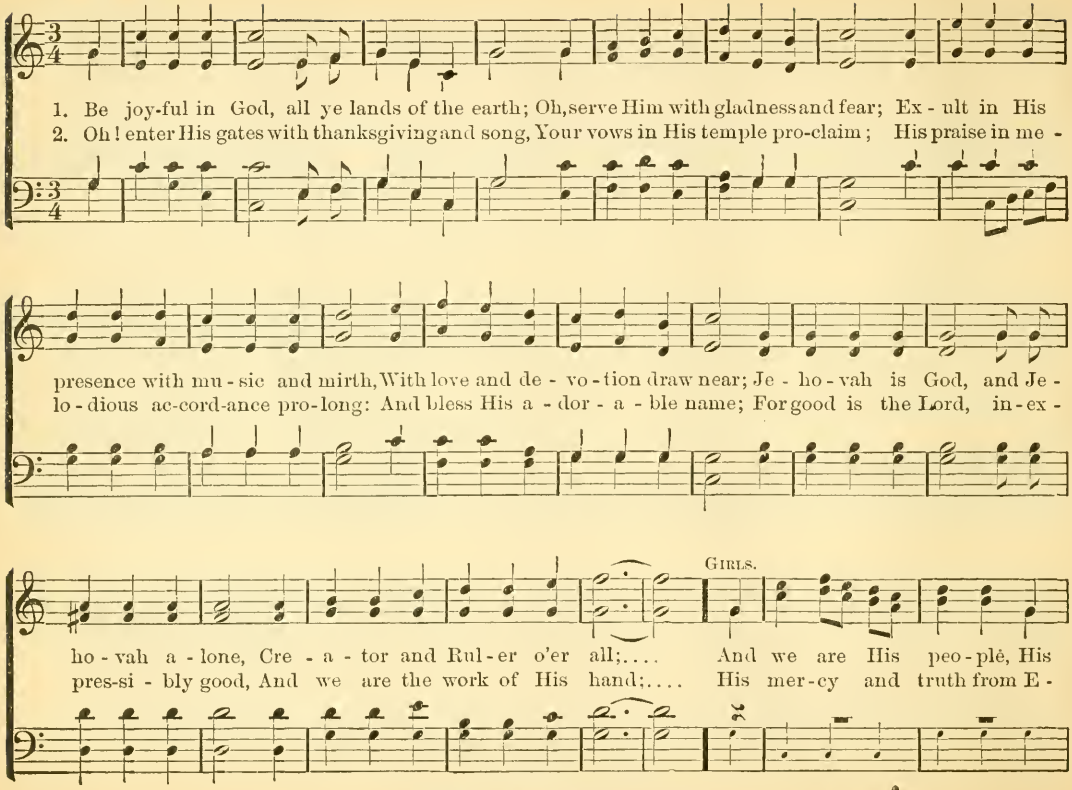


3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control."

4 Oh, how sweet the touch of power
Comes,—it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release,
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

Be Joyful in God.

James Montgomery. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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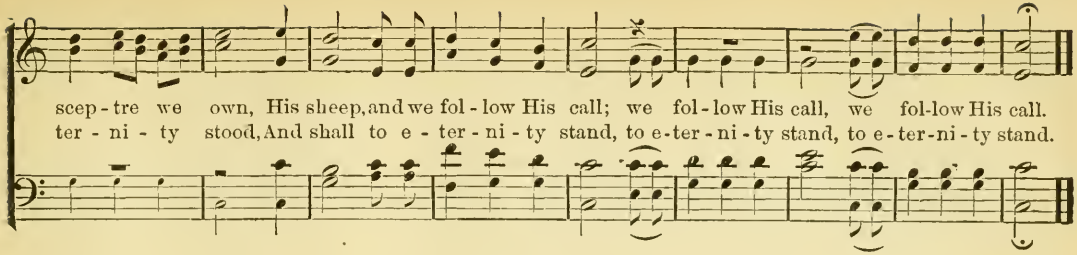
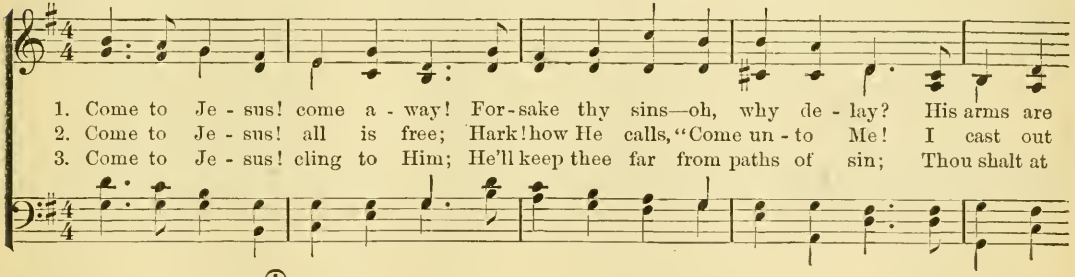
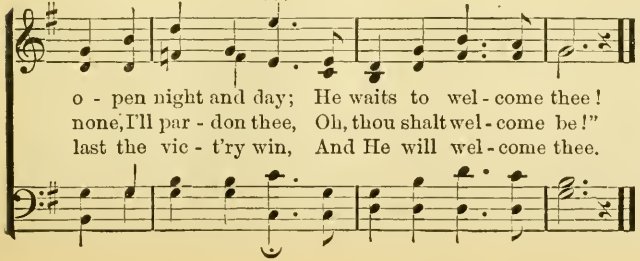


Come to Jesus! Come Away!

Anon. Anon.



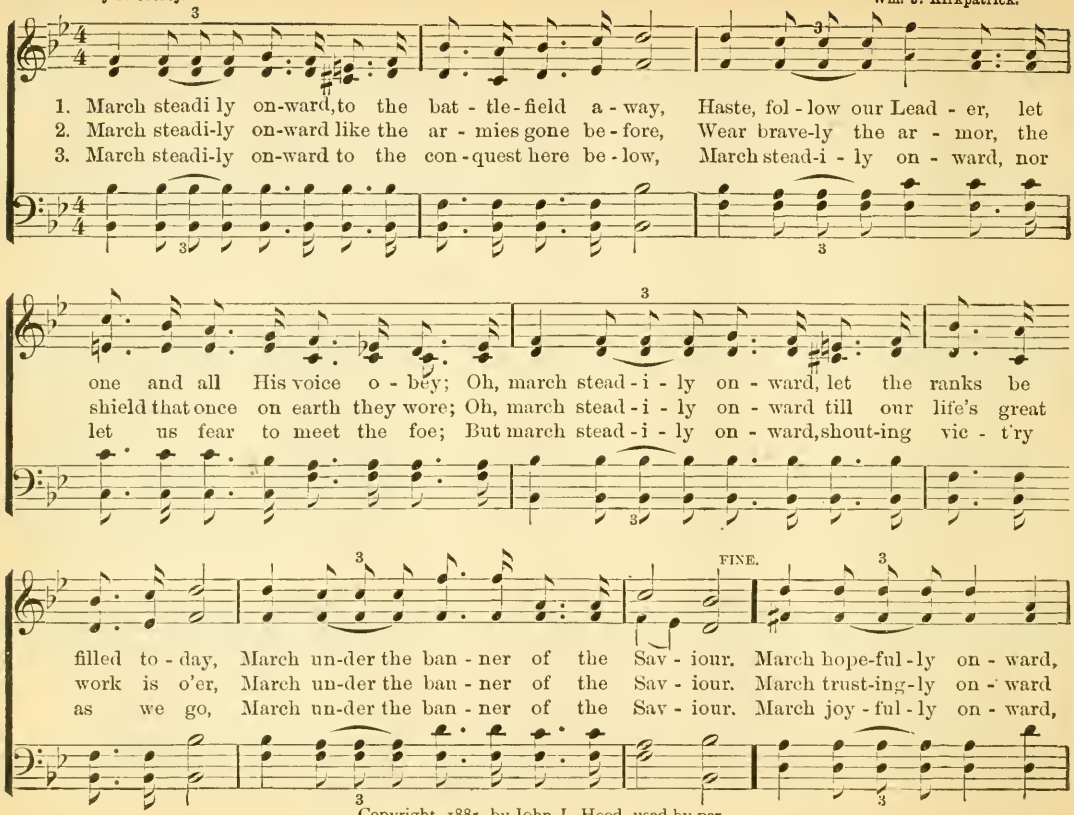


4 Come to Jesus! do not stand,
The Father draws—'tis His command;
And none shall pluck thee from His hand,
No—that can never be!

5 Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come!
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home;
I know He'll welcome me!

March Steadily Onward.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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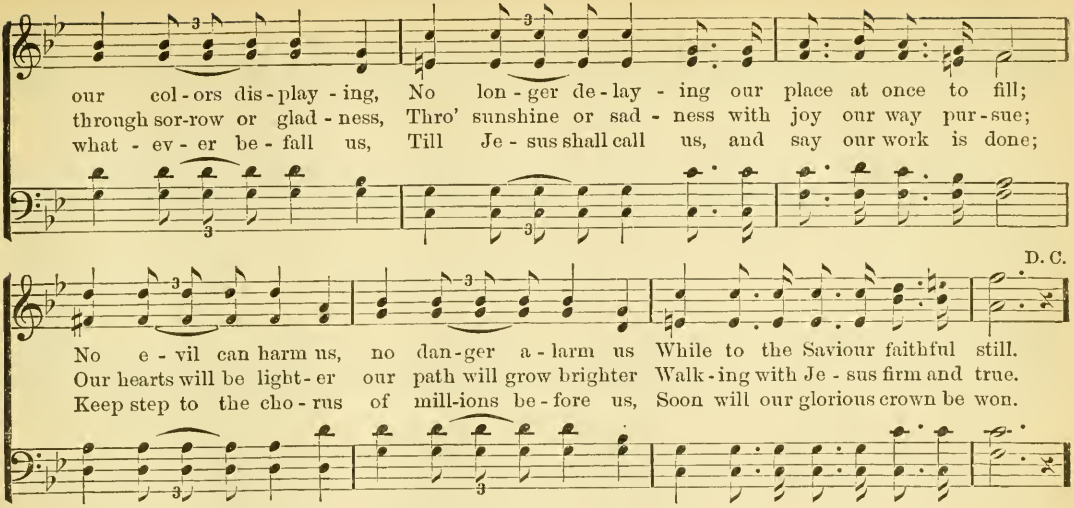
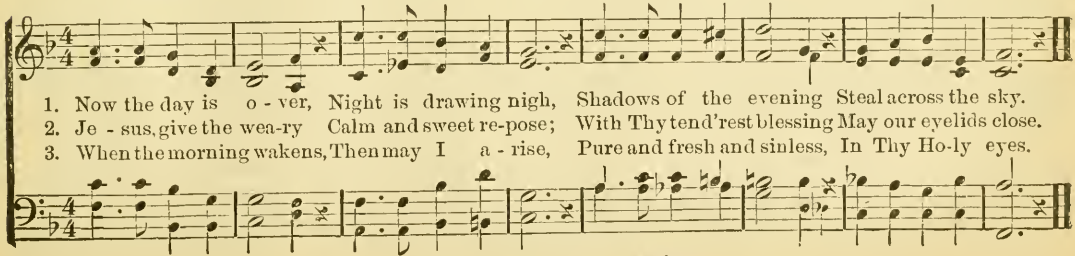


Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Now the Day is Over.

Hubert P. Main.



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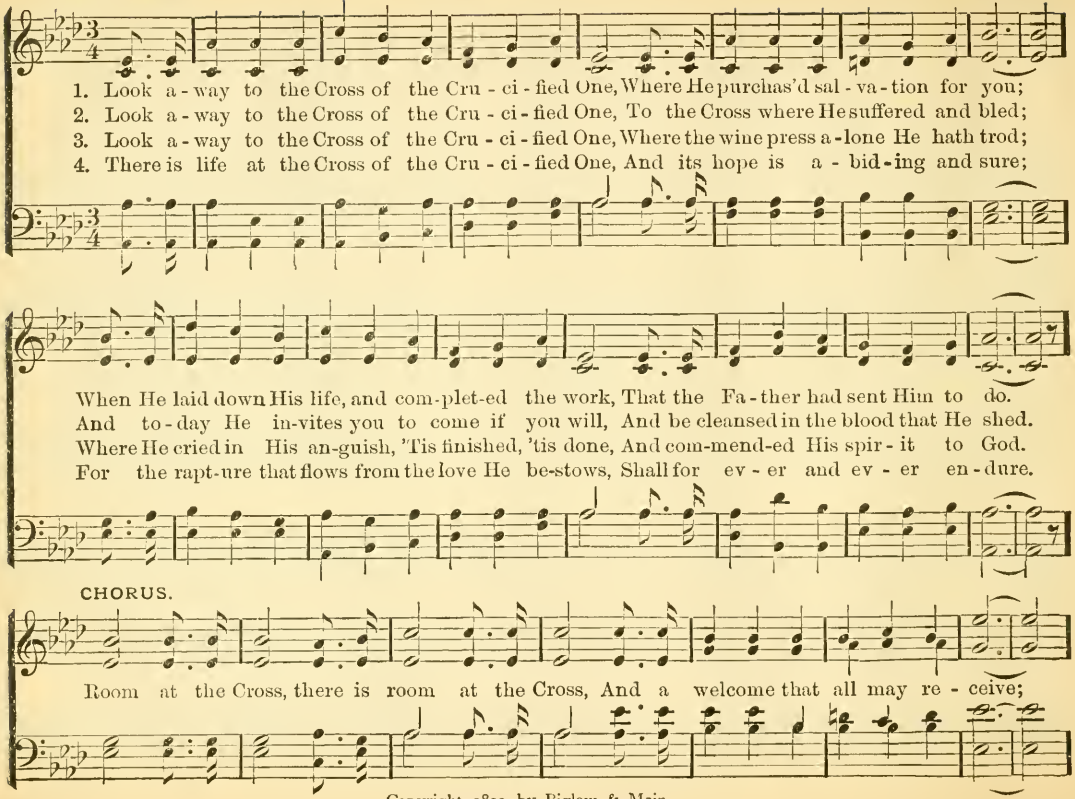
Room at the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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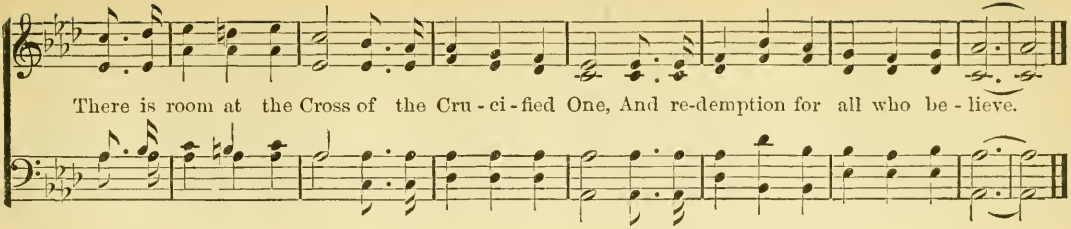
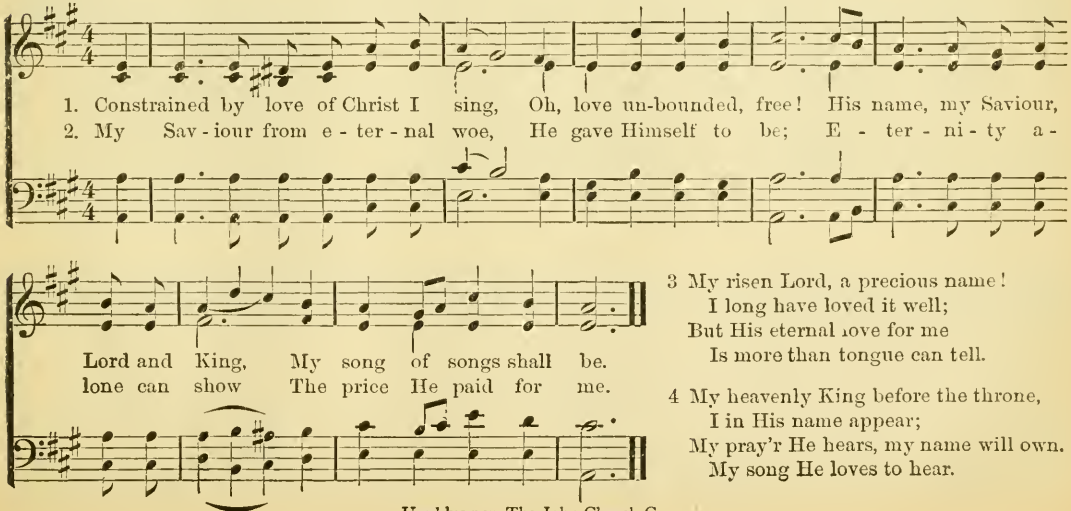


Constrained by Love.

P. P. Bliss. Geo. F. Root.



3 My risen Lord, a precious name!
I long have loved it well;
But His eternal love for me
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 My heavenly King before the throne,
I in His name appear;
My pray'r He hears, my name will own.
My song He loves to hear.

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Not Now, but By and By.

James Elliot. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I saw the reapers one by one Their sheaves in triumph bear; I knew their la-bor at an
2. Dear Lord, I said, Thy precious words My waning strength re-new; But O, I grieve and mourn to
3. No more, no more, dear Lord, I said, Will I im-pa - tient be; But through Thy grace I'll do my

end, And prayed their joy to share; Be Thou content, and bide Thy time, I heard a voice re - ply,
think My harvest sheaves are few; Toil on, the same sweet voice replied, Thy days are glid-ing by,
work, And leave it all with Thee; Tho' gath'ring clouds may sometimes cast Dark shadows o'er the sky,

CHORUS.

Thou too shalt go where they have gone, Not now, but by and by.
And thou shalt join the reap-ers' song, Not now, but by and by.
My feet shall tread the fields of light, Not now, but by and by.

Not now, but by and by, I

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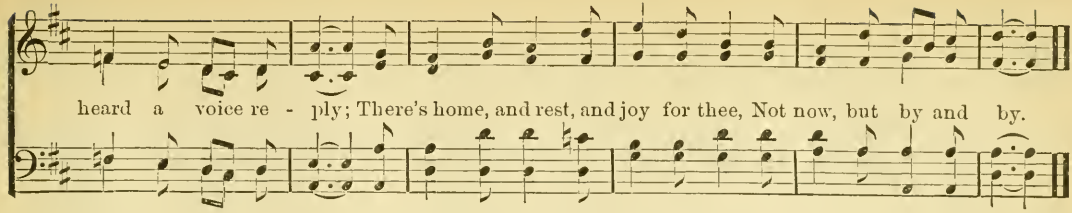
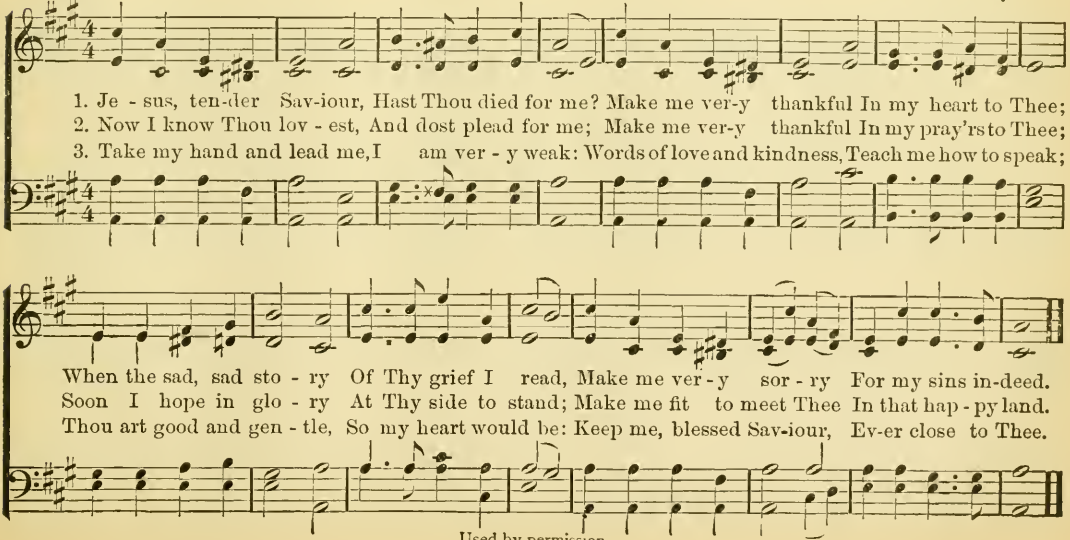


Jesus, Tender Saviour.

Anon. H. N. Whitney.



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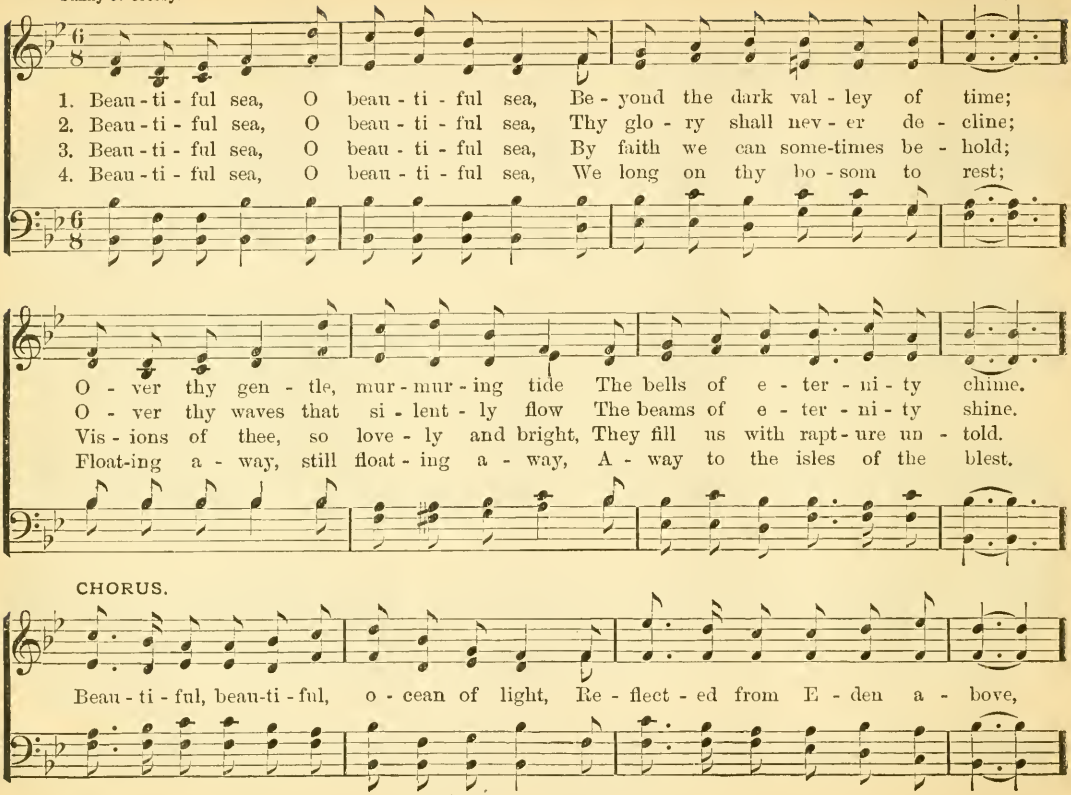
O Beautiful Sea.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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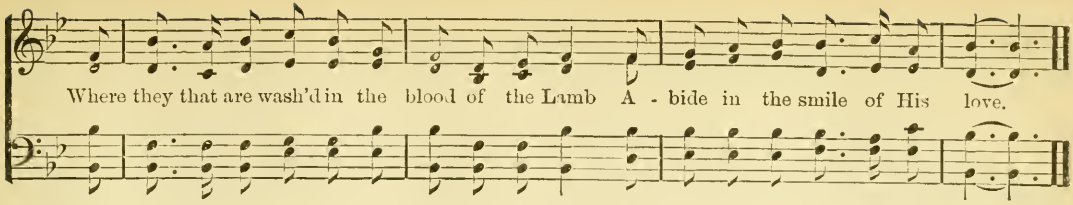
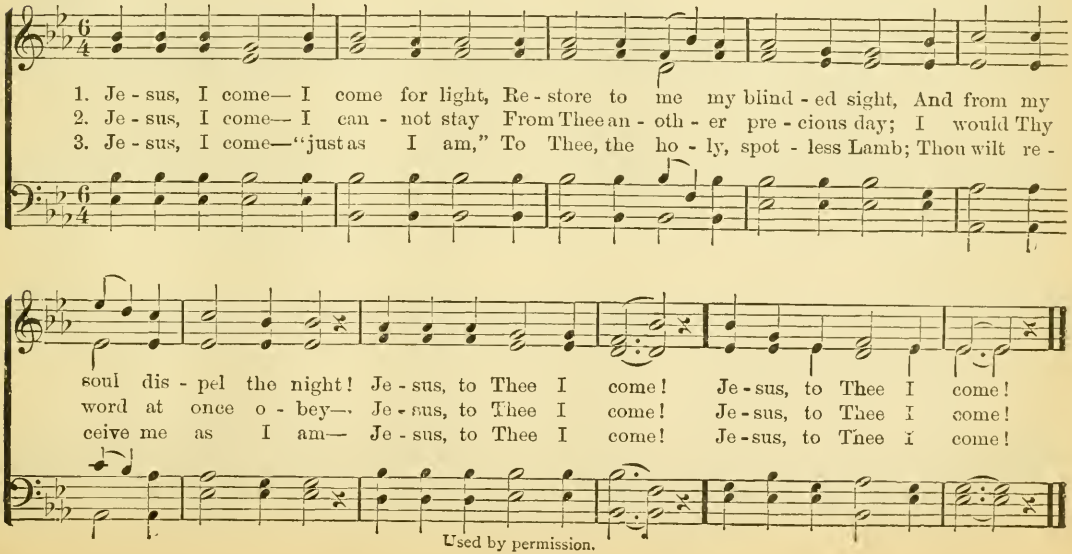
O Beautiful Sea.—Concluded.



To Thee I Come.

Anon. J. E. Gould.



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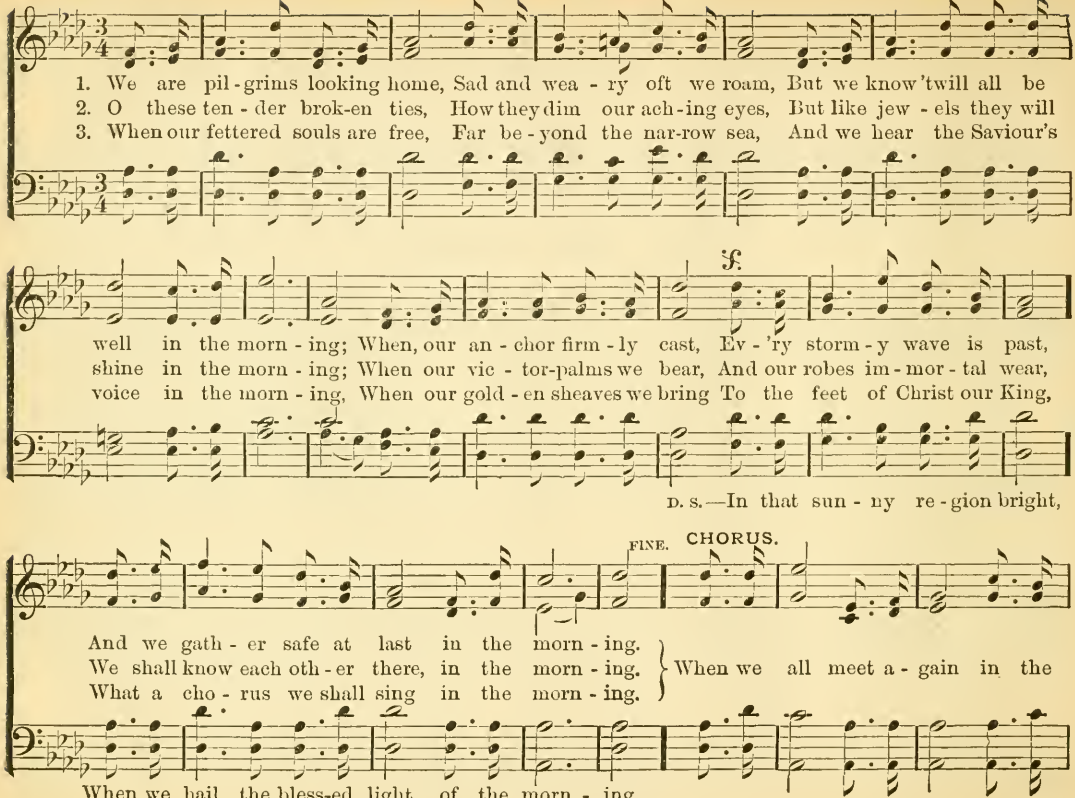
Lizzie Edwards.

In the Morning.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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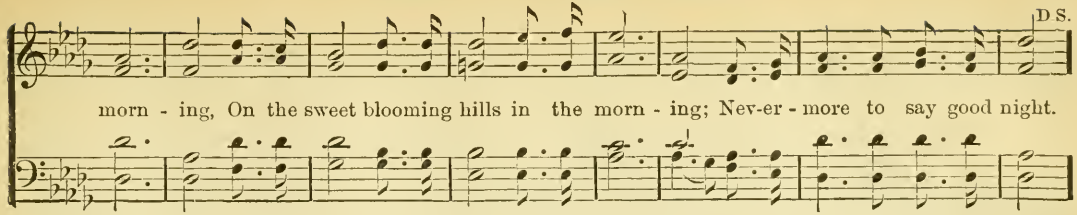
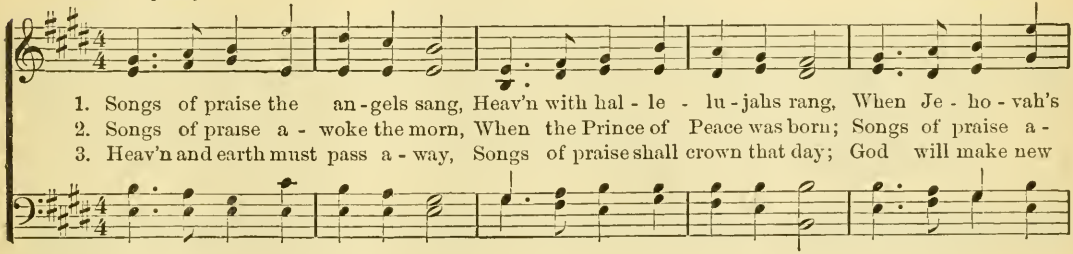
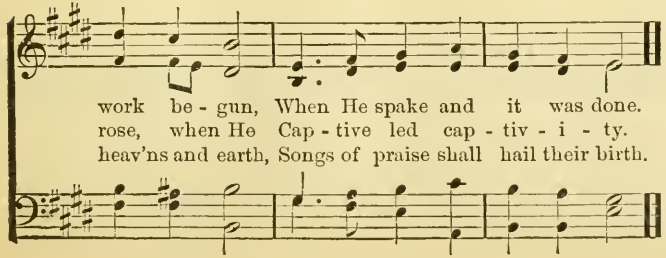


Songs of Praise.

James Montgomery. Thibaut of Navarre.



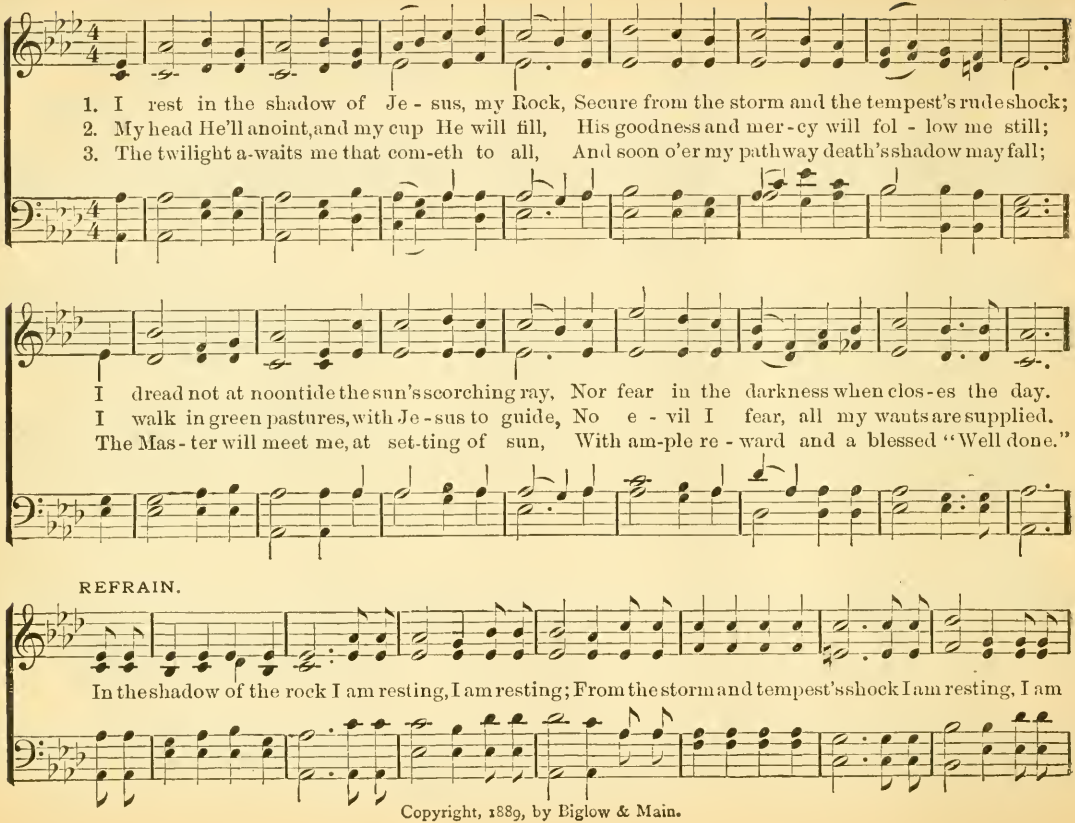


4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Jesus, My Rock.

Wm. Stevenson. Rev. R. Lowry.



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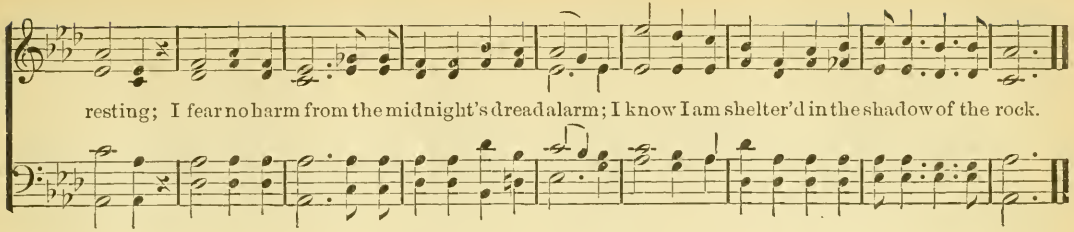
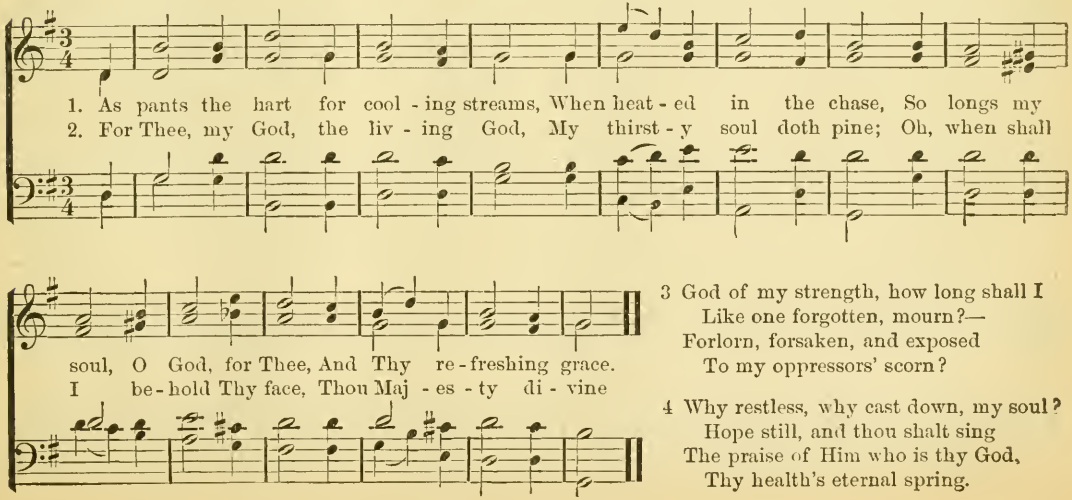


As Pants the Hart.

Tate and Brady. Louis Spohr.

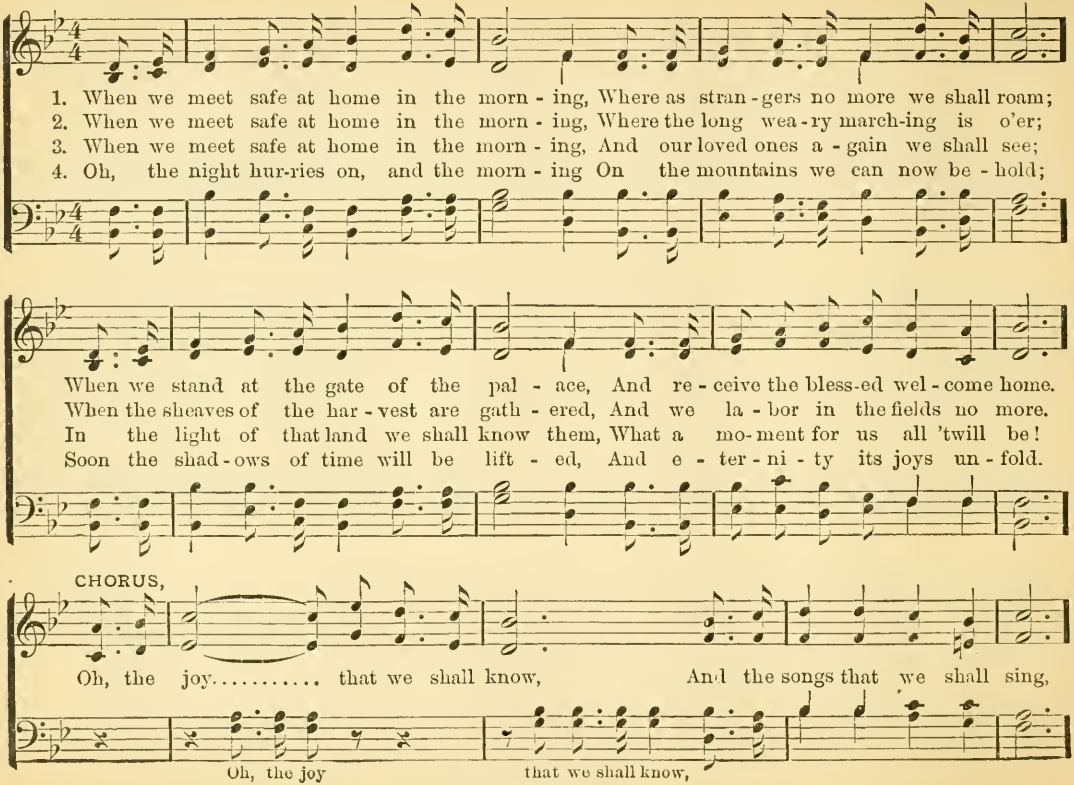


3 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten, mourn?—
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn?

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

When we Meet Safe at Home.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



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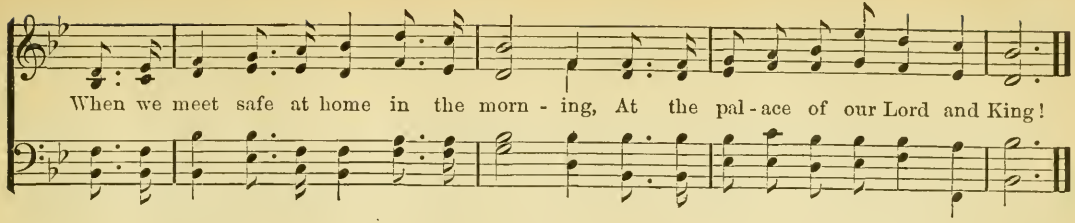
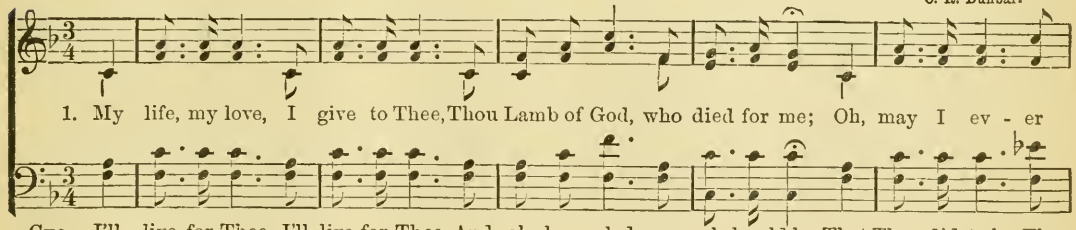
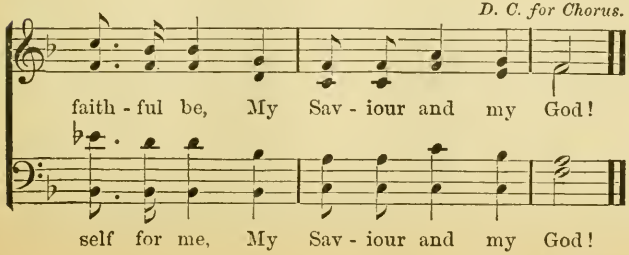


I'll Live for Thee.

C. R. Dunbar.





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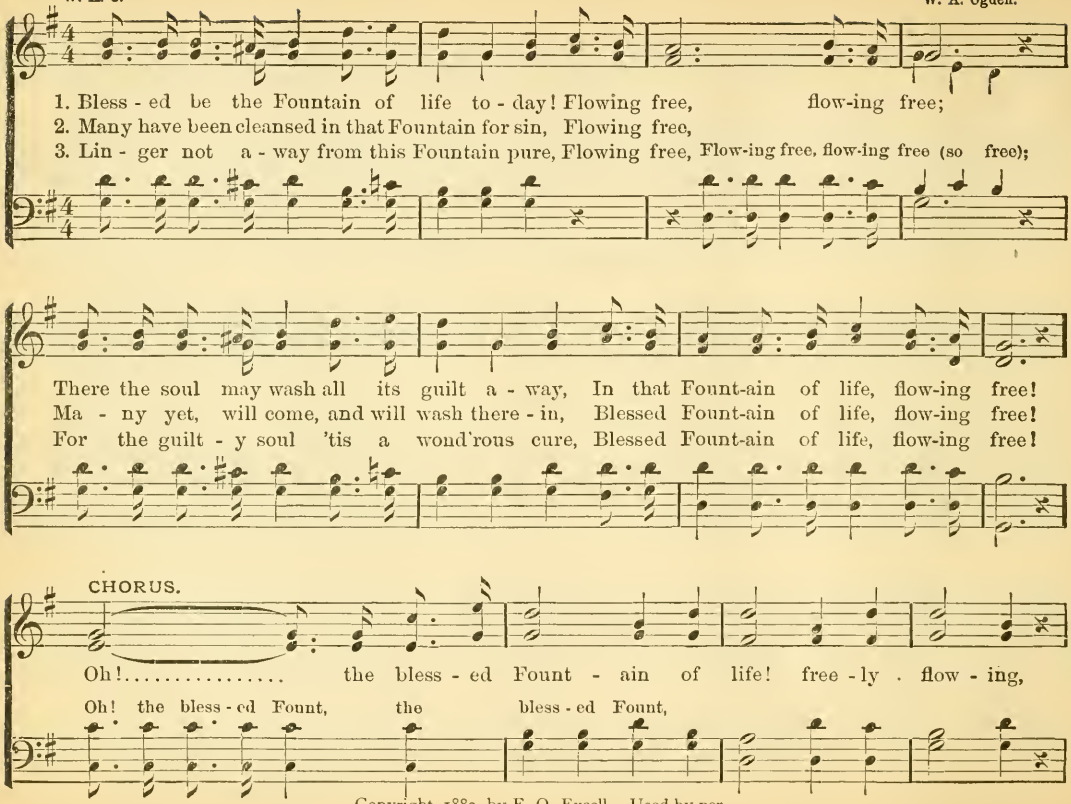
2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

3 Oh, Thou who diedst on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

Blessed be the Fountain.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.



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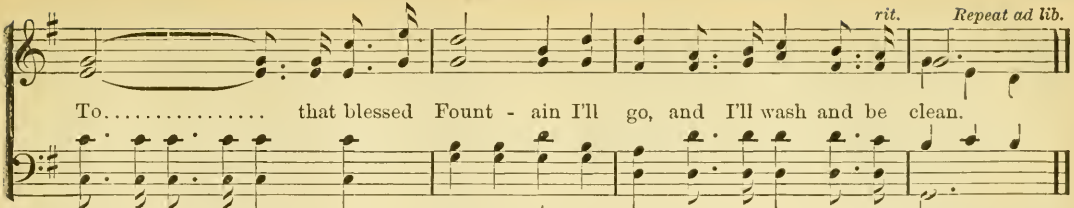
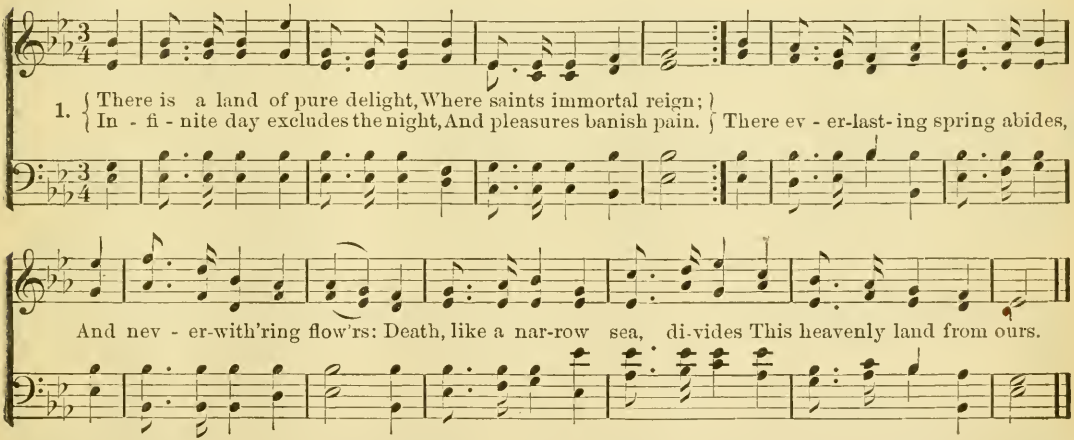
Blessed be the Fountain.—Concluded.



There is a Land.

Isaac Watts. Geo. F. Root.

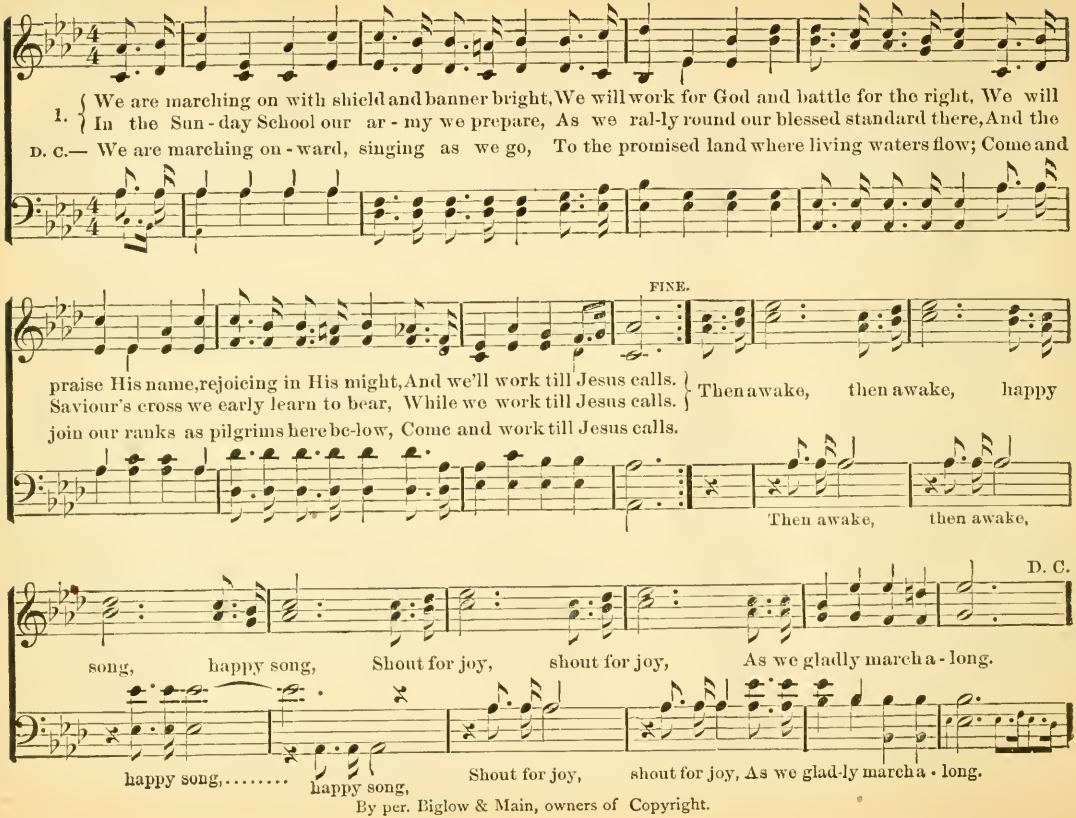


2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Sunday School Volunteer Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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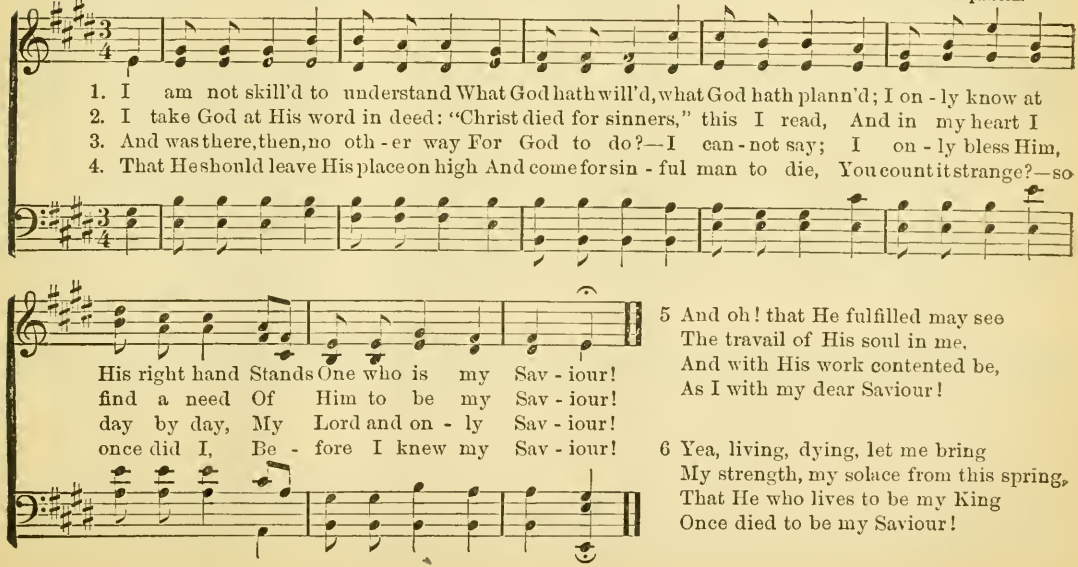
2 We are marching on, our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

3 We are marching on the strait and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

My Saviour.

Dora Greenwell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



5 And oh! that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour!

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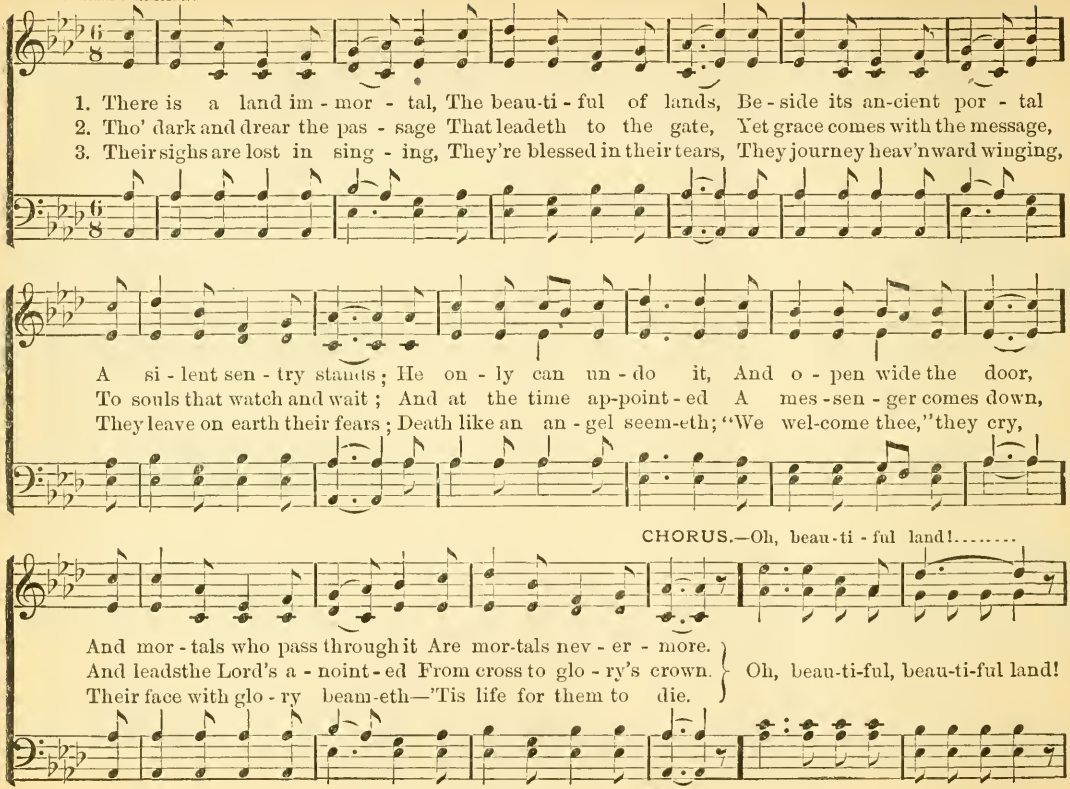
There is a Land Immortal.

Thomas Mackellar. Geo. F. Root.



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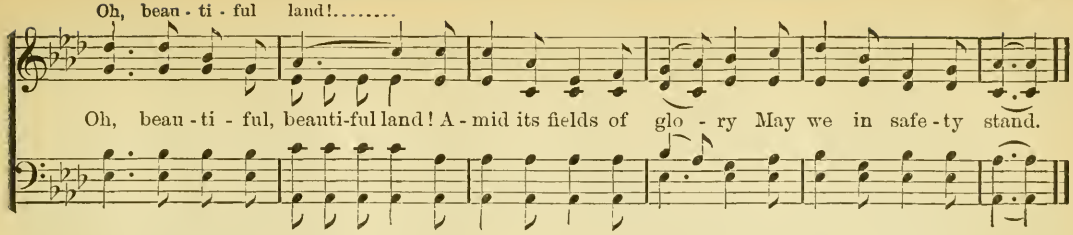
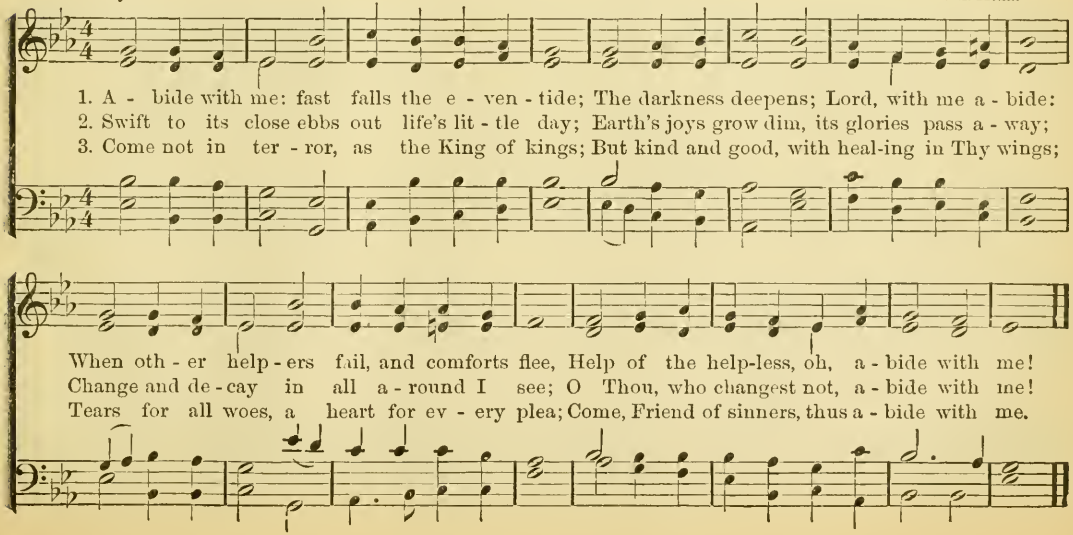


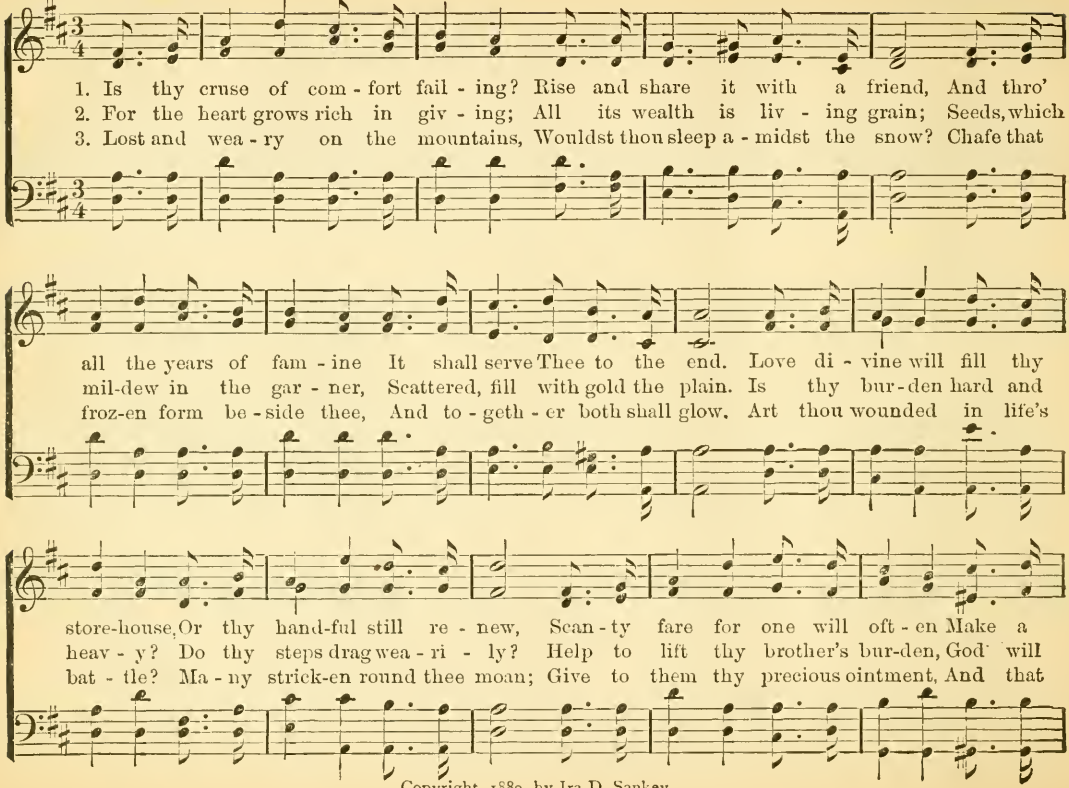
Abide with Me!

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

Mrs. E. R. Charles, arr. Ira D. Sankey.



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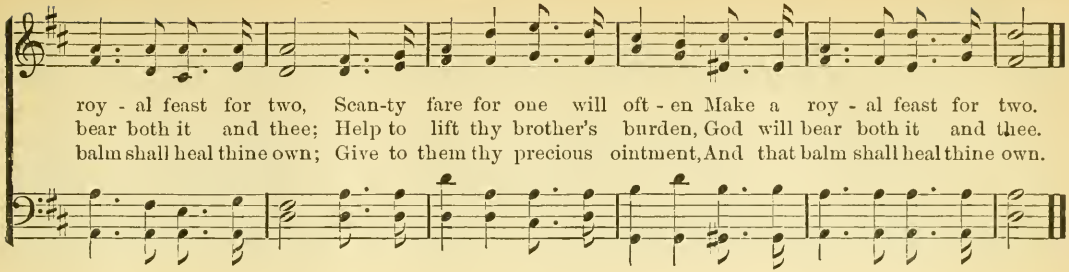
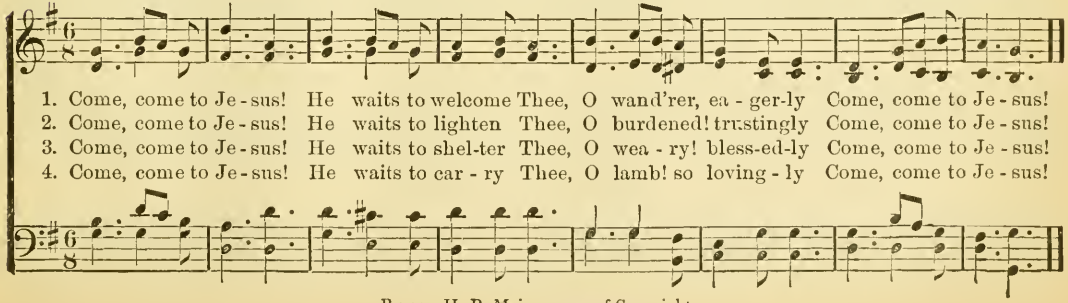


4 Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
‖: It can only live by loving.
And by serving love will grow. :‖

Come, Come to Jesus!

Rev. Geo. B. Peck. Hubert P. Main.



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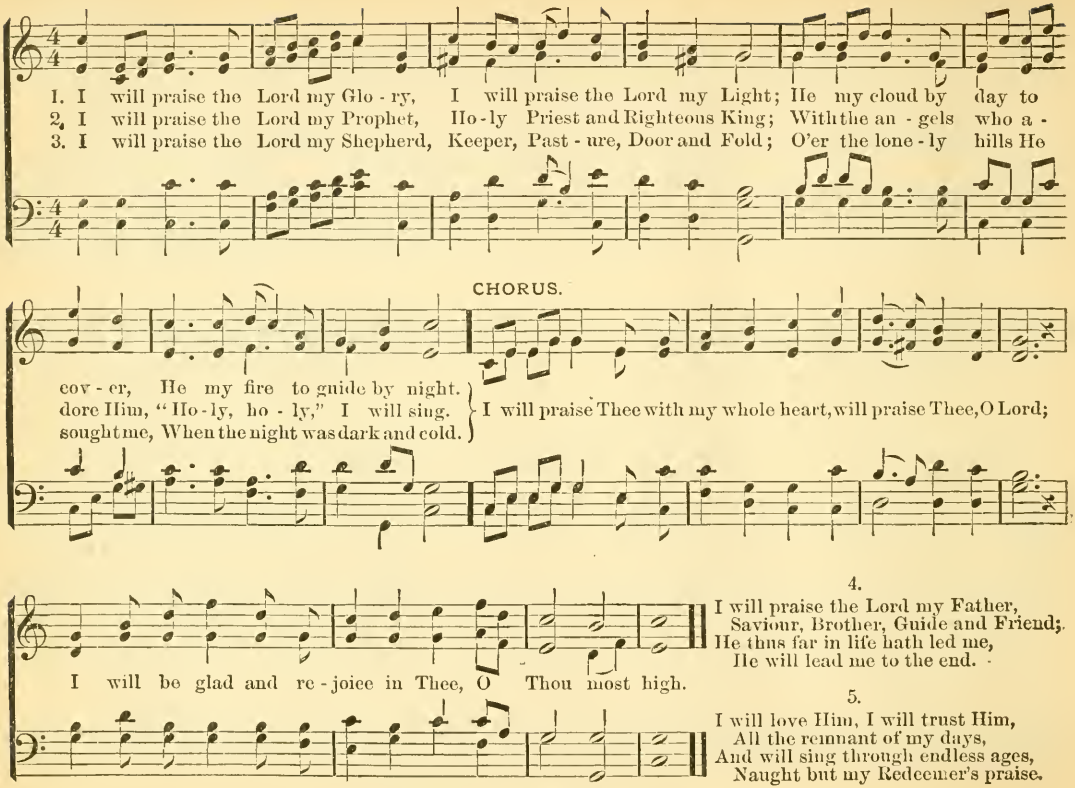
I will Praise Thee.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



4.

I will praise the Lord my Father,
Saviour, Brother, Guide and Friend;
He thus far in life hath led me,
He will lead me to the end.

5.

I will love Him, I will trust Him,
All the remnant of my days,
And will sing through endless ages,
Naught but my Redeemer's praise.

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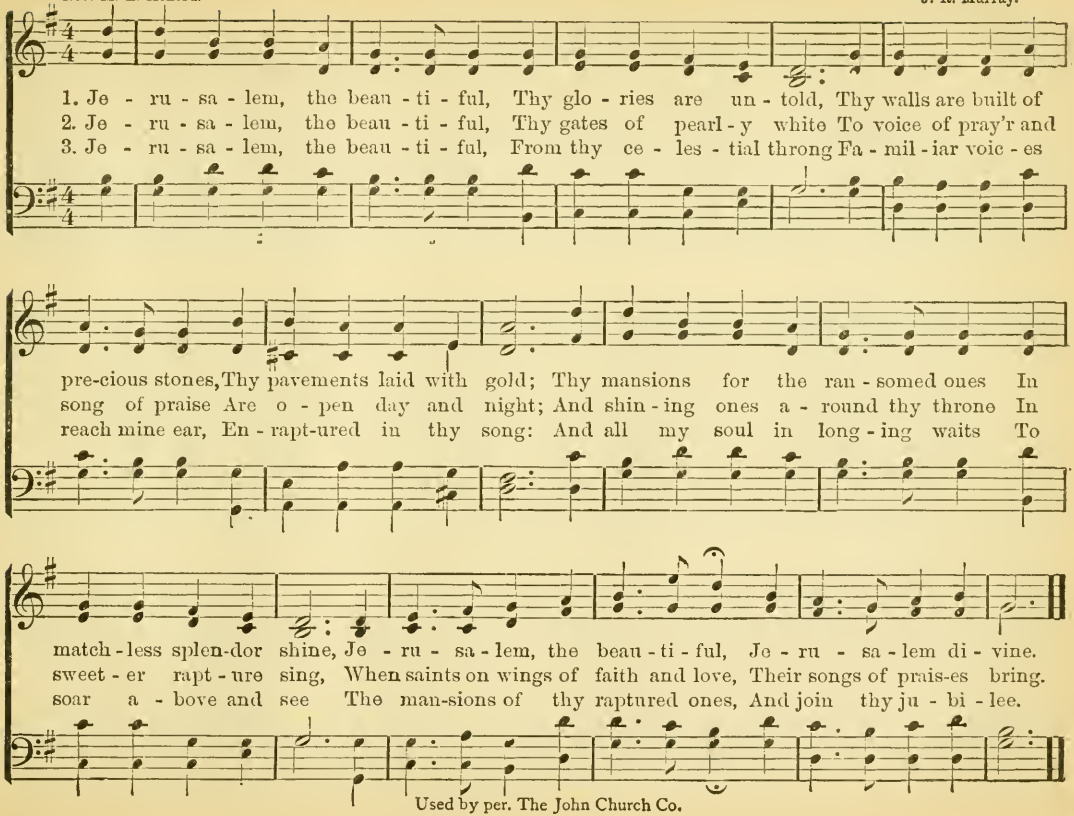
Jerusalem, the Beautiful.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. J. R. Murray.



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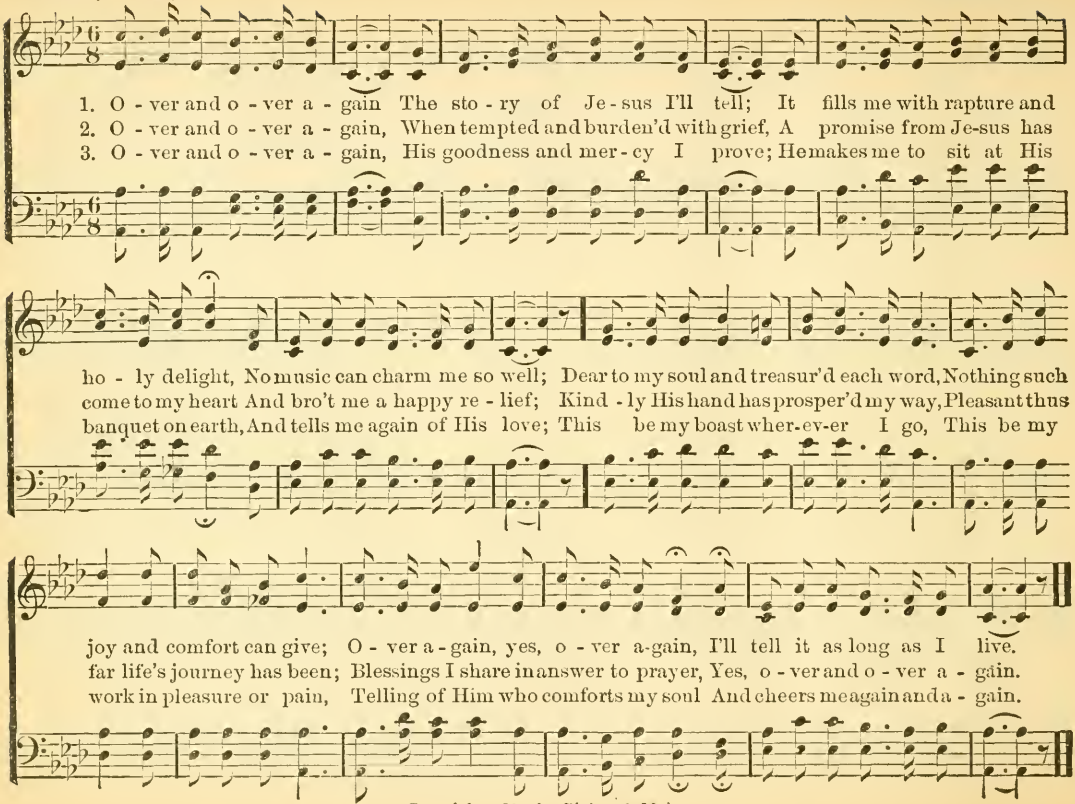
Over and Over Again.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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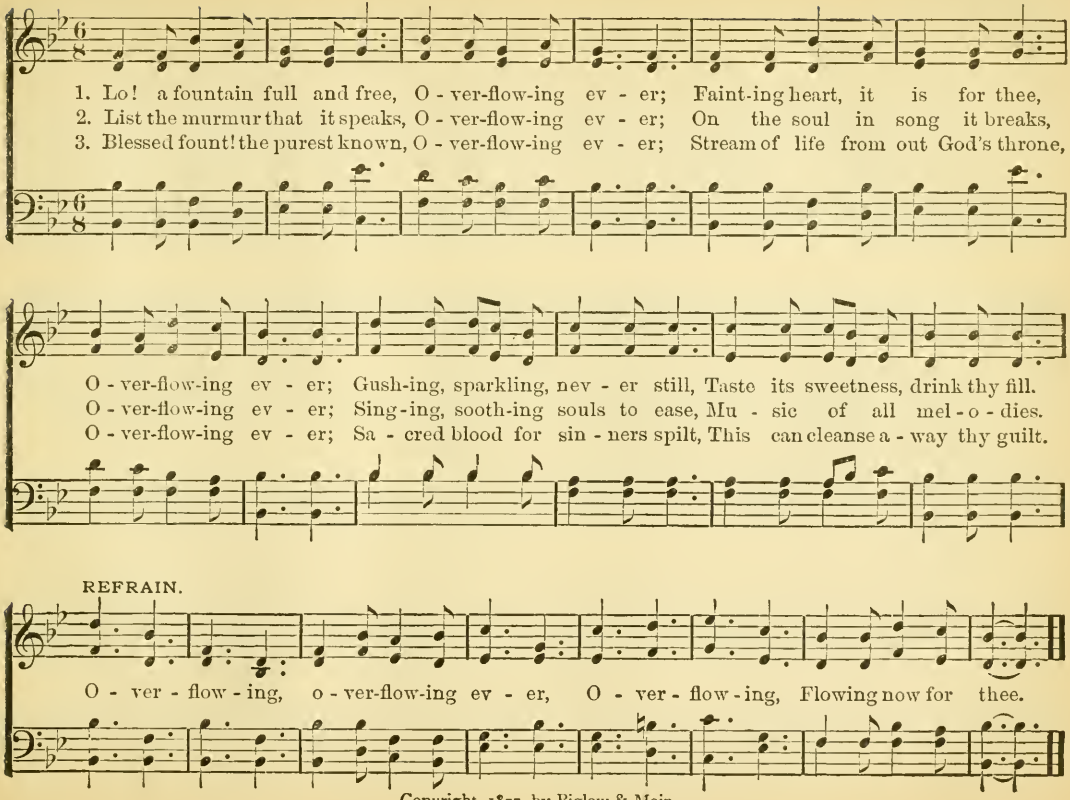
Overflowing Ever.

E. F. C. Husted. Rev. R. Lowry.



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As Flies the Bird.

Geo. F. Root.

1. As flies the bird on ea - ger wing, To mountains far a - way, So takes my
2. I see the mount where Je - sus taught! The mount of glo - ry, too! And there—most
3. I see the mount from which the law By Mo - ses' hand was given: I see the
4. I see the mount where - on the wall Of Zi - on's cit - y stands—The gold - en

soul its up-ward flight, In lov - ing tho'ts to - day.
pre - cious of them all— Comes Cal-v'ry in - to view.
mount from which the Lord As - cend - ed in - to heaven.
streets and man-sions fair, Not made with hu - man hands.

CHORUS.

The mountains, the mountains, So high, so sweet, so pure, Where far a - bove the taint of earth, The ransomed dwell se - cure.

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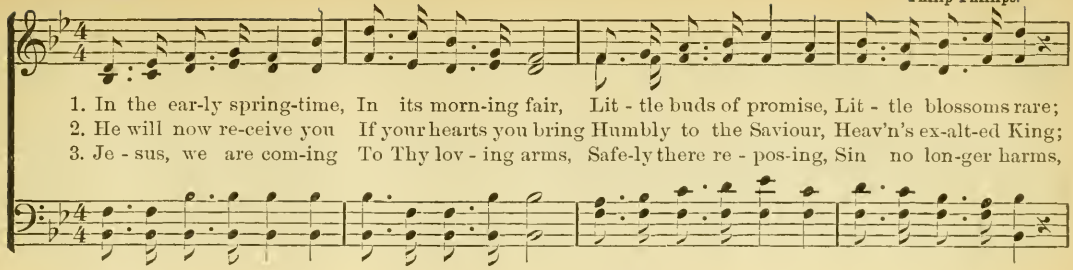
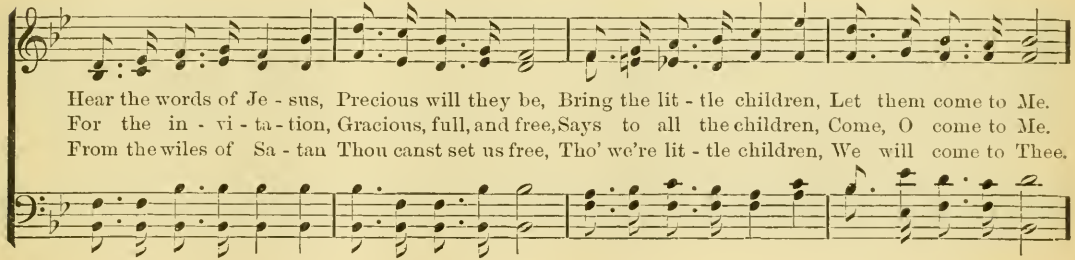
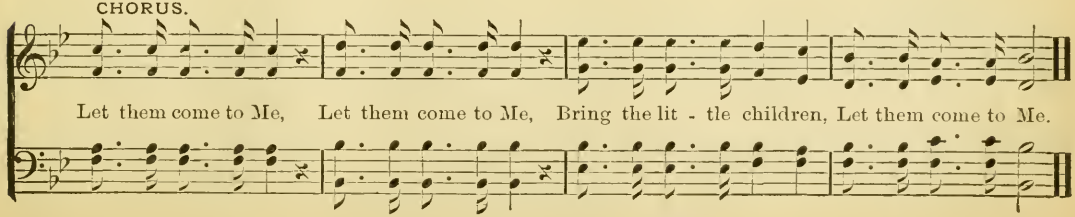
Let the Children Come.

Dr. Helmer. Philip Phillips.







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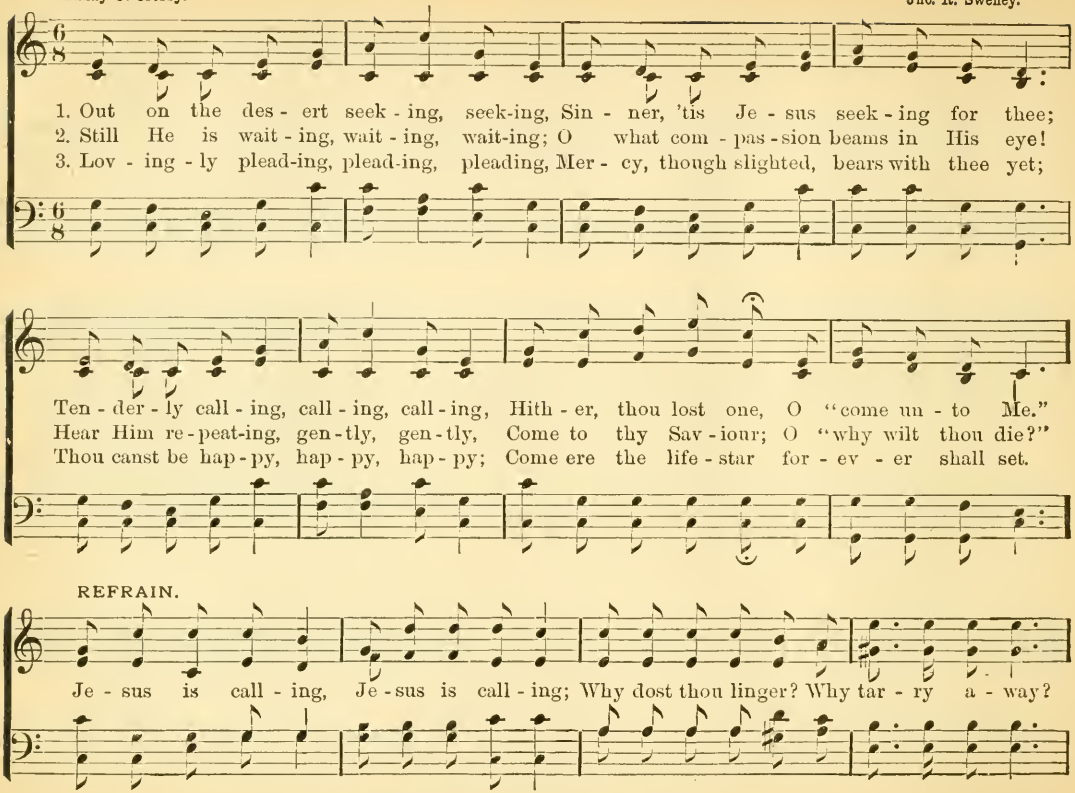
Coming To-Day.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



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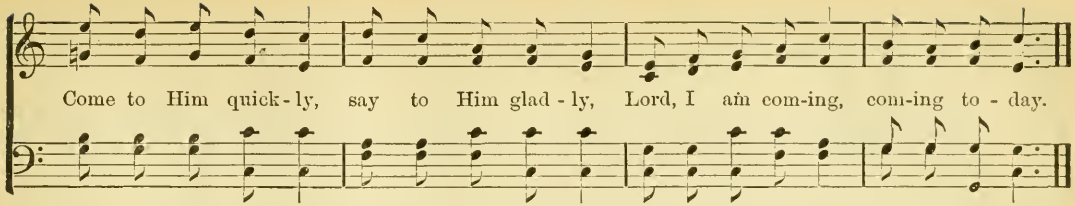
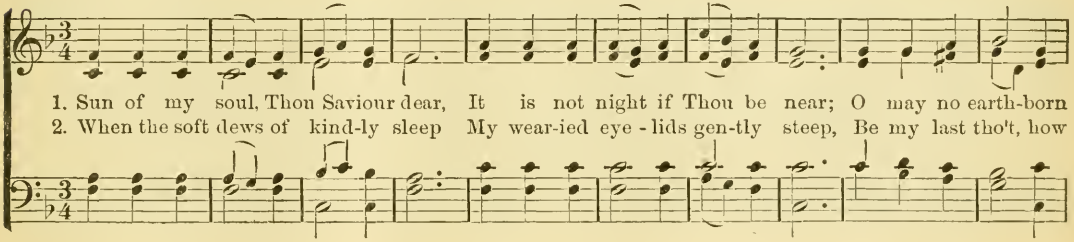
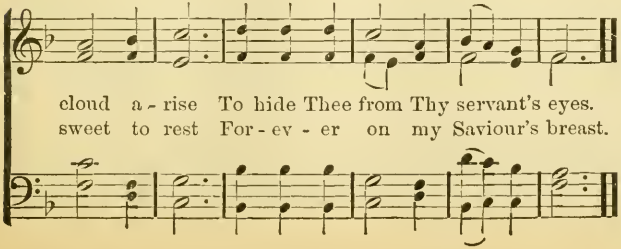


Sun of my Soul.

Rev. John Keble. Peter Ritter.



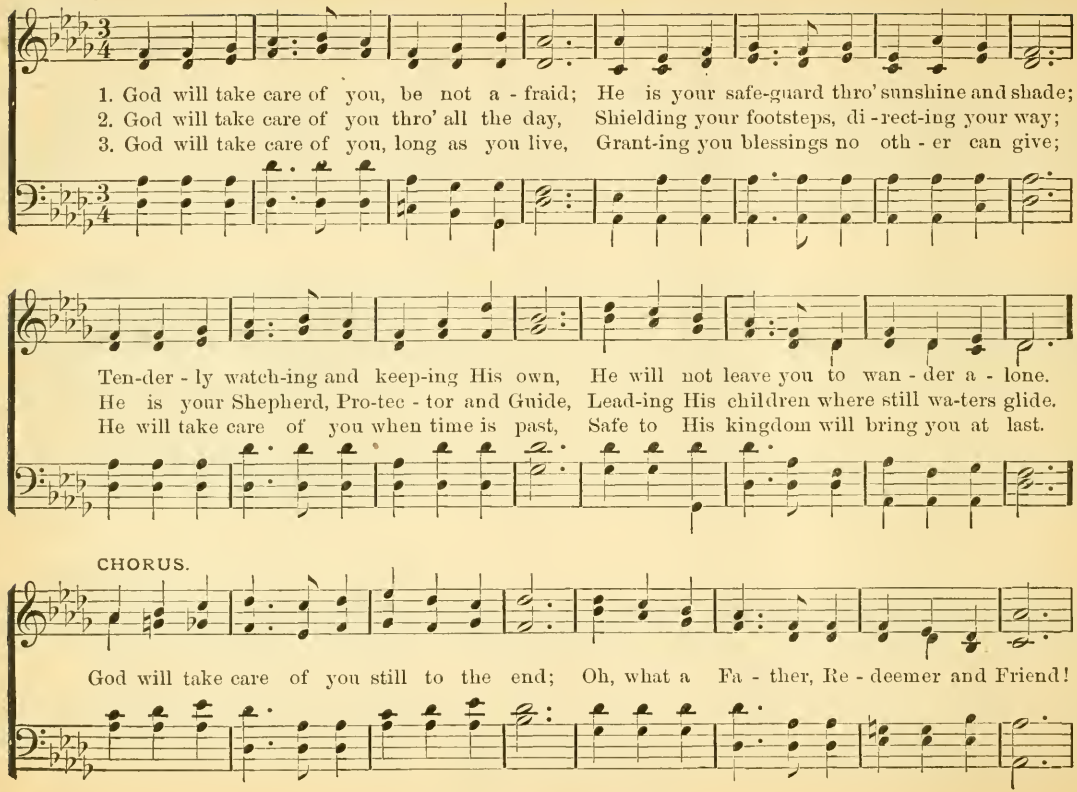


3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

God will take Care of You.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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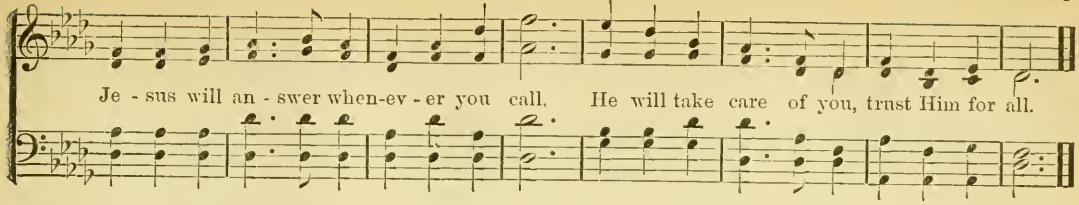
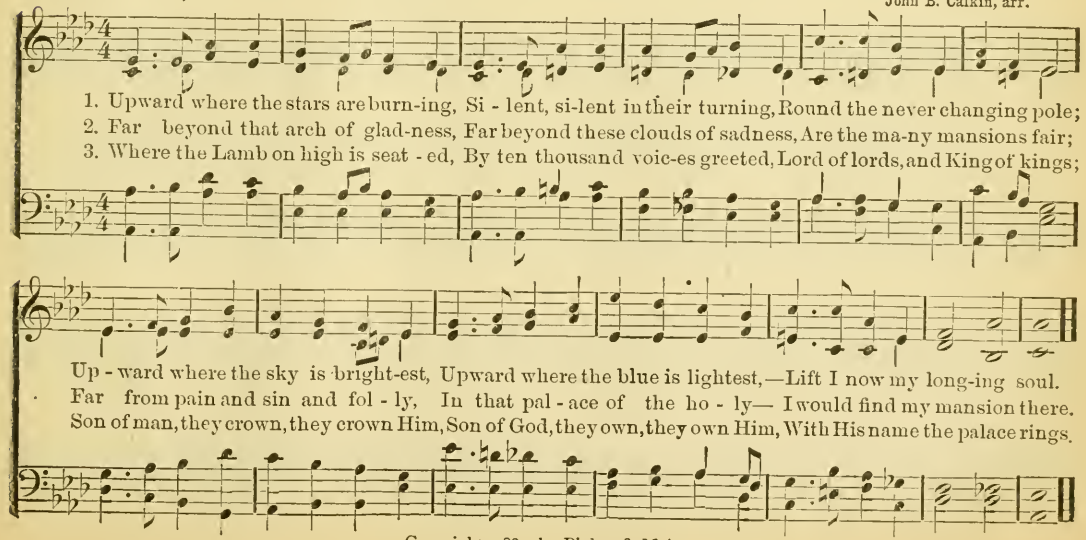
God will take Care of You.—Concluded.



Upward where the Stars are Burning.

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

John B. Calkin, arr.



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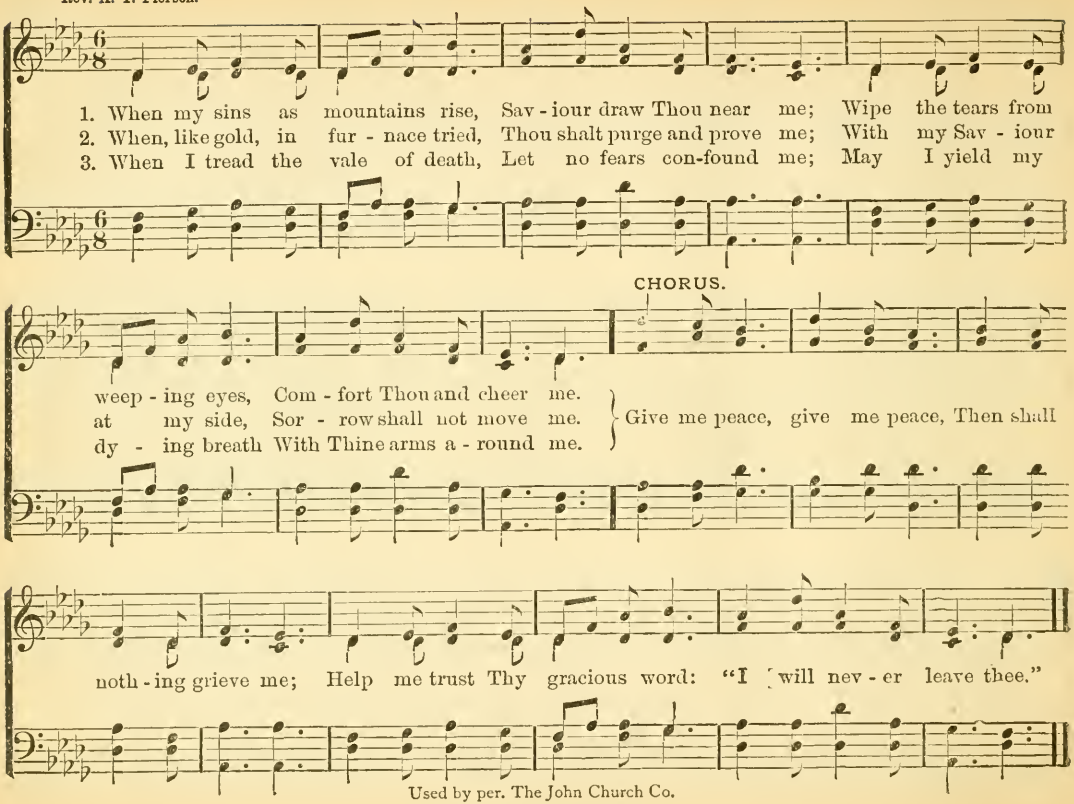
I will Never Leave Thee.

Rev. A. T. Pierson.

James McGranahan.



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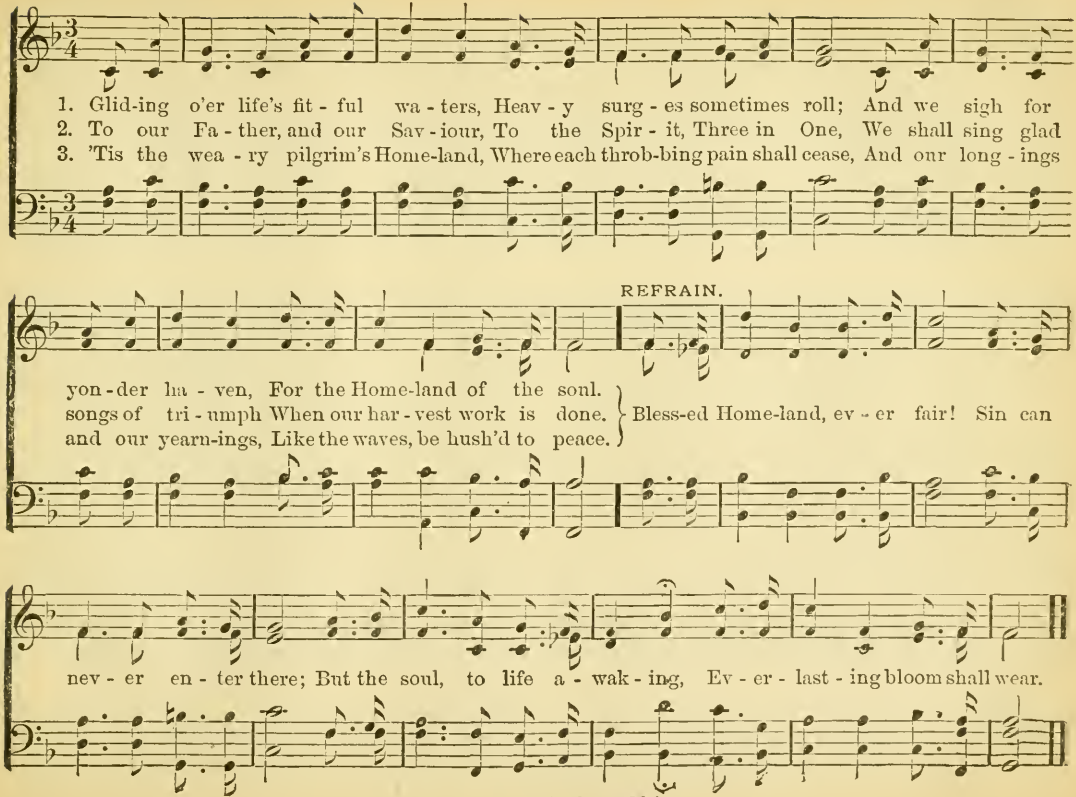
Blessed Home-land.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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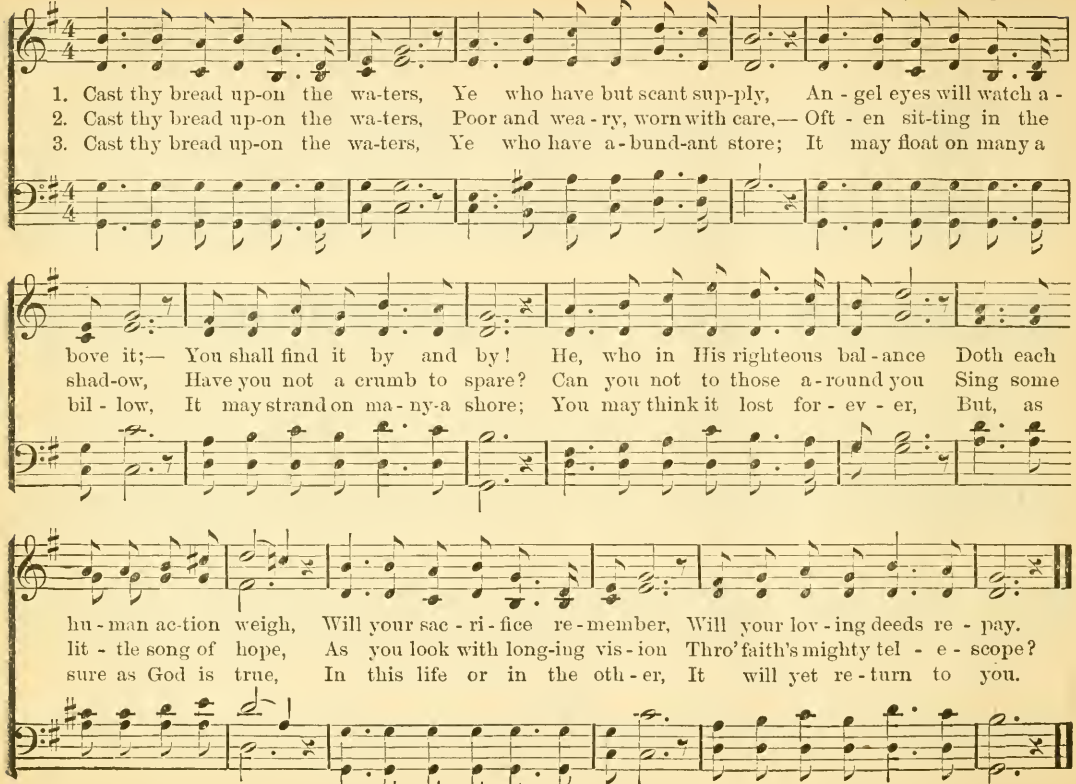
Cast thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Anon. Arr. by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



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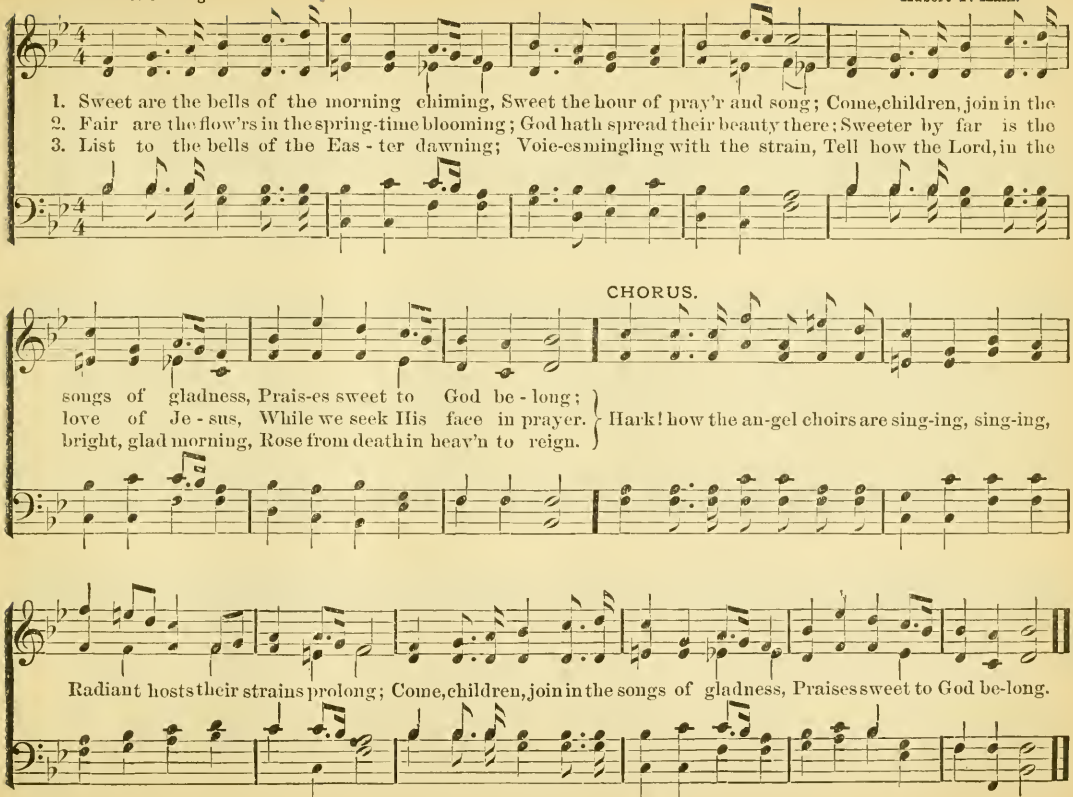
Sweet are the Bells.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Hubert P. Main.



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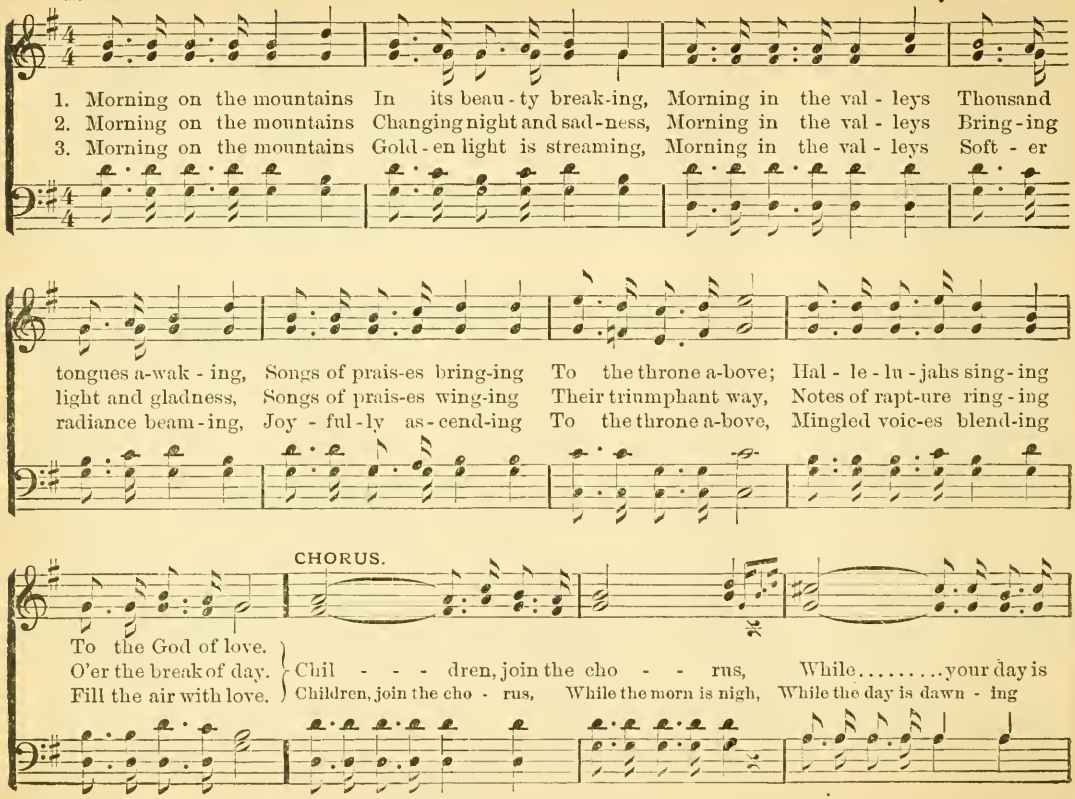
Morning on the Mountains.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. Henry C. Work.



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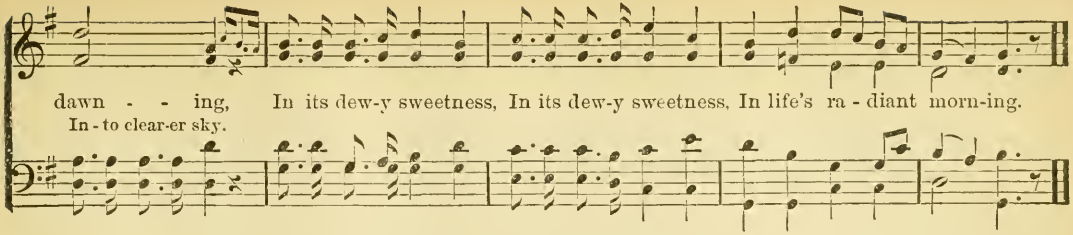
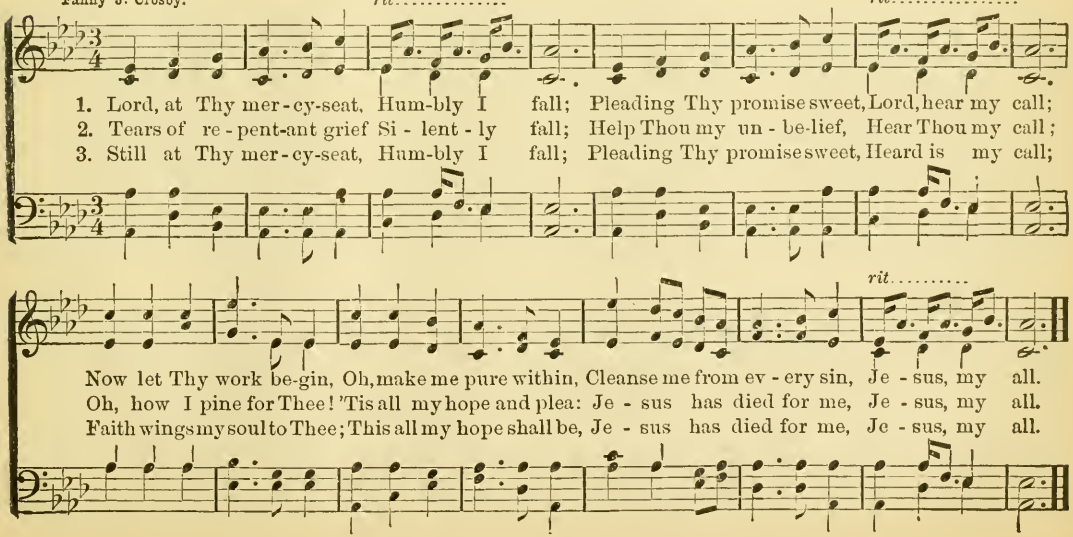


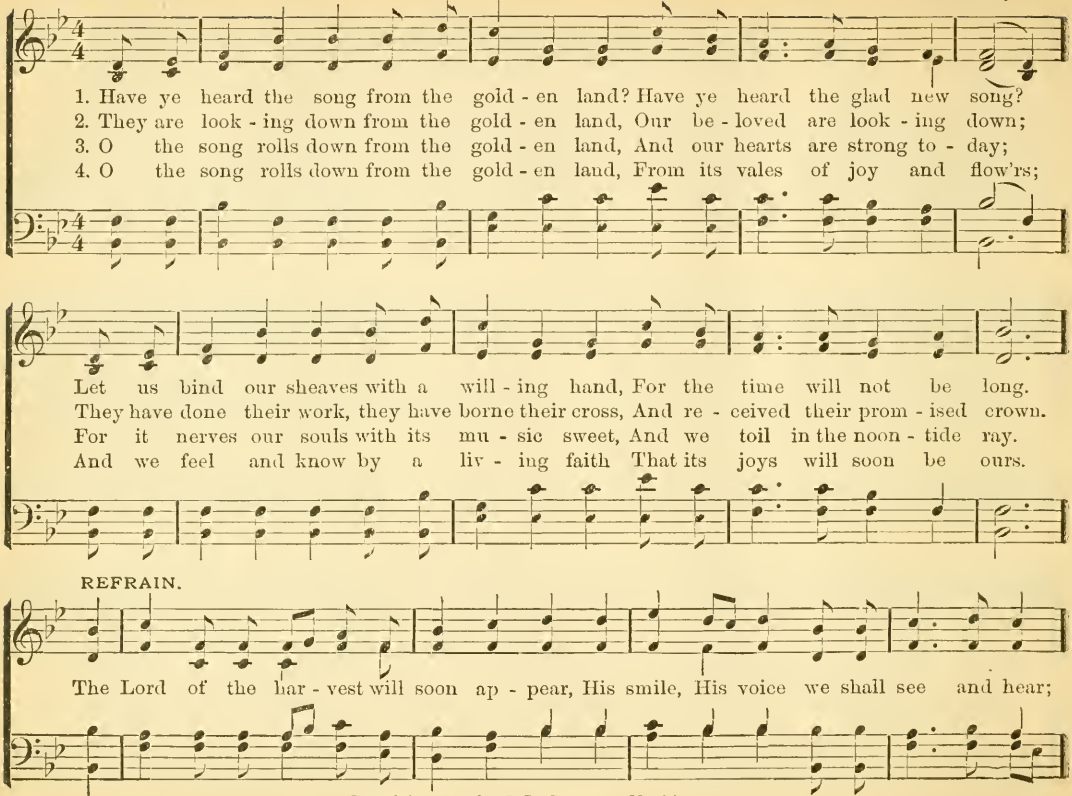
Jesus, My All.

Fanny J. Crosby.



Gather the Reapers Home.

Jennie Johnson. Jno. R. Sweney.



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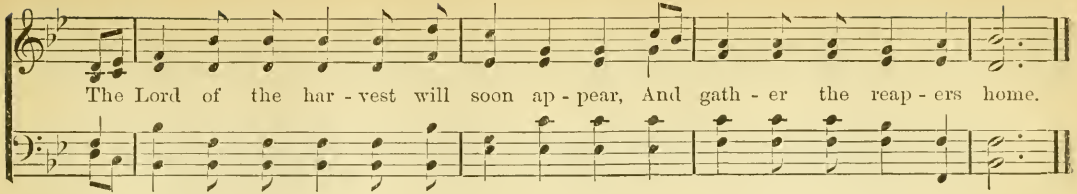
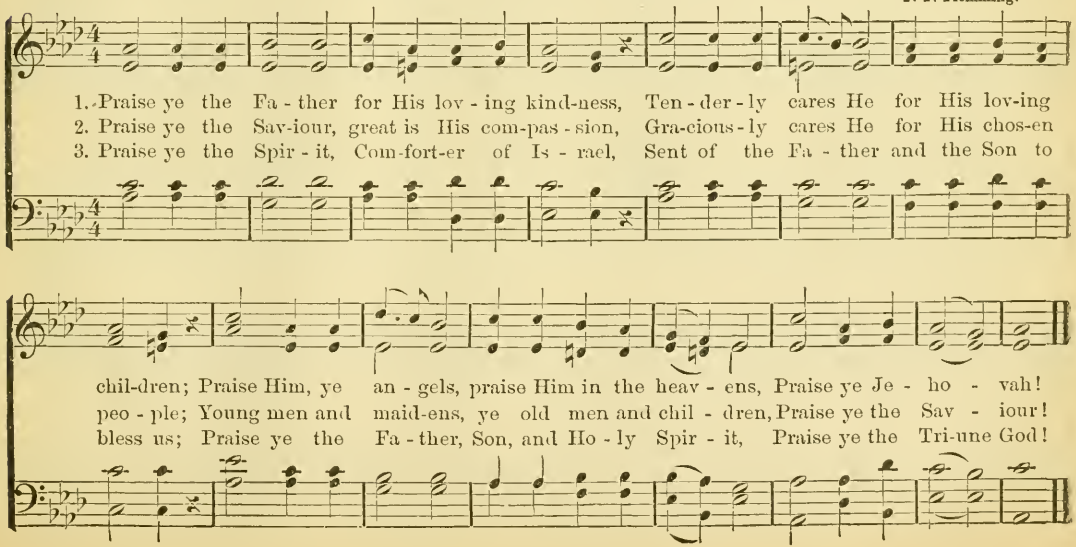


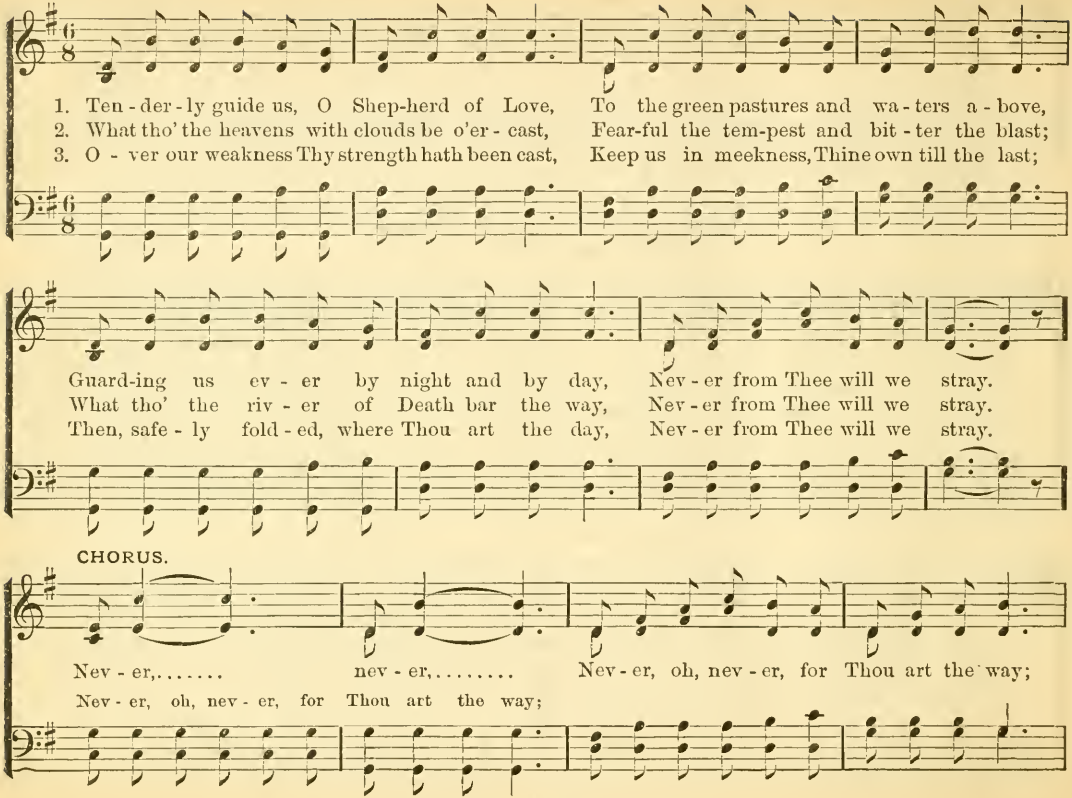
Praise Ye the Father.

F. F. Flemming.



Tenderly Guide Us.

Mrs. W. R. Griswold. Geo. F. Root.



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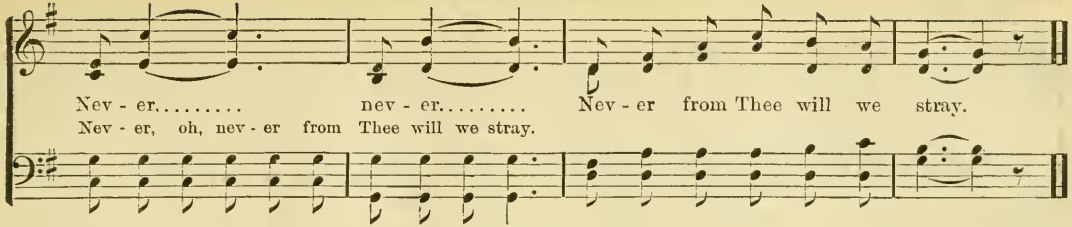
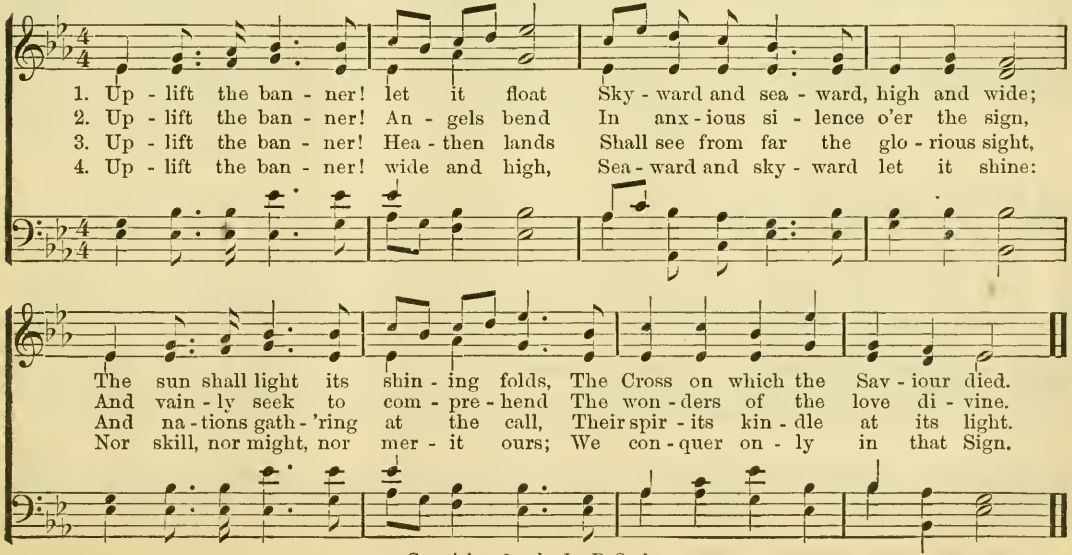


Uplift the Banner.

Geo. W. Doane, D. D. Ira D. Sankey.



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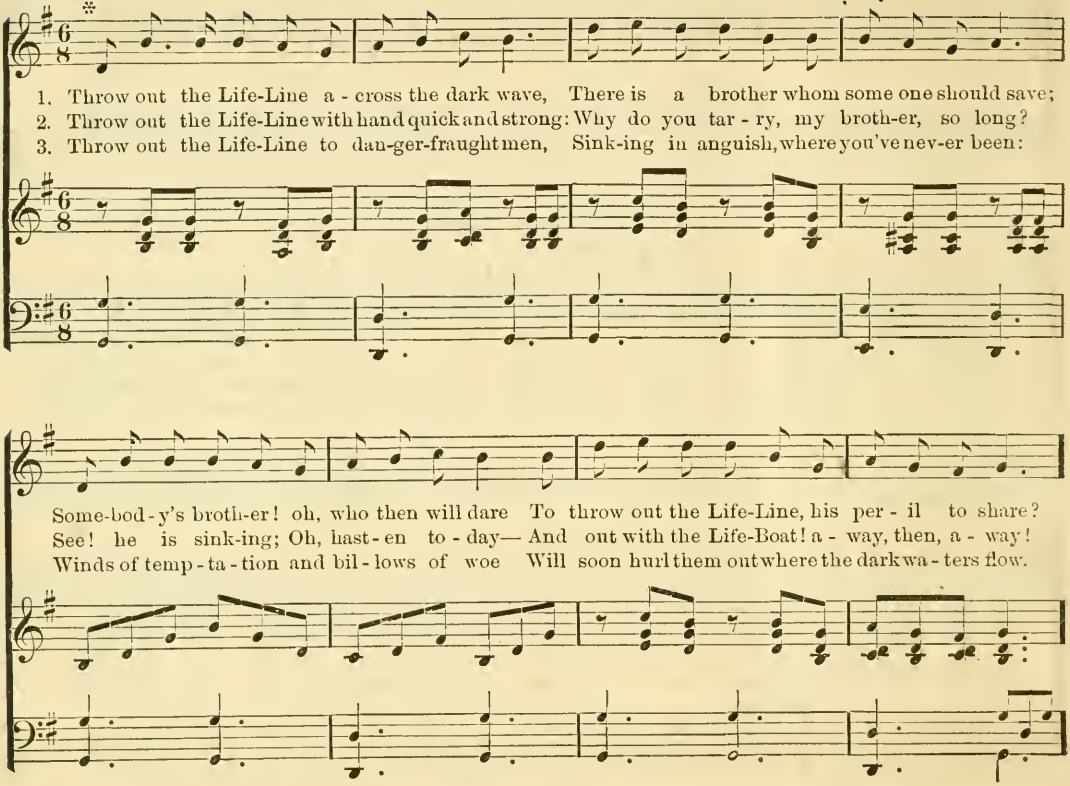
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



* *Solo may be sung by all voices in unison.*

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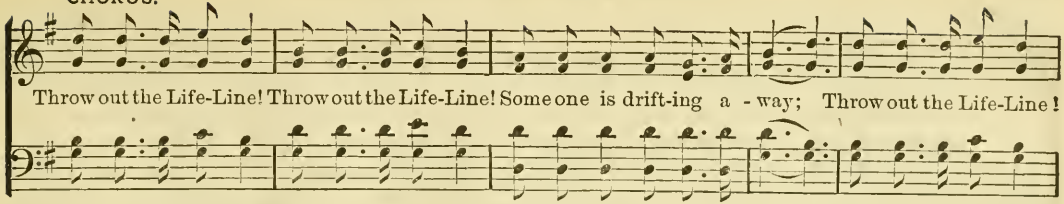
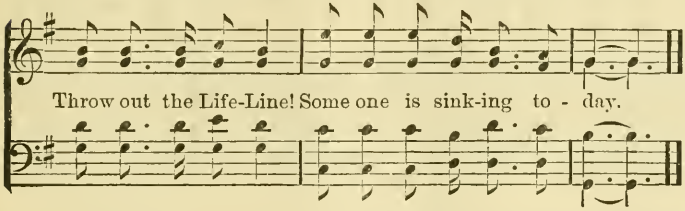
Throw Out the Life-Line.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

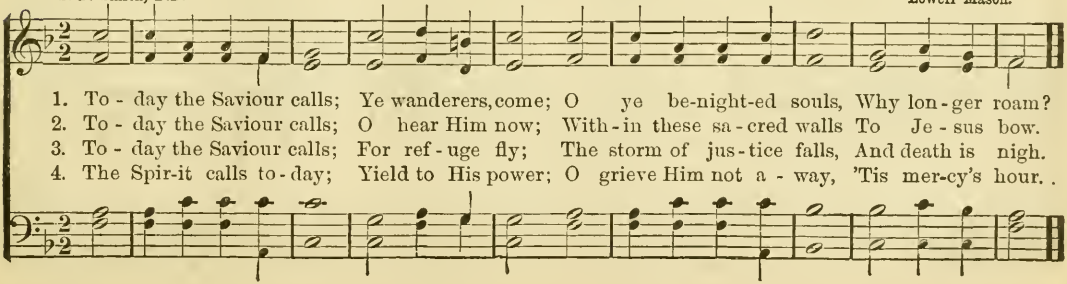




4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will we come to the fair Eden-shore;
Then, in the dark hour of death may it be
That Jesus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

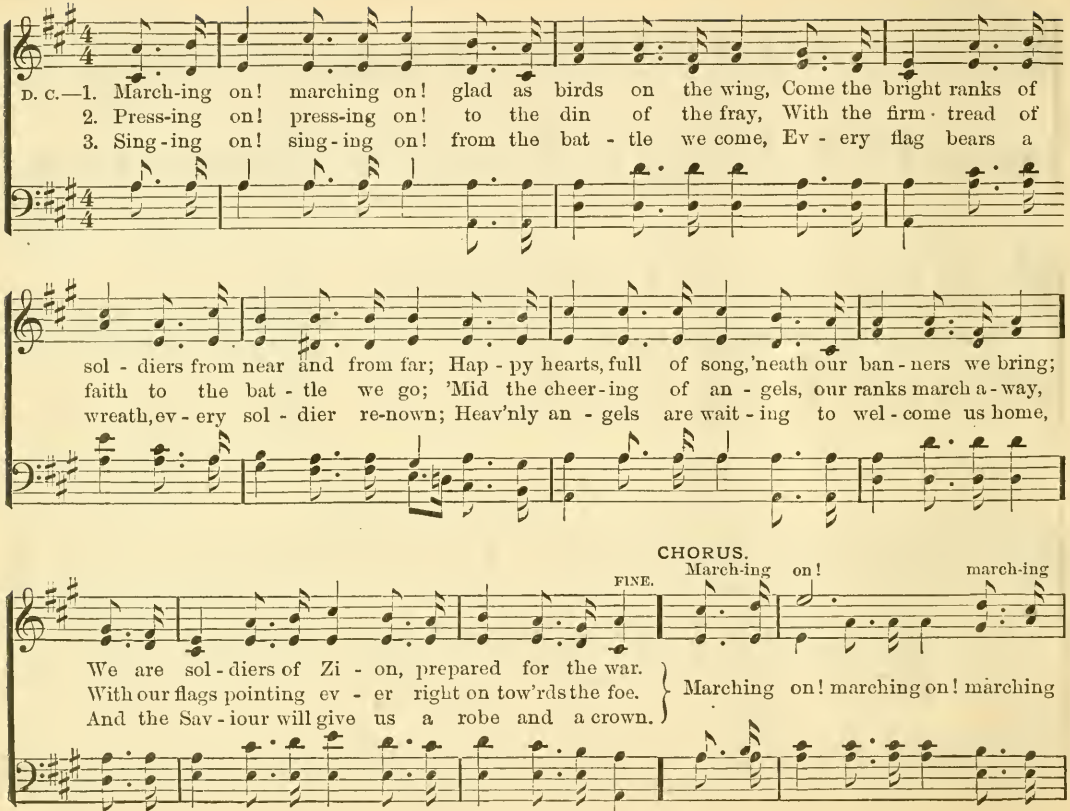
S. F. Smith, D.D. — Lowell Mason.



Rev. R. Lowry.

Marching On!

Wm. B. Bradbury.



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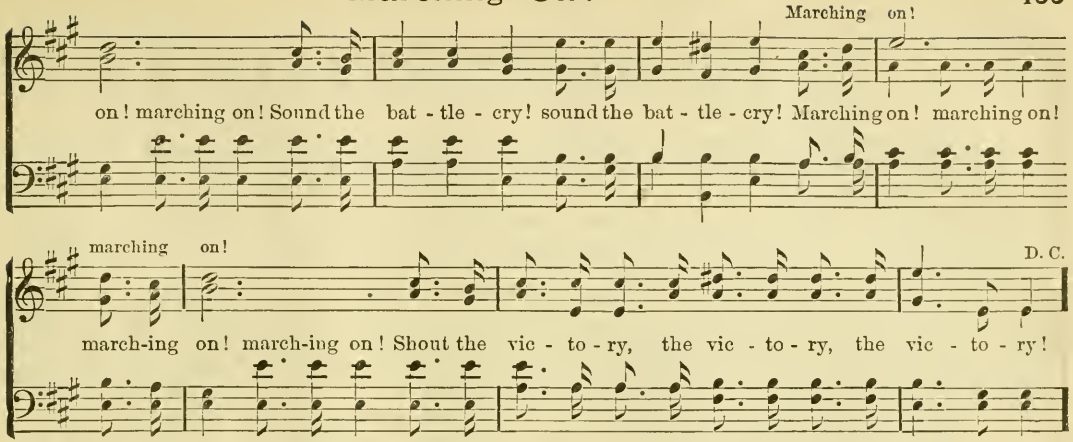
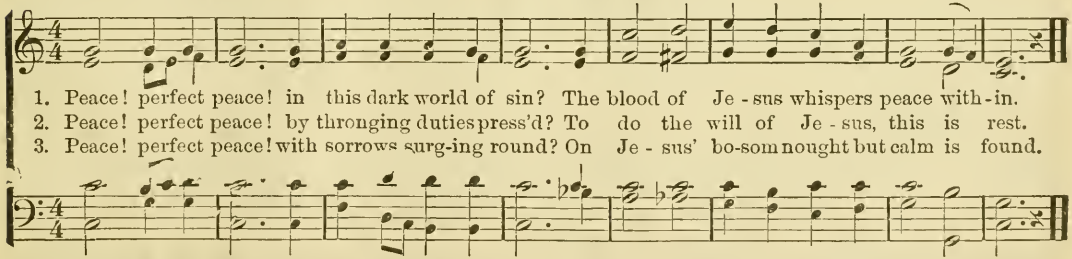
Marching On! —Concluded.



Bp. E. H. Bickersteth.

Peace! Perfect Peace!

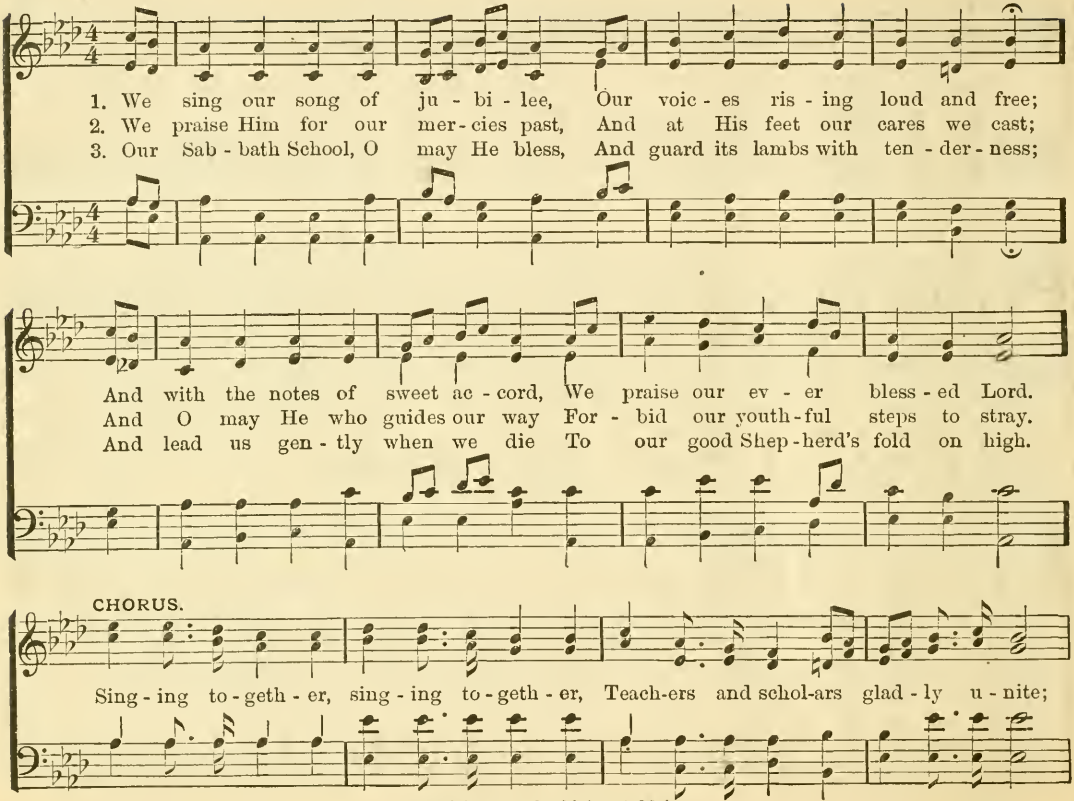
G. T. Caldbeck.



4. Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
   In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5. Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
   Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
   Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
   And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace!

Our Song of Jubilee.

Mrs. Maria B. Barnes. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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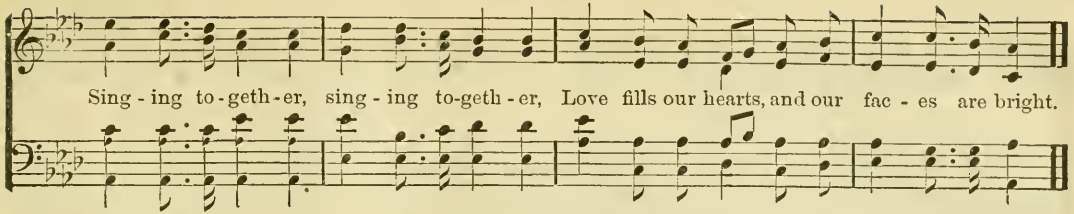
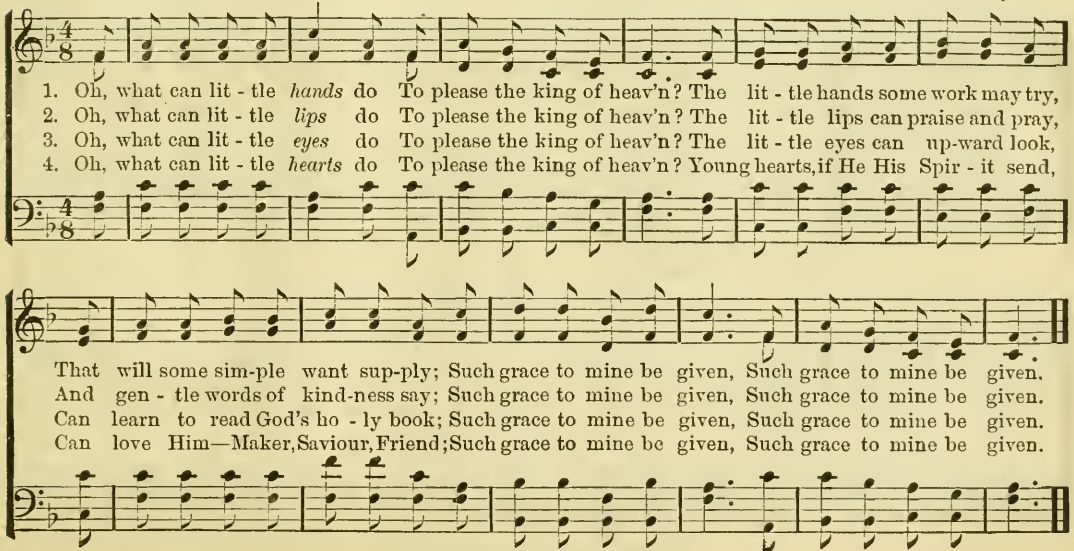


What can Little Hands do?

Grace W. Hinsdale. Ira D. Sankey.



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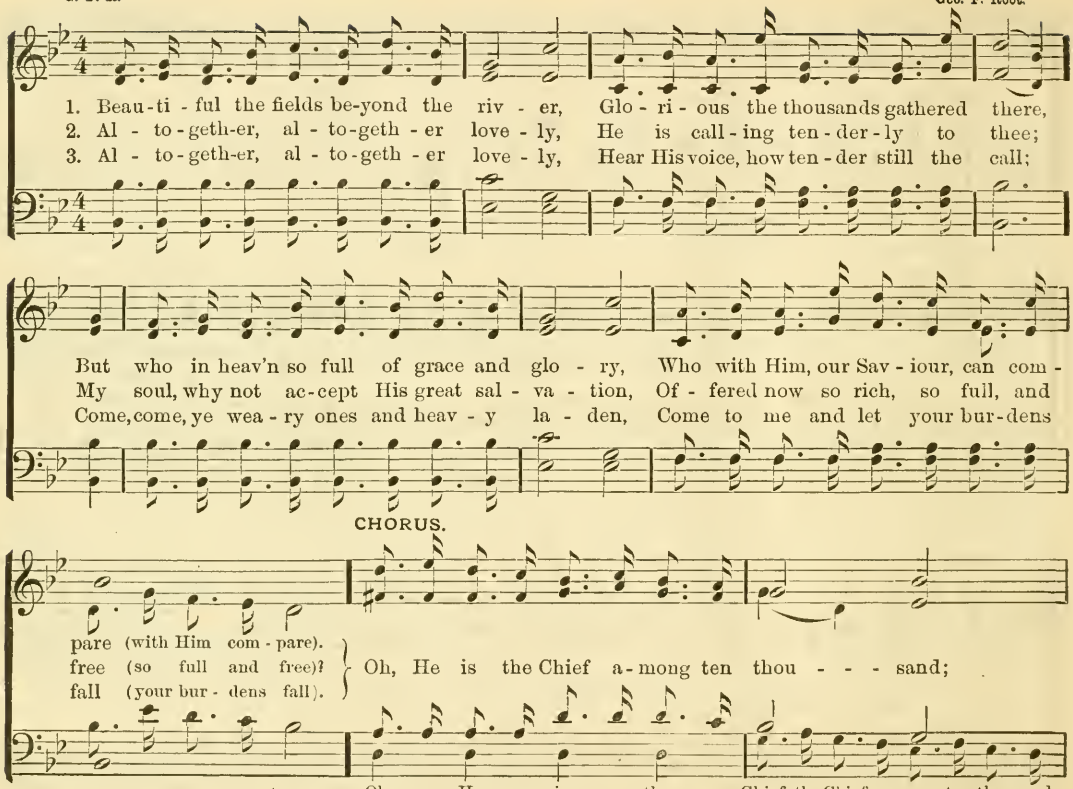
Altogether Lovely.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



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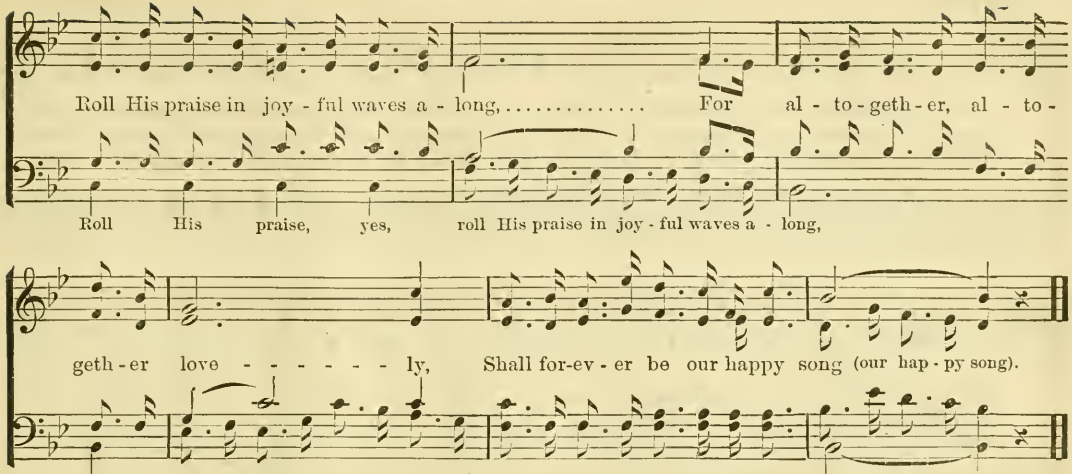
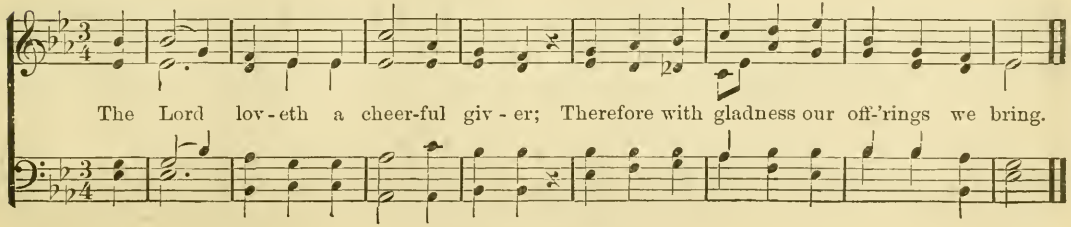


The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

W. F. S. BEFORE OR AFTER A COLLECTION. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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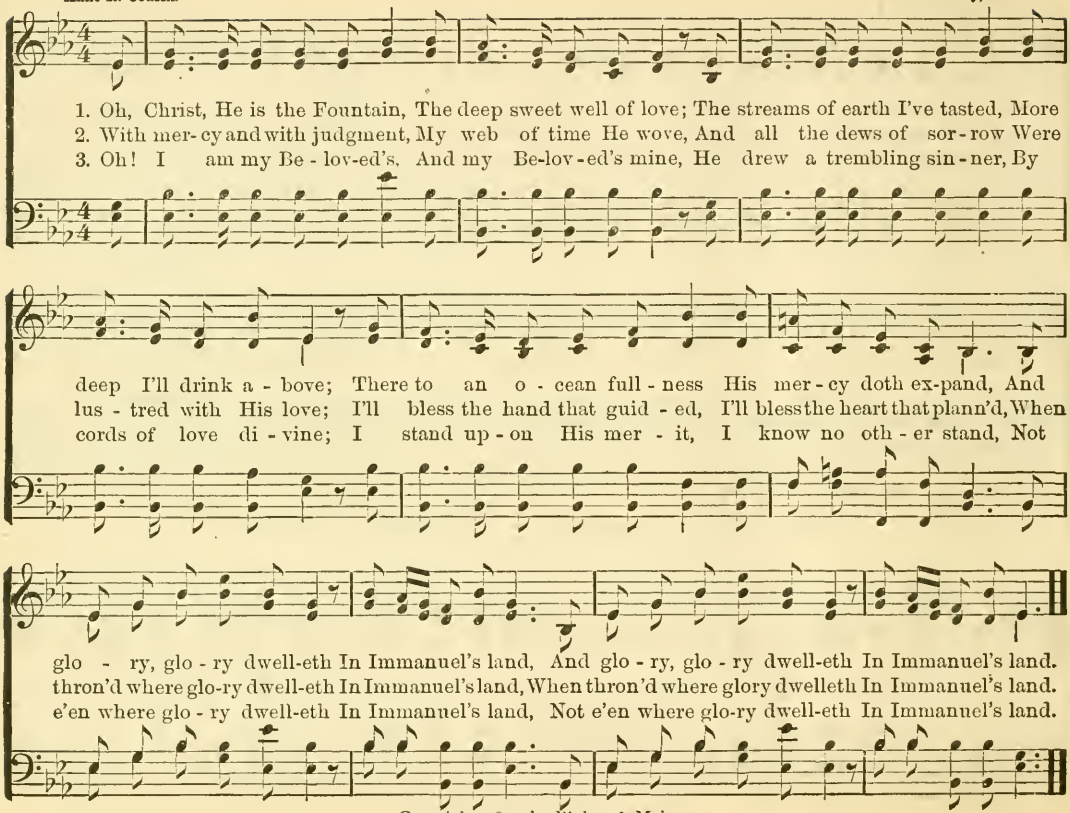
Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain.

Anne R. Cousin. Wm. B. Bradbury, arr.



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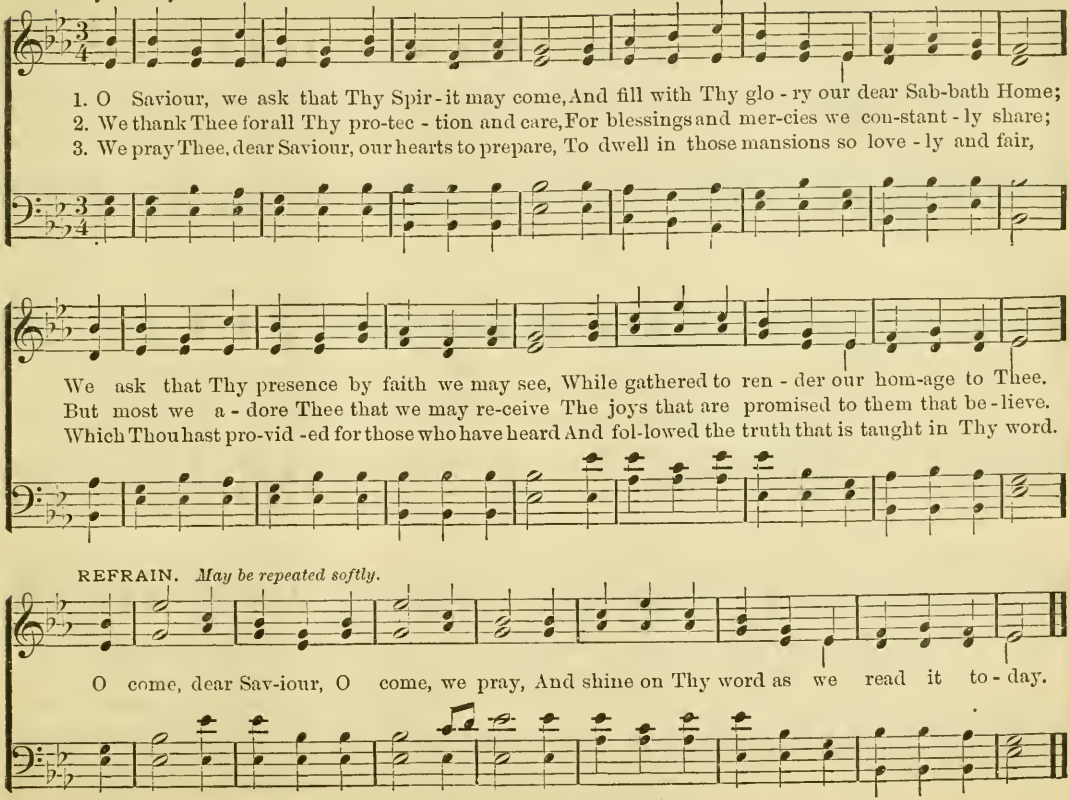
O Come, Dear Saviour.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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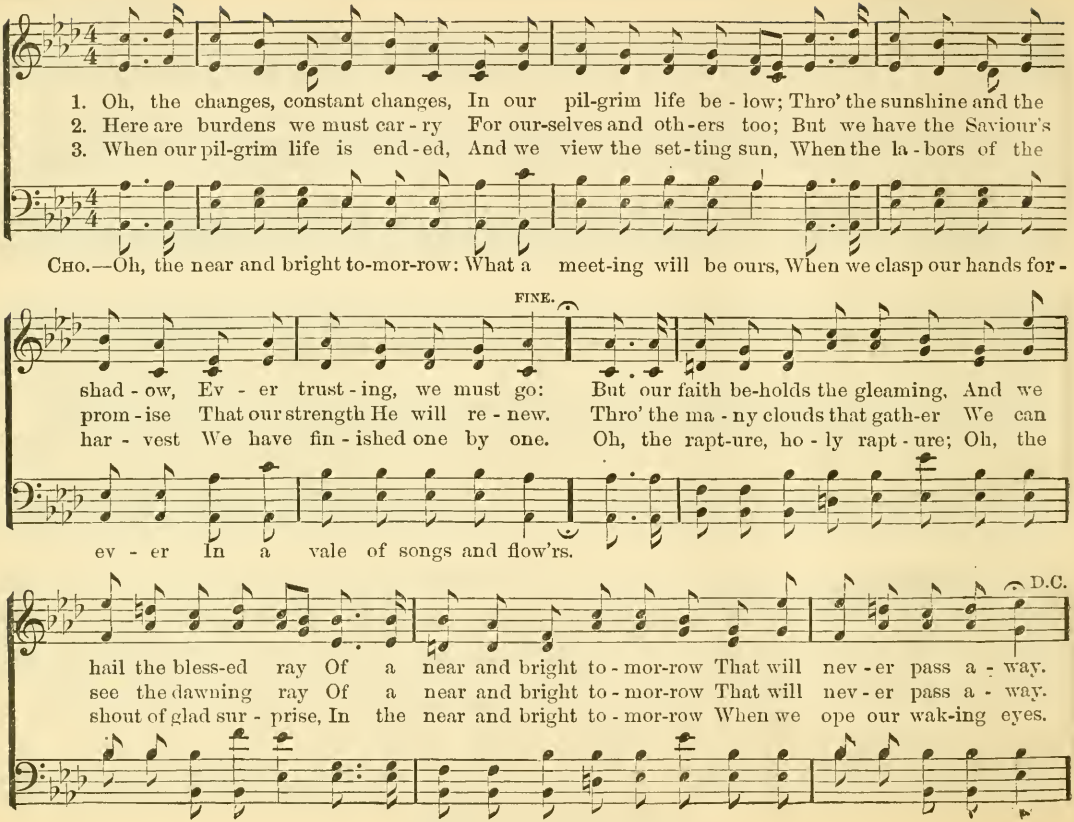
S. M. Smith.

The Near To-morrow.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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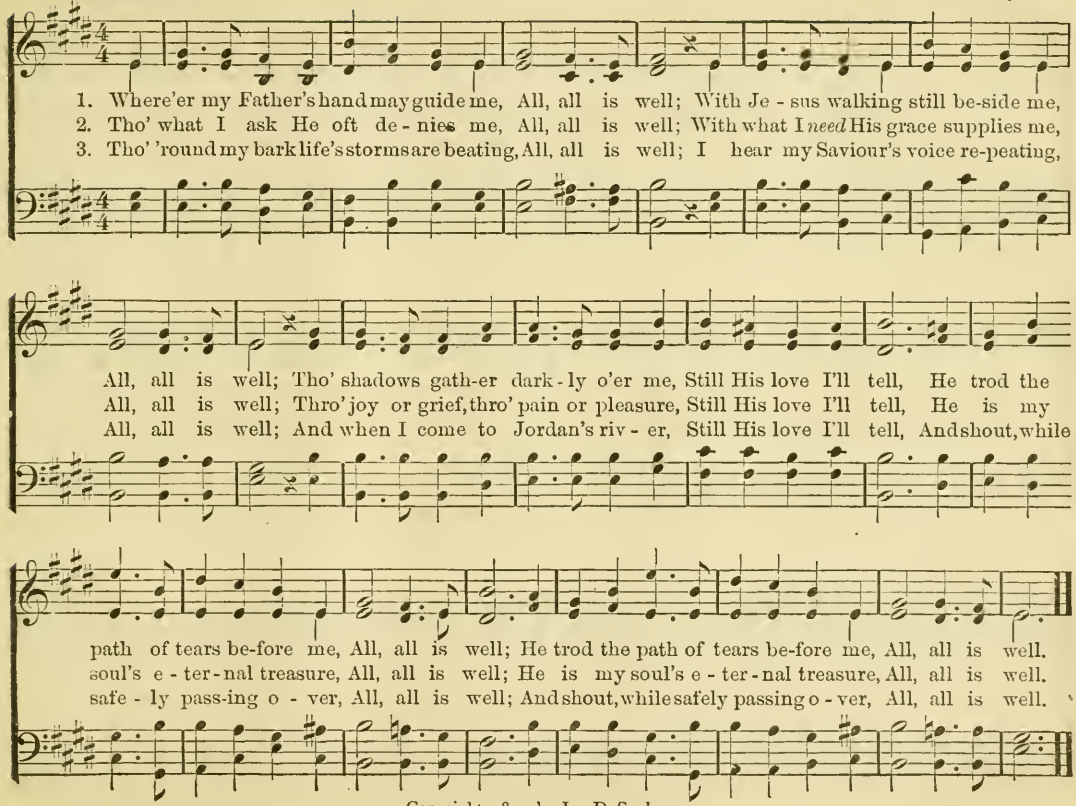
All, All is Well.

W. Robert Lindsay. Ira D. Sankey.



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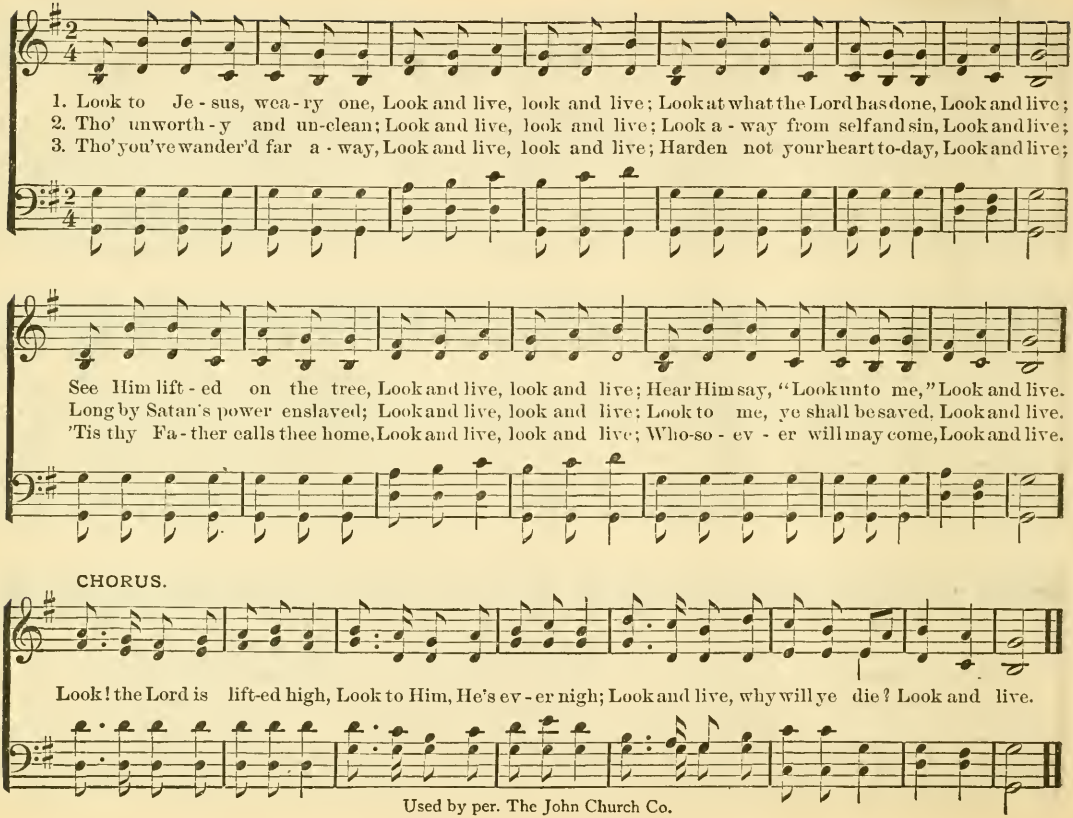
Look and Live.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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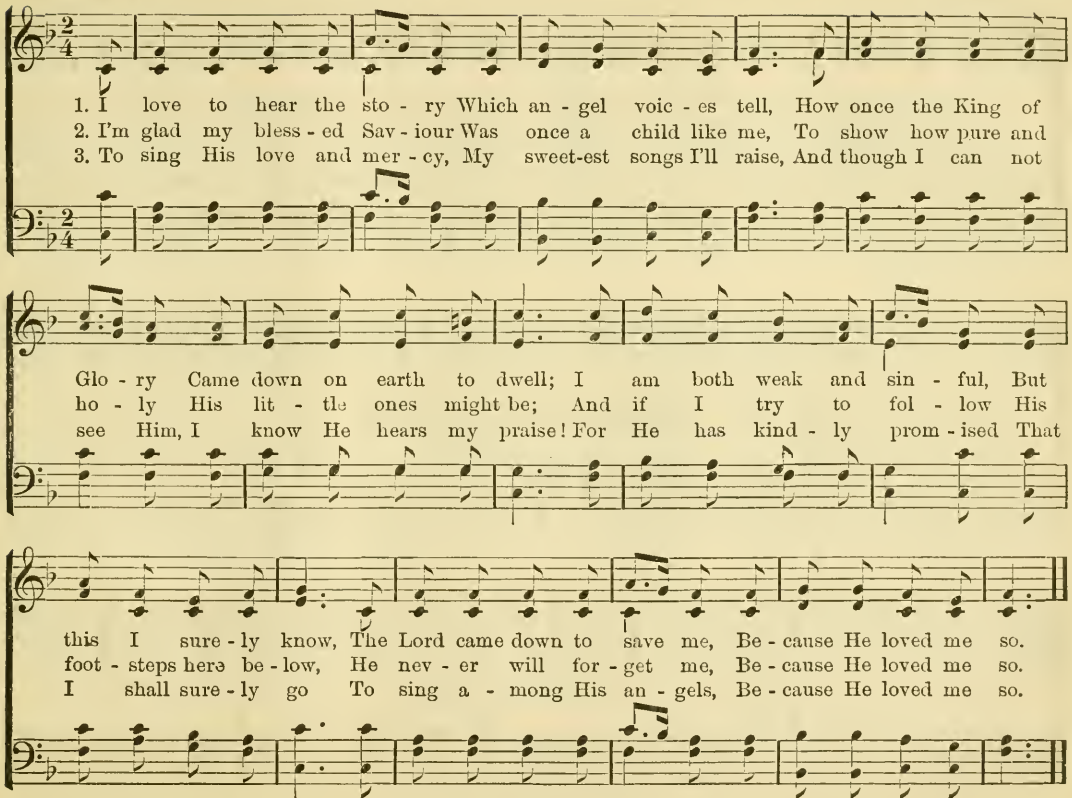
Because He Loved Me so.

Emily H. Miller. Geo. F. Root.



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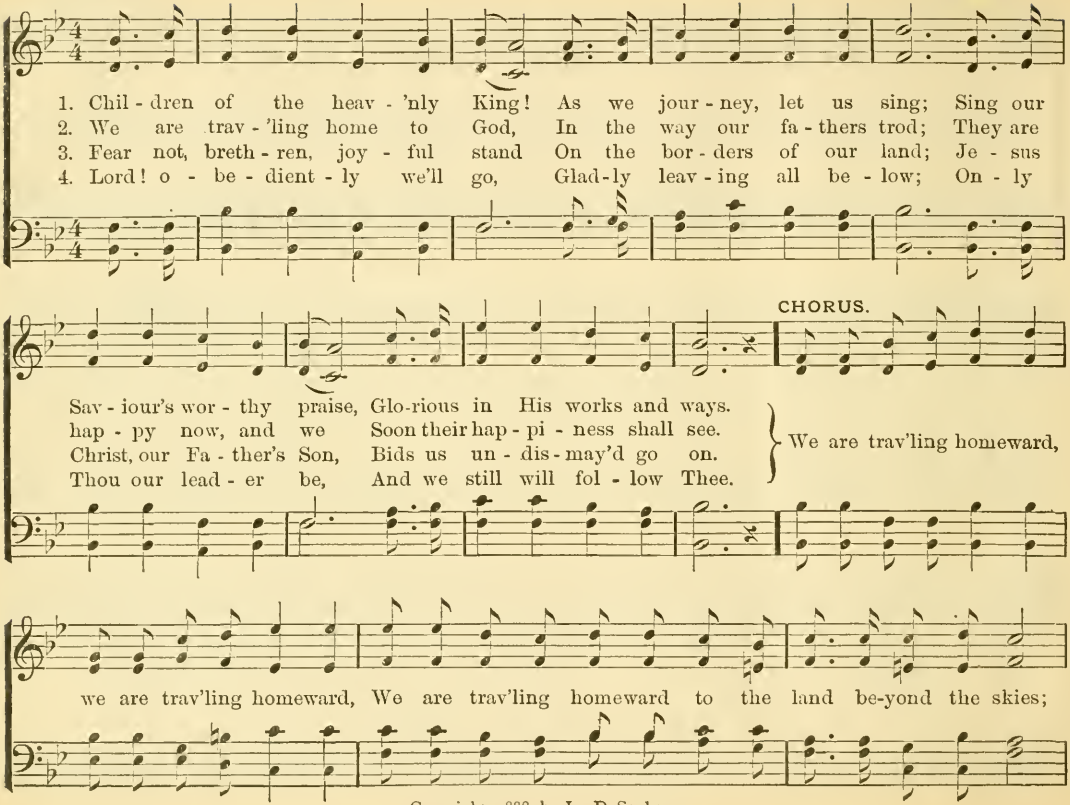
Traveling Homeward.

John Cennick. Ira D. Sankey.



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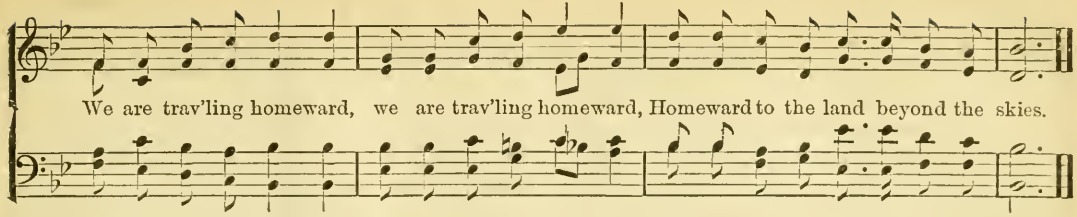
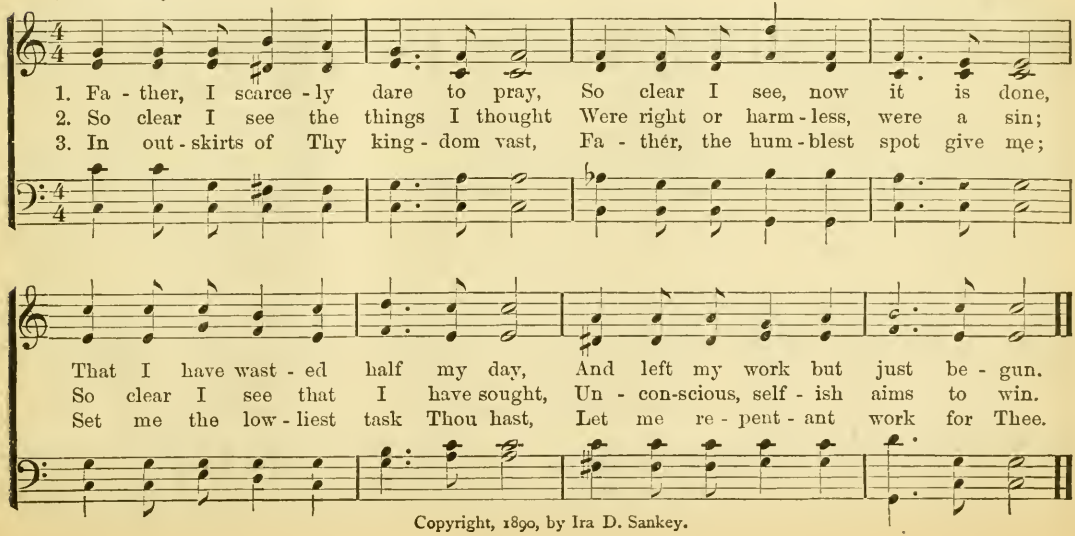


A Last Prayer.

Helen Hunt Jackson.
(Written four days before her death.)

Hubert P. Main.



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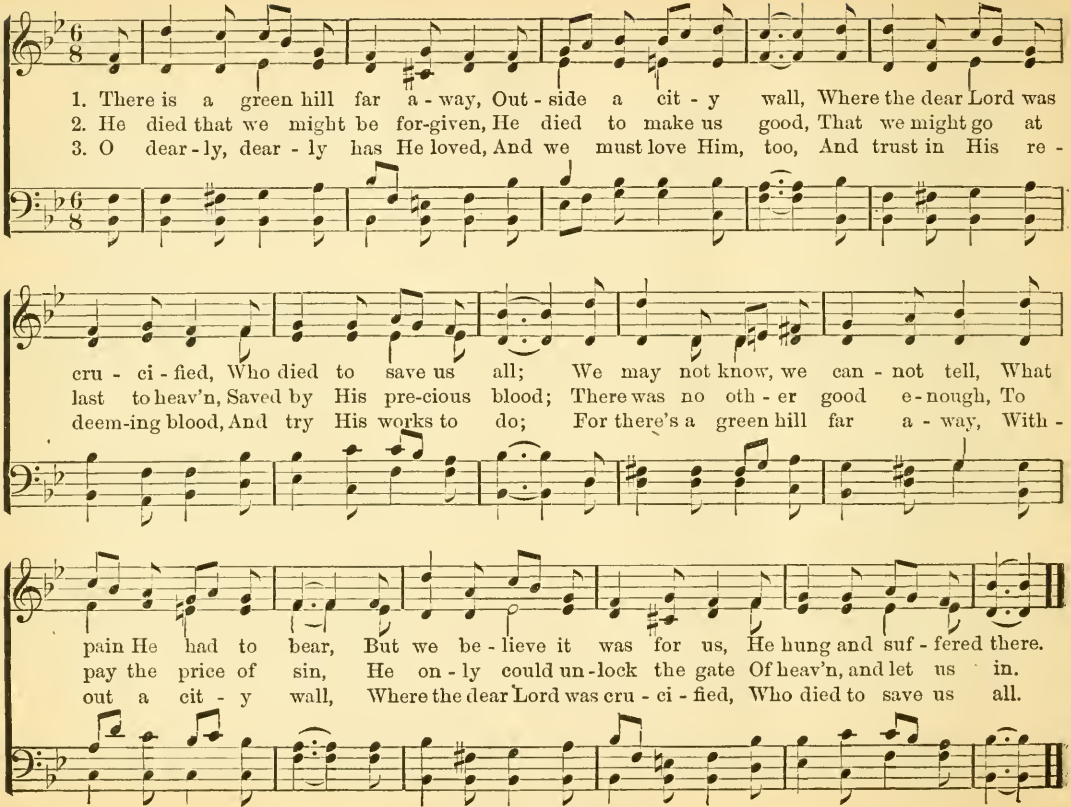
A Green Hill far Away.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Richard S. Willis.



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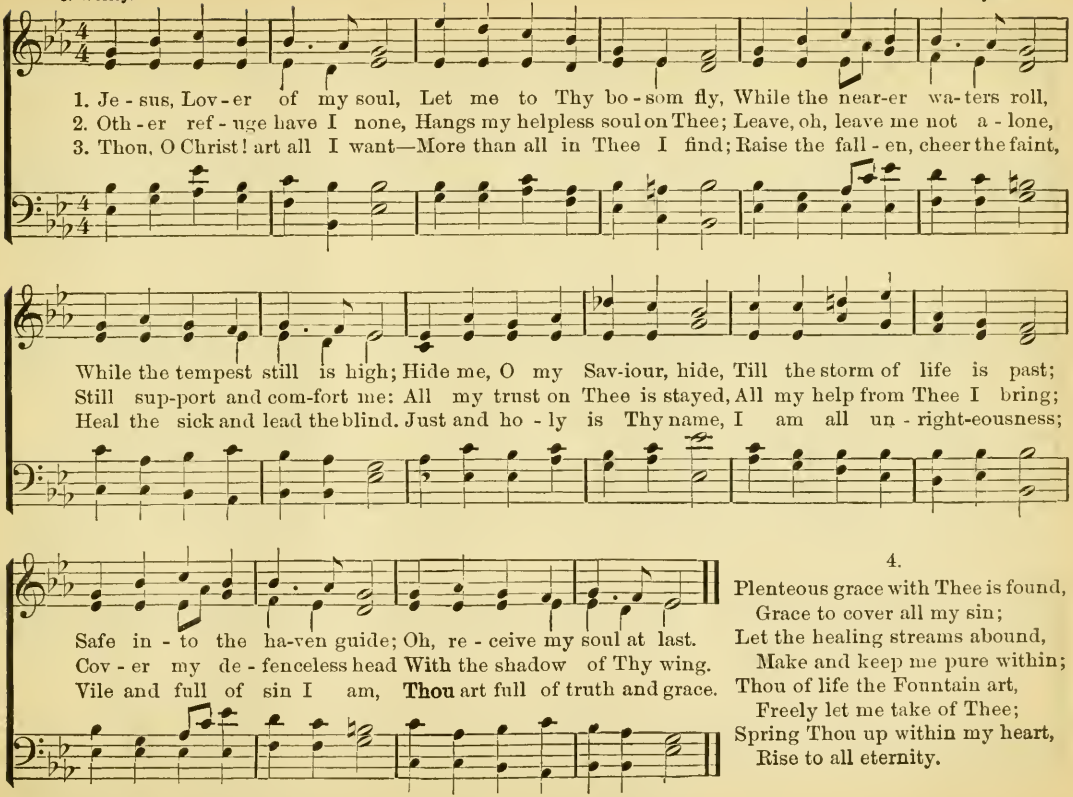
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.*

C. Wesley. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



4.

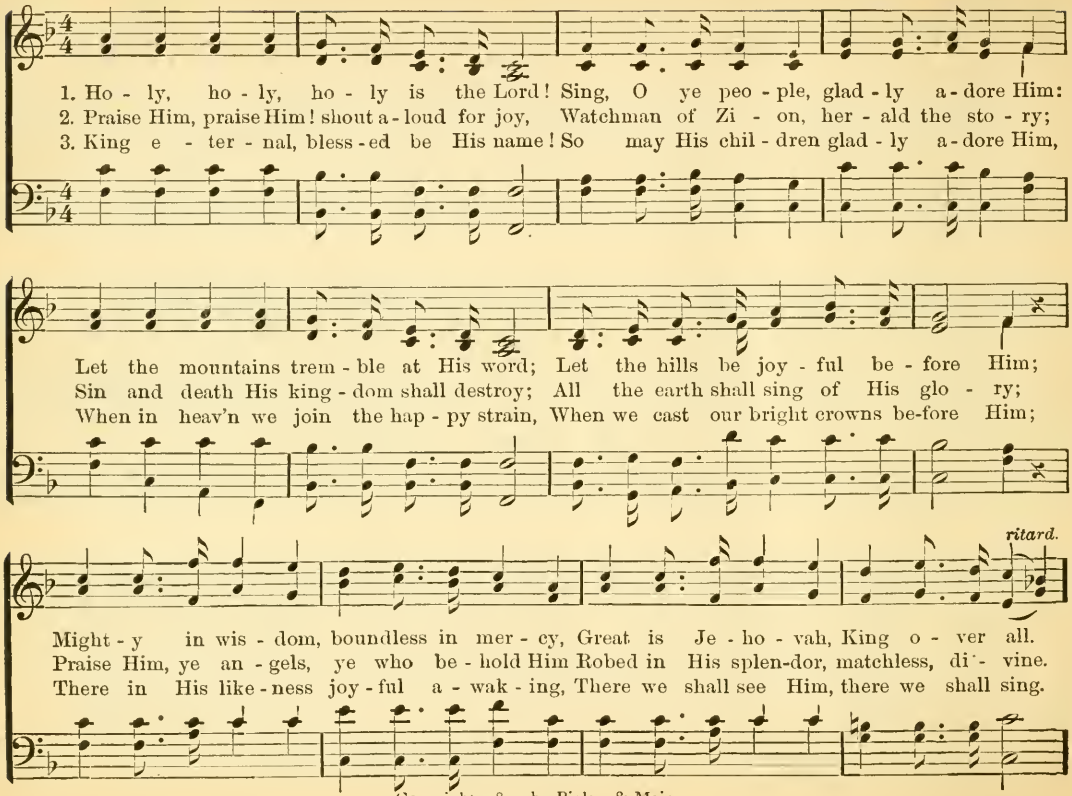
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

* Tune MARTYN may also be used.

Holy, Holy is the Lord.

Frances J. Van Alstyne.

Wm. B. Bradbury, arr.



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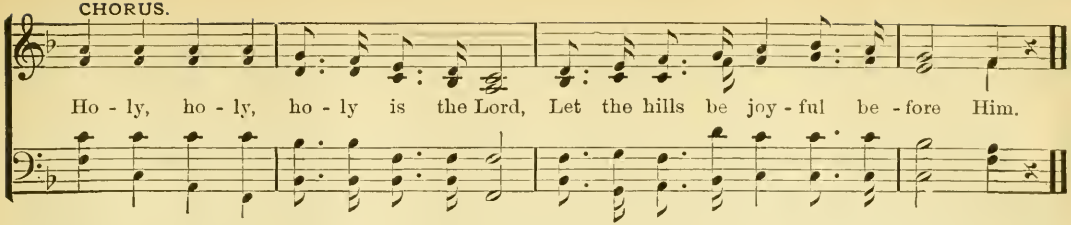
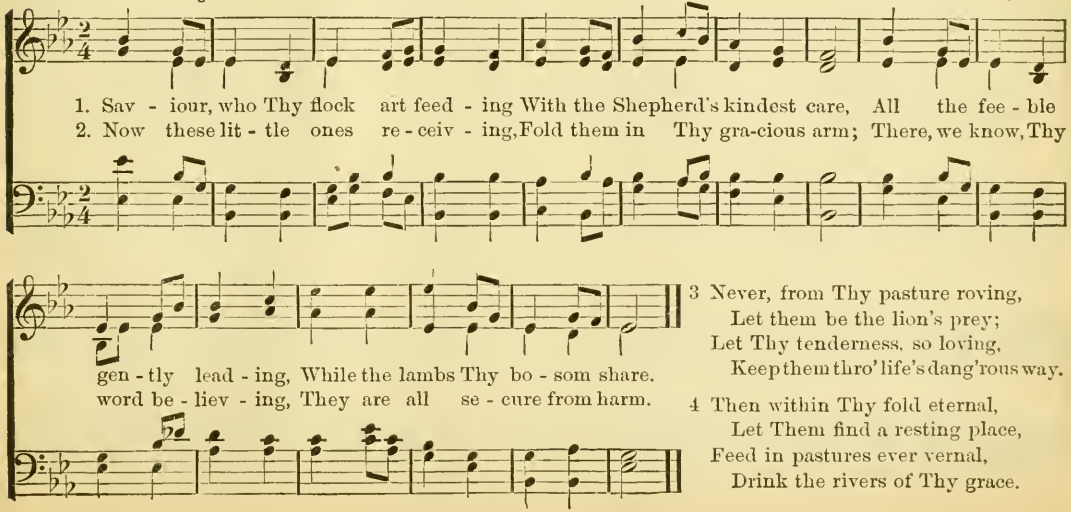
CHORUS.



Saviour, who Thy Flock art Feeding.

Wm. A. Muhlenberg. John Zundel.

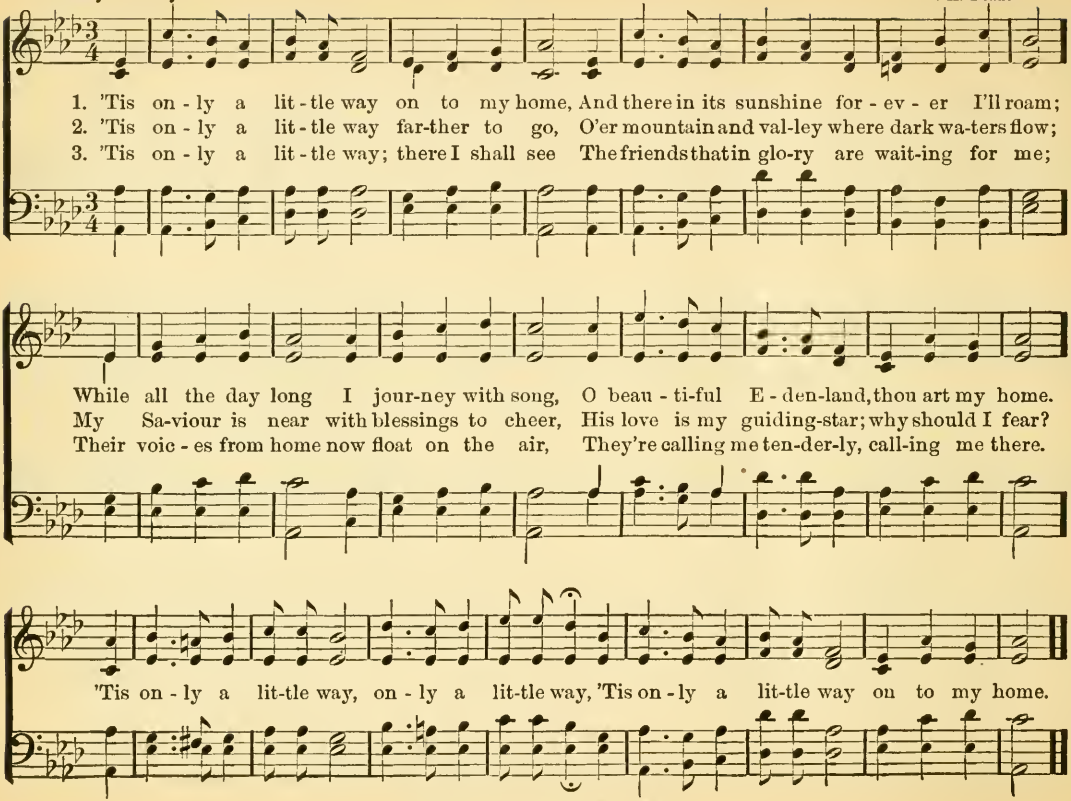


3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dang'rous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let Them find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Only a Little Way.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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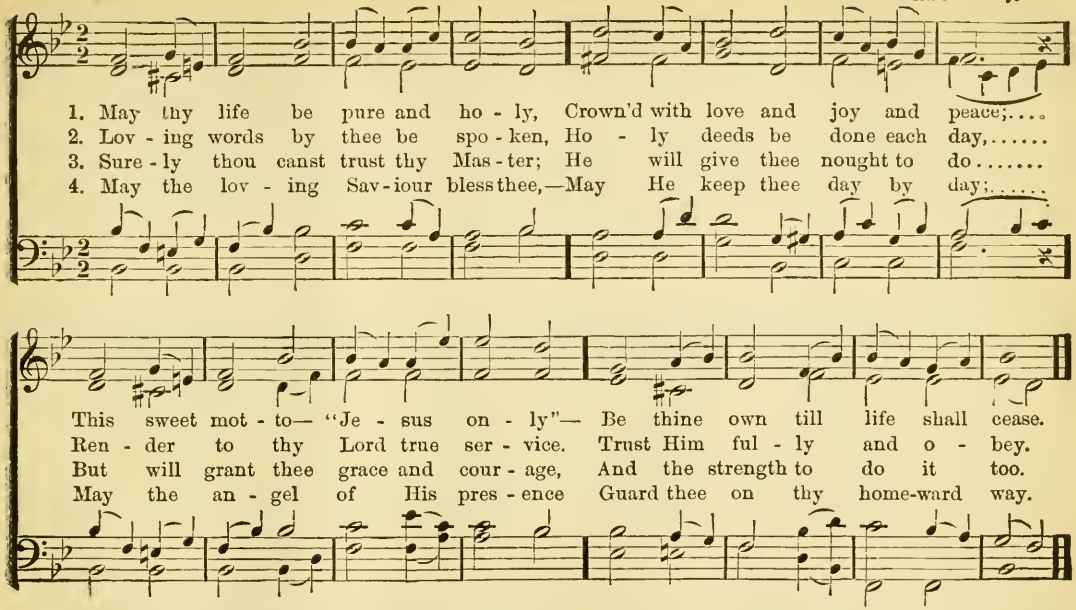
My Prayer for Thee. 151

M. E. B. Ira D. Sankey.



5 Lean thy whole weight on thy Saviour,
Cling to His dear, loving hand;
Very gently may He lead thee
To the bright and better land.

6 Look to Him in days of darkness
As thy Helper, Friend. and Guide:
Jesus, never, never faileth;
Trust in Him whate'er betide.

7 When the evening shadows lengthen,
At the close of life's short day,
May His presence cheer and comfort,
May He be thy strength and stay.

8 What is better than His blessing?
What is sweeter than His care?
O may these be thine for ever
Is my earnest, heartfelt prayer.

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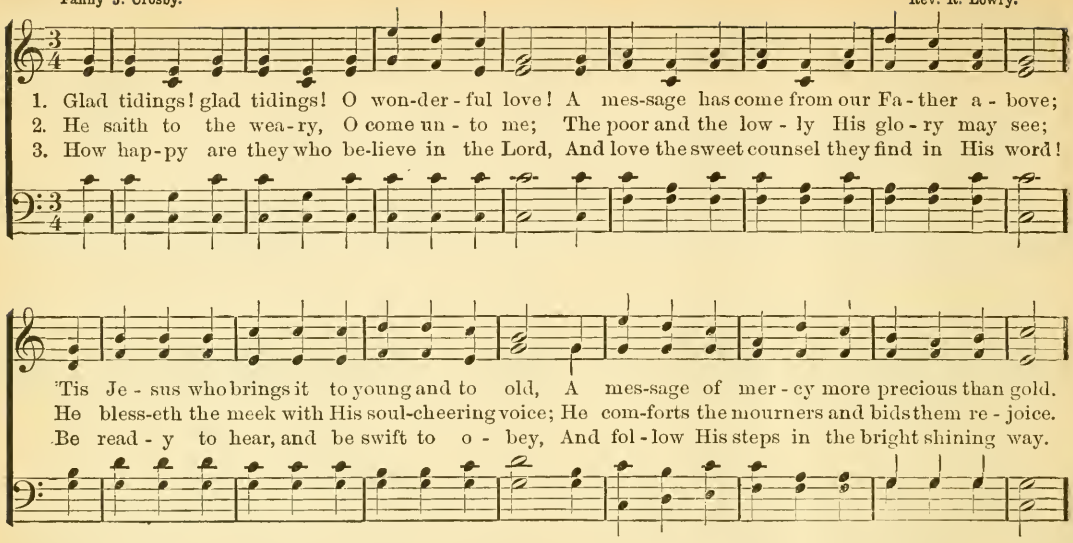
Glad Tidings.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



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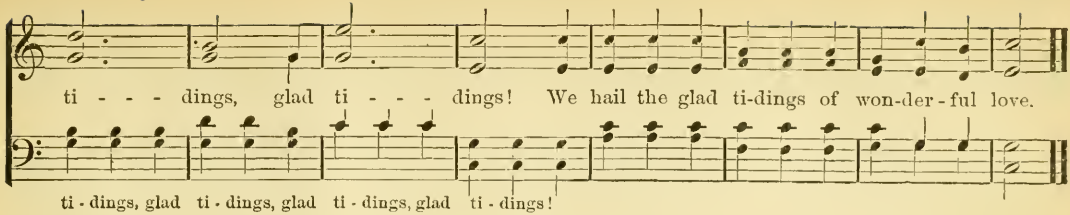
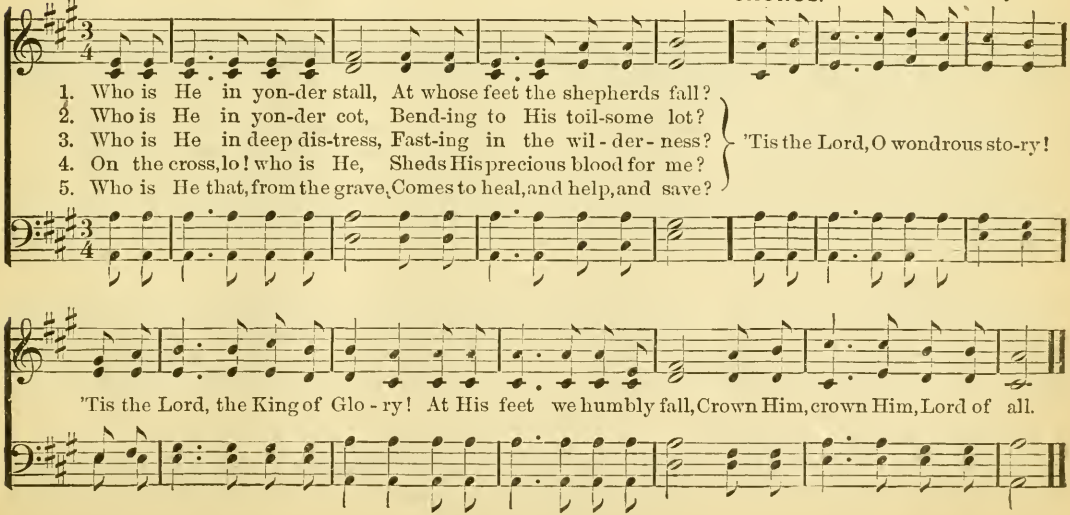


Who is He?

B. R. H. CHORUS. B. R. Hanby.



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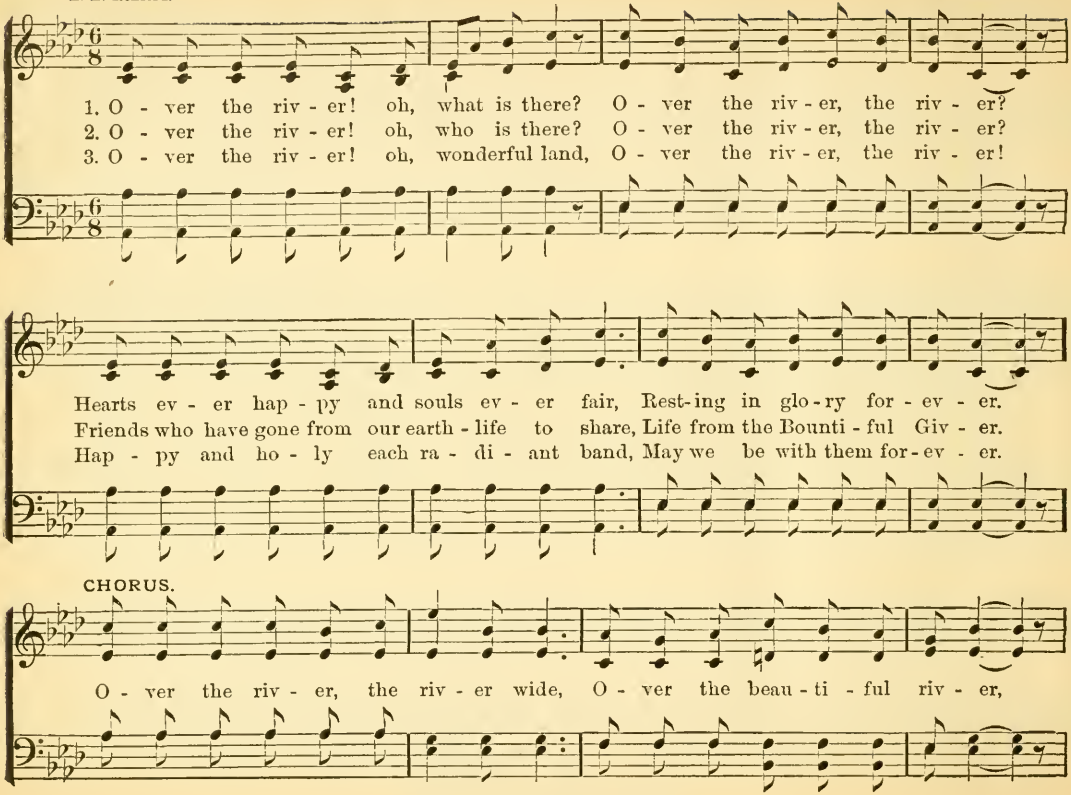
Over the River.

E. E. Rexford. Geo. F. Root.



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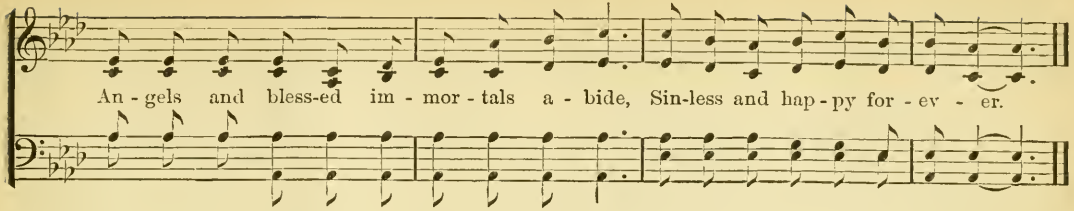
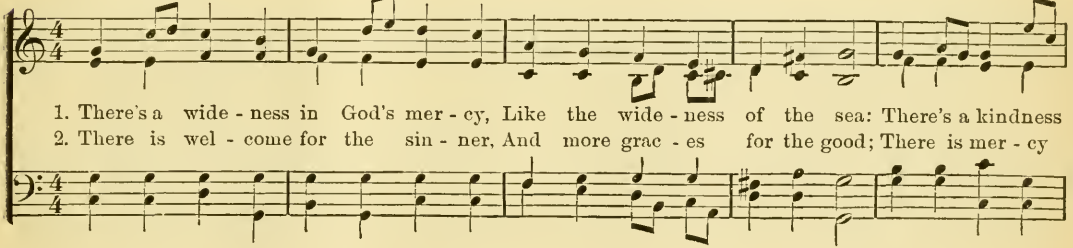
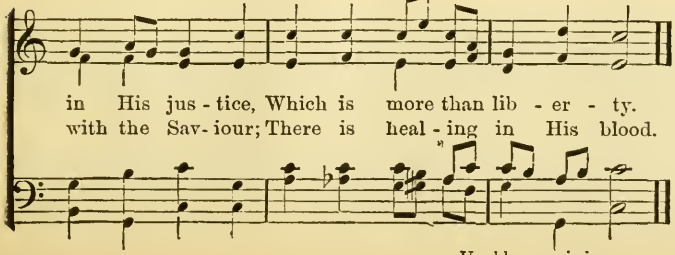


There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjeè.





3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

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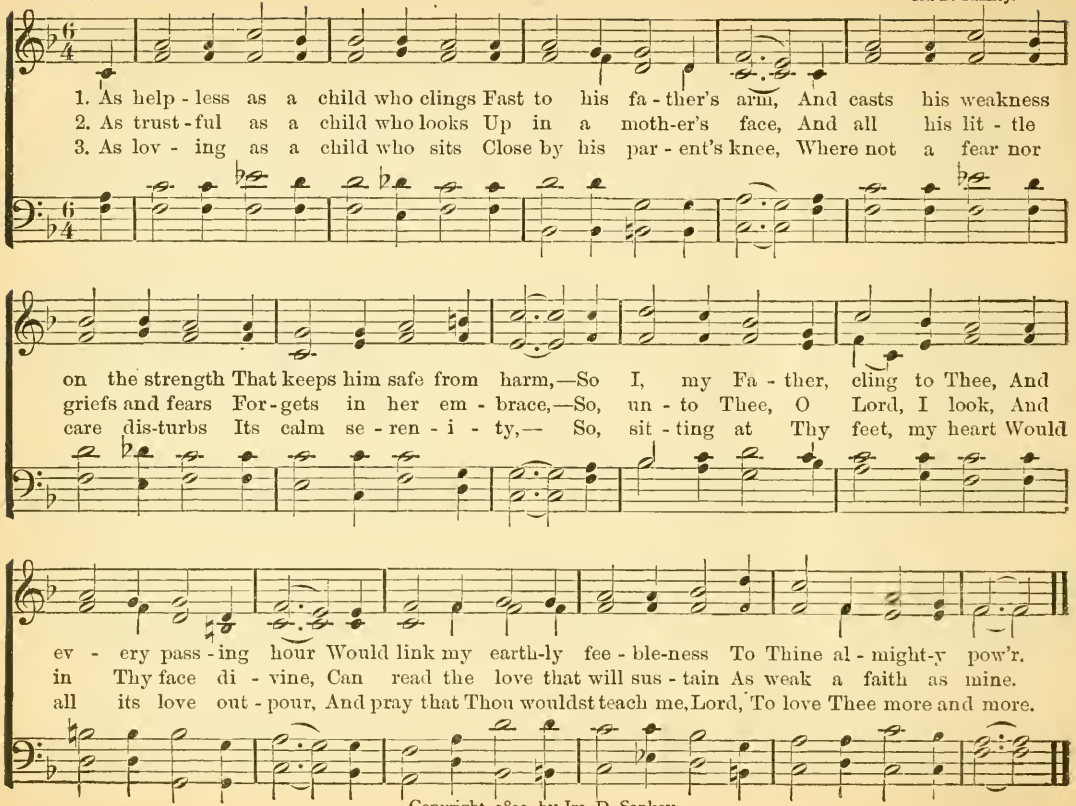
As Helpless as a Child.

James D. Burns. Ira D. Sankey.



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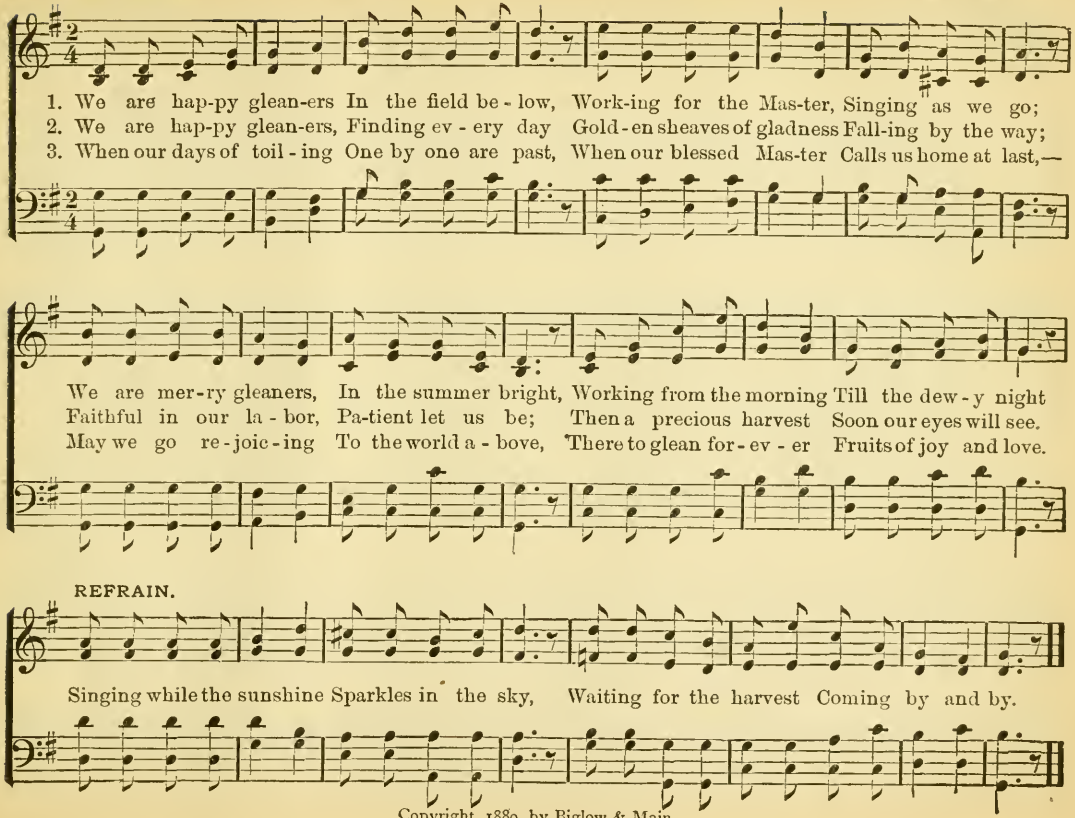
Waiting for the Harvest.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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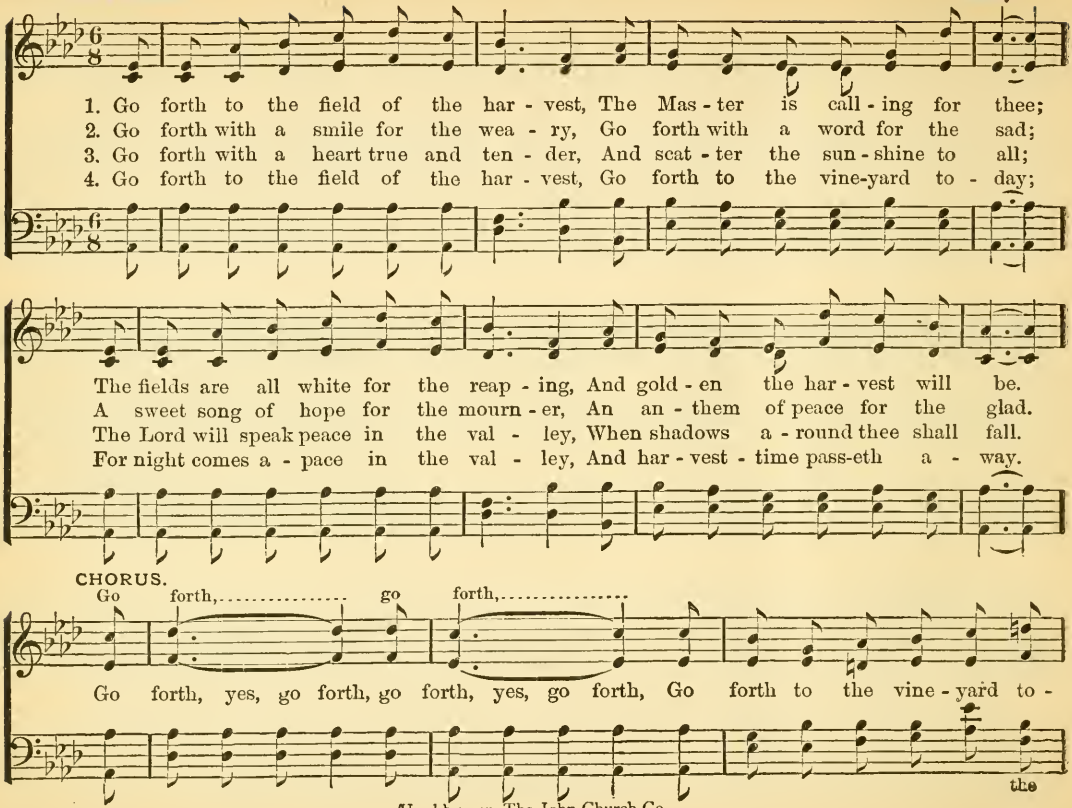
Go Forth to the Field.

Eliza M. Sherman. J. R. Murray.



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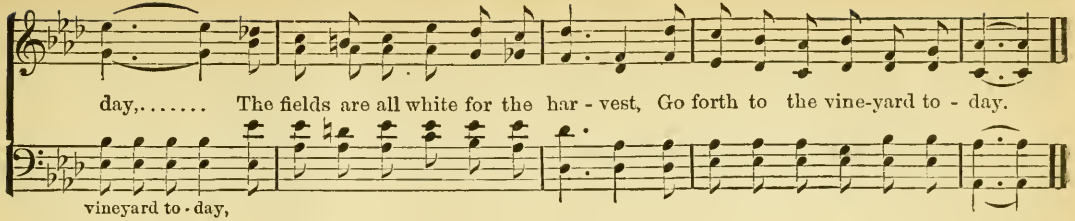
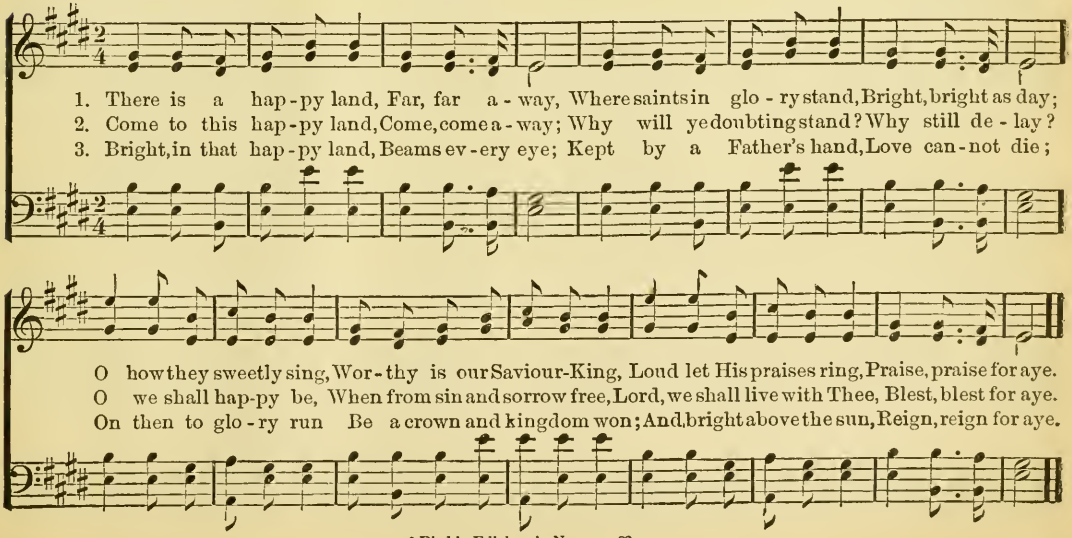


There is a Happy Land.

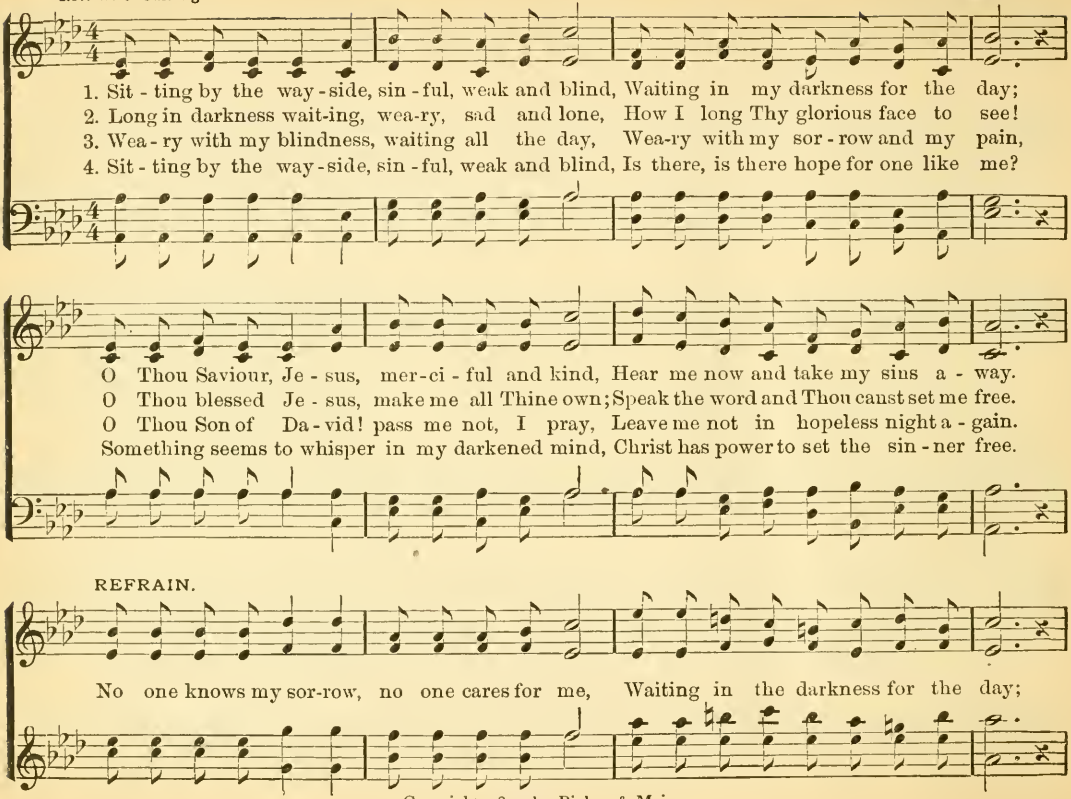
Andrew Young.* Hindoo Air.



* Died in Edinburgh, Nov. 30, 1889.

Sitting by the Way-side.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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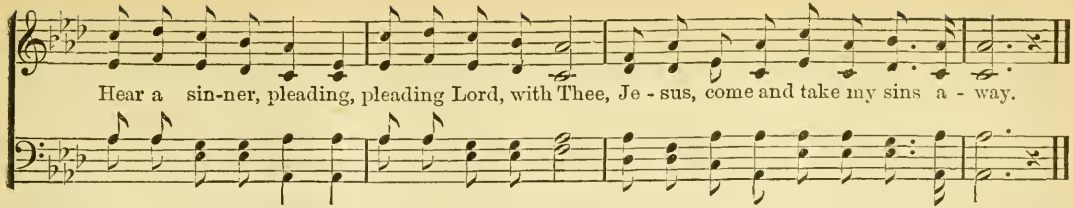
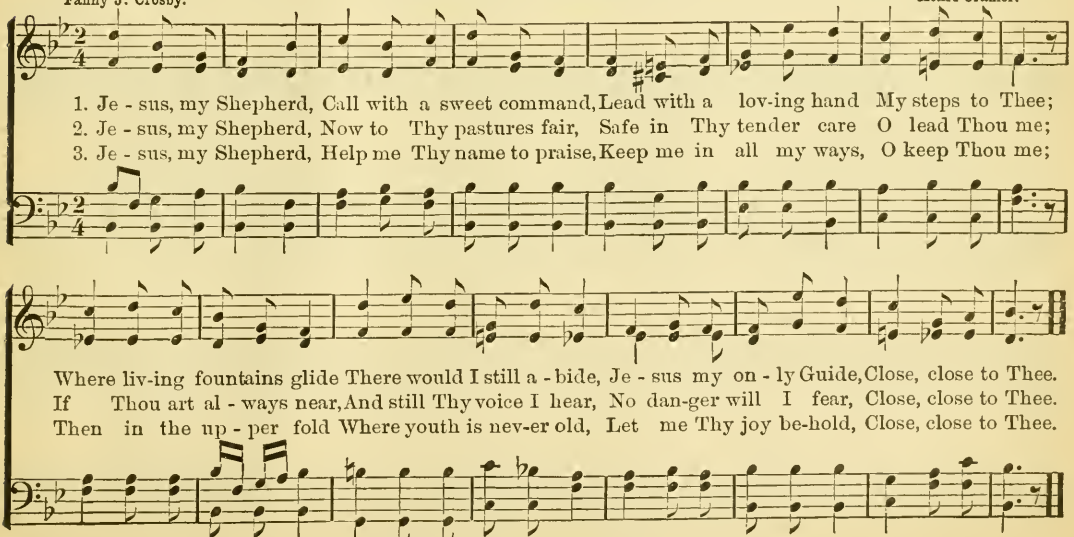


Jesus, my Shepherd.

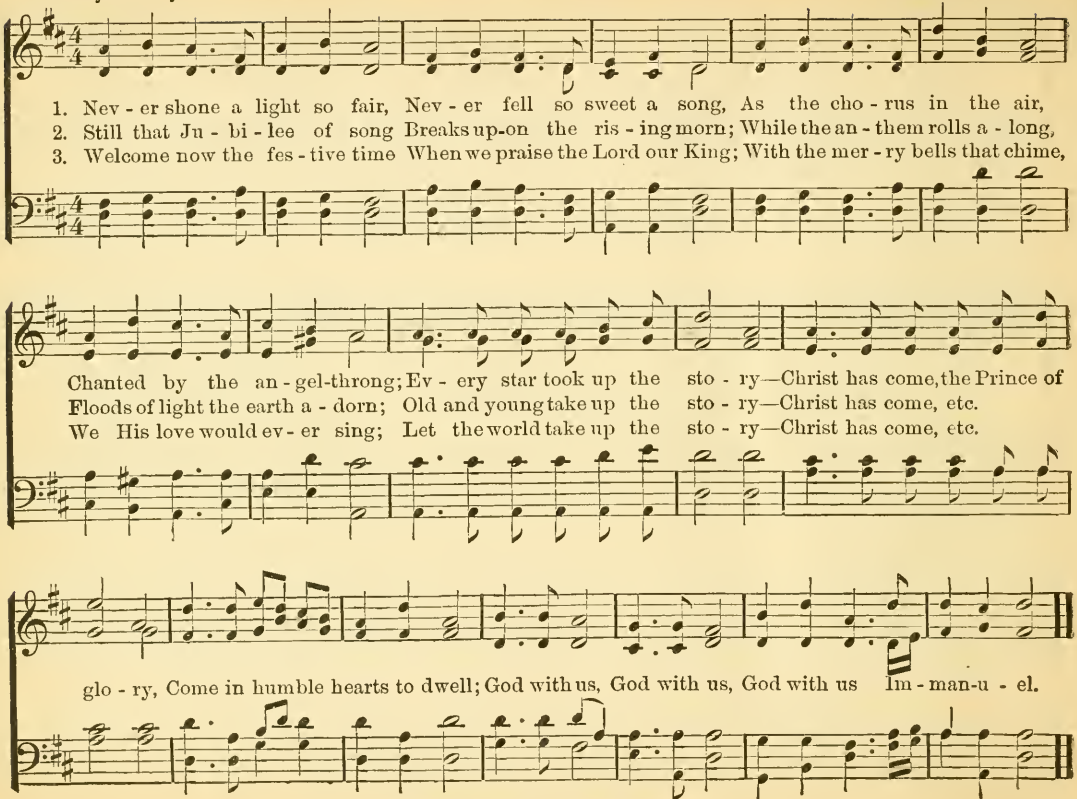
Fanny J. Crosby. Henri Cramer.



Words, and arr. of tune, Copyright, 1890, by Ira D. Sankey.

Never Shone a Light so Fair.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



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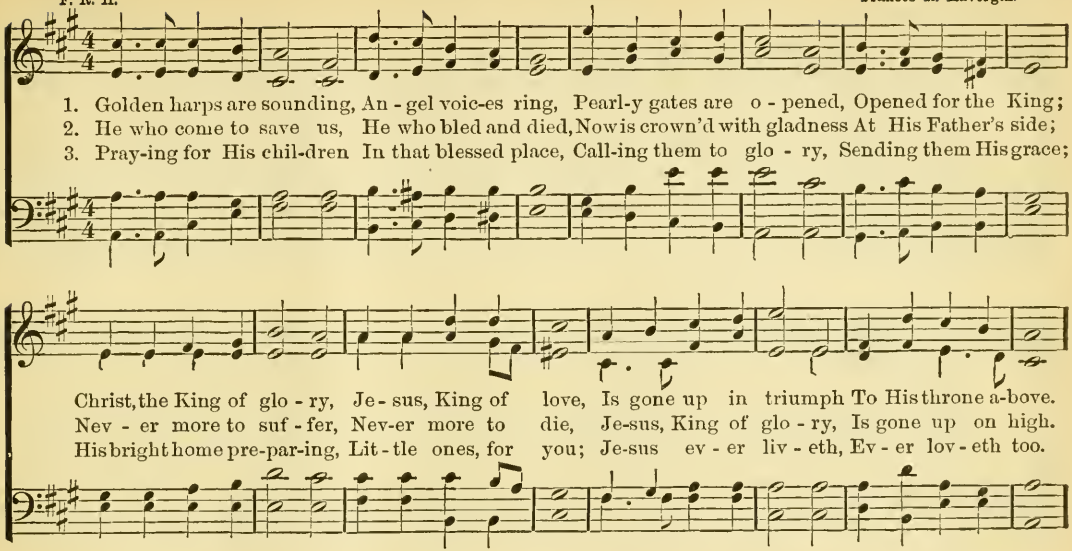
Golden Harps are Sounding.

F. R. H.

Frances R. Havergal.



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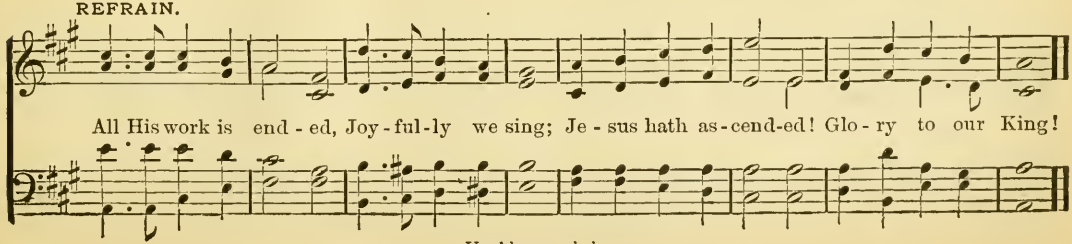

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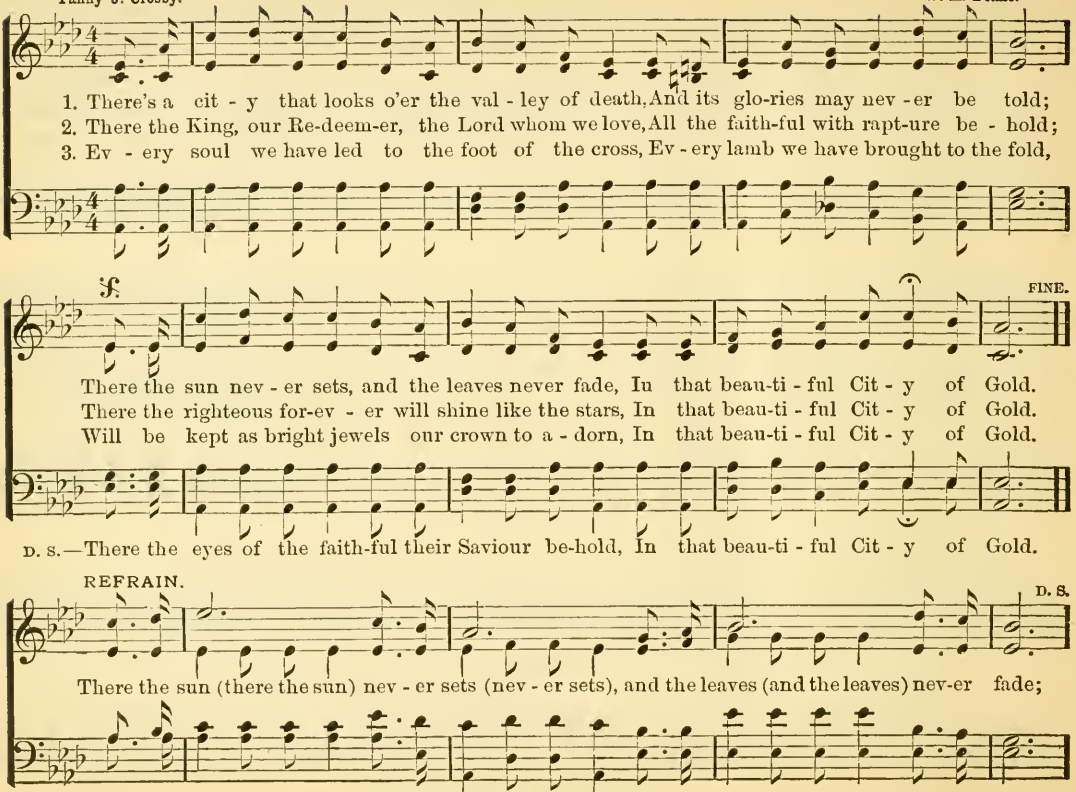
City of Gold.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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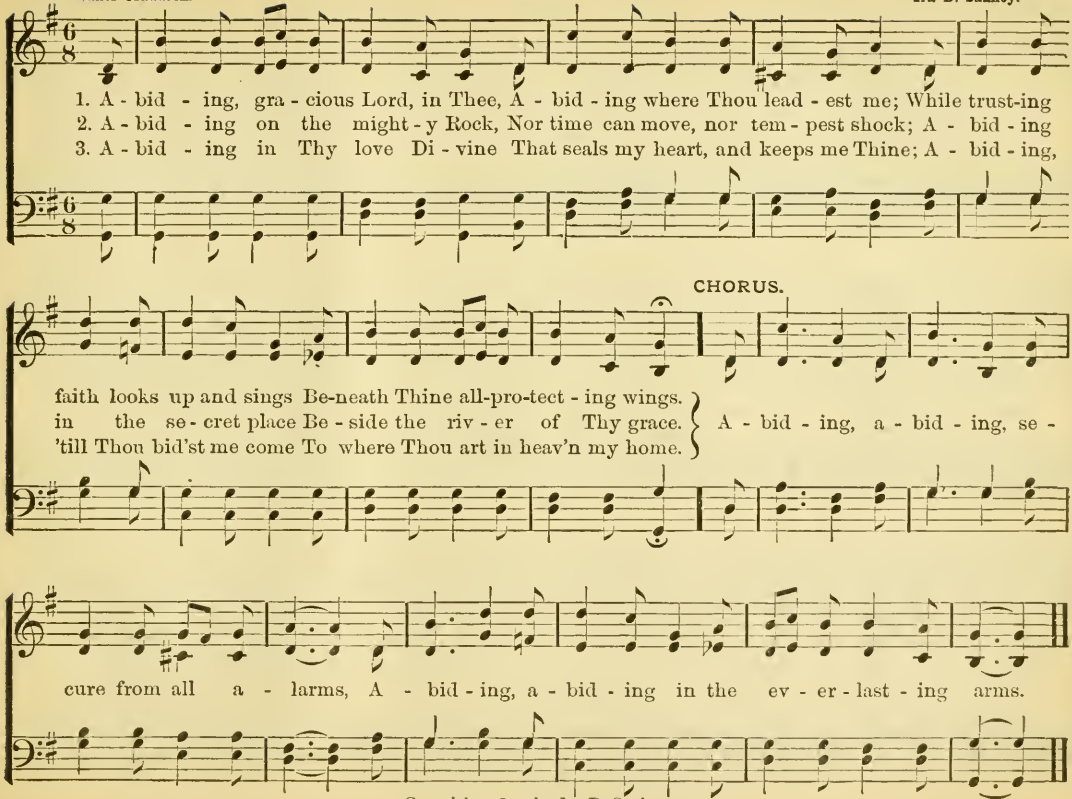
Abiding.

Eleanor Craddock. Ira D. Sankey.



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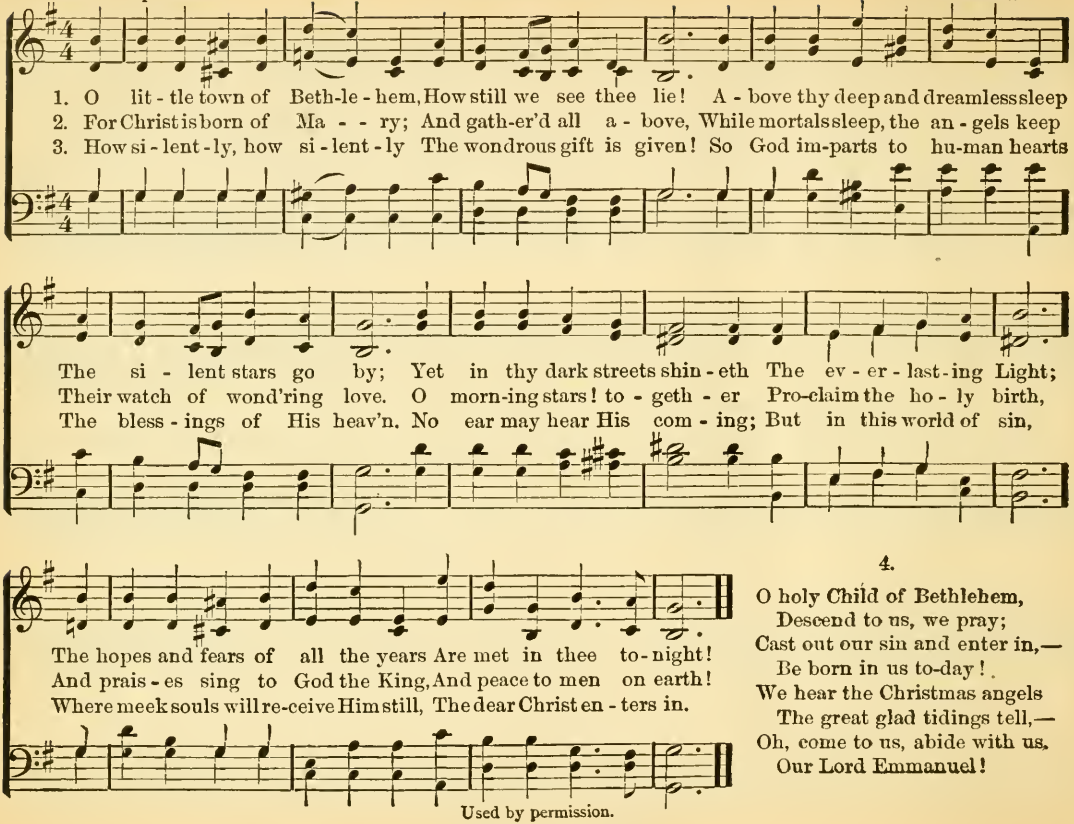
Bethlehem.

Rev. Phillips Brooks. Lewis H. Redner.



4.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,—
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

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I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Arr. from Franz Abt, by H. P. Main.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me and rest: Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free-ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirsty one,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,

Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and
Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing
And all thy day be bright!" I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my

sad;..... I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He, and He hath made me glad.
stream;.... My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - viv'd, And now, and now I live in Him.
Sun;..... And in that Light of Life I'll walk, Till trav-'ling, trav-'ling days are done.

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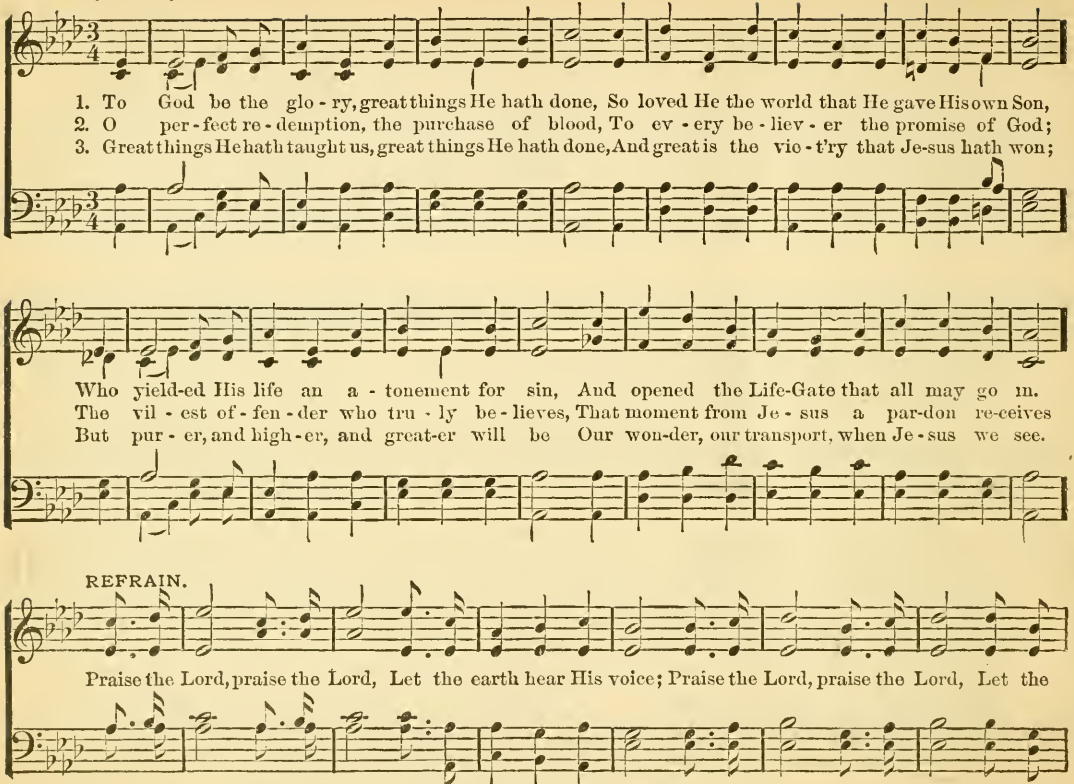
To God be the Glory.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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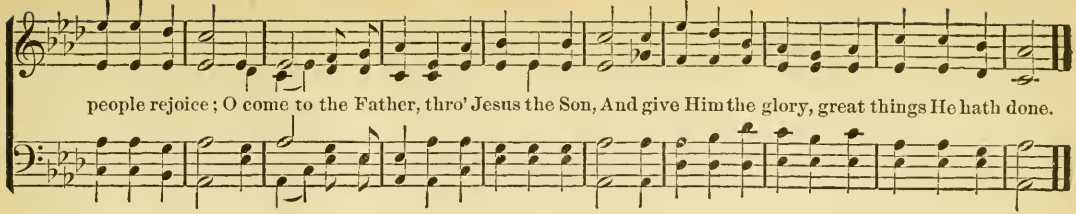
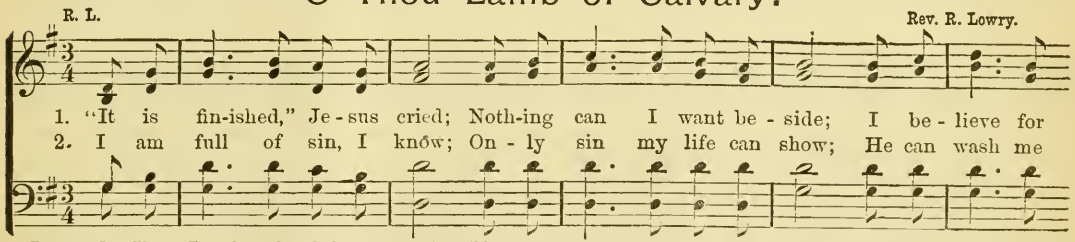
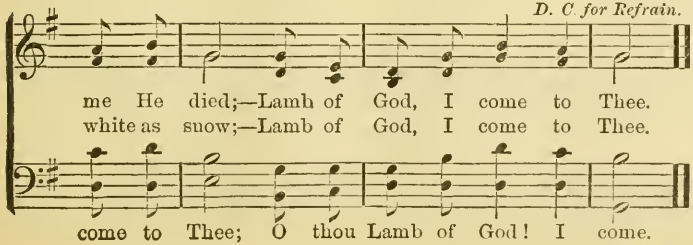
To God be the Glory.—Concluded.



O Thou Lamb of Calvary!





3 Poor and needy though I be,
There is wealth in Christ for me;
There is grace to make me free;
Lamb of God, I come to Thee.

4 Jesus knows my every need;
Jesus is a friend indeed;
Now I hear Him intercede:—
Lamb of God, I come to Thee.

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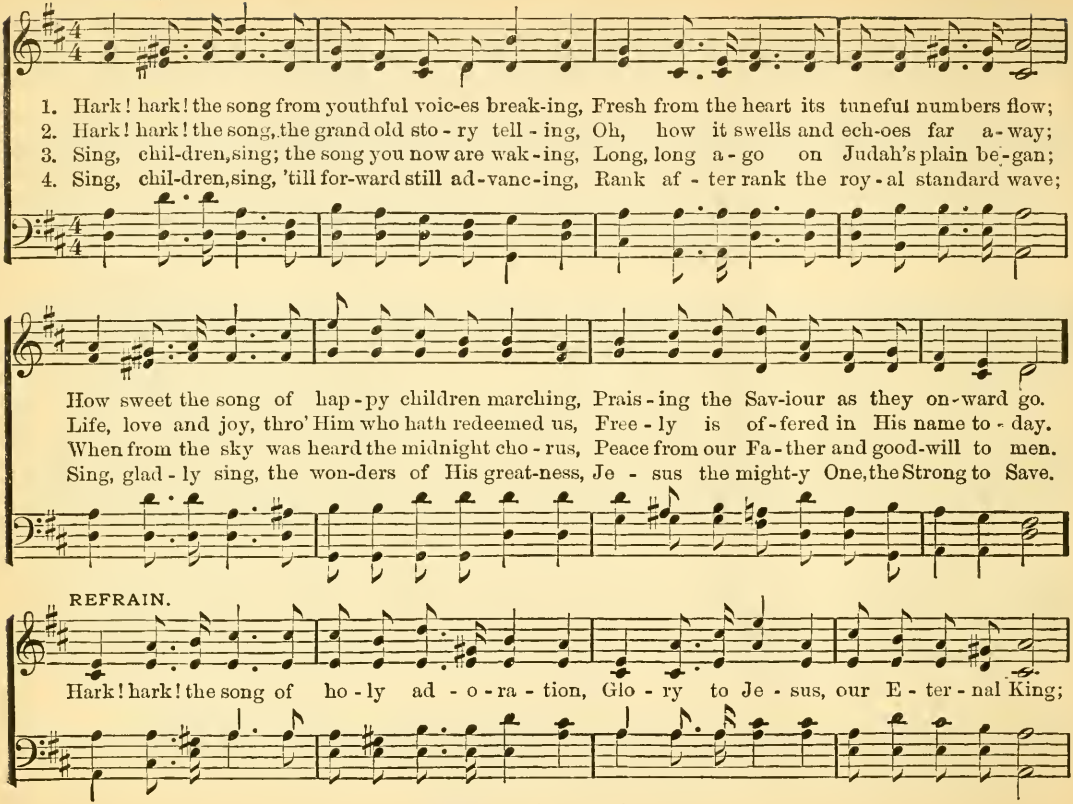
Hark! Hark! the Song.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.



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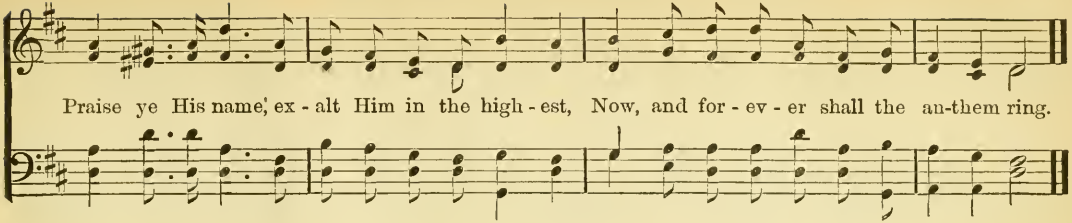
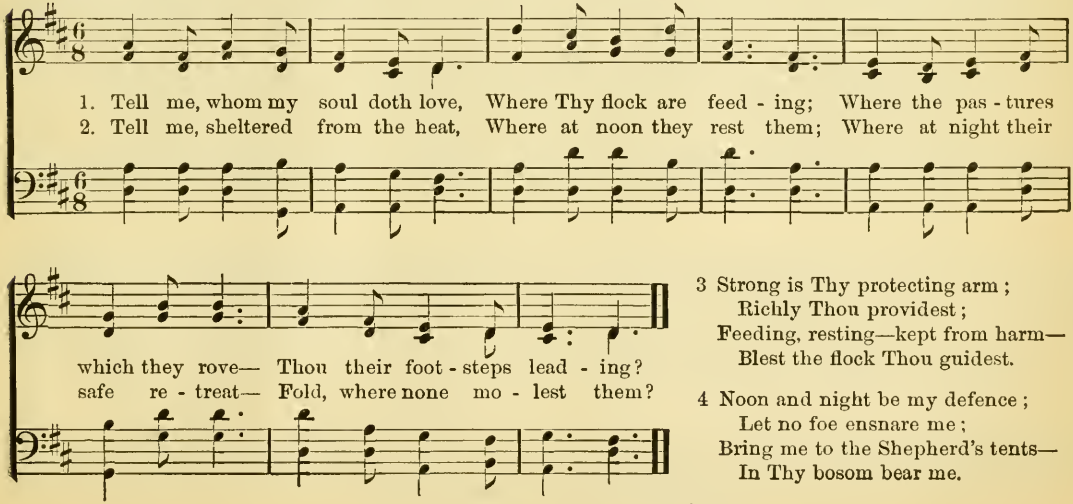


Where Feedeth Thy Flock?

Samuel Wolcott, D. D. Wm. F. Sherwin.



3 Strong is Thy protecting arm;
Richly Thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock Thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;
Let no foe ensnare me;
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In Thy bosom bear me.

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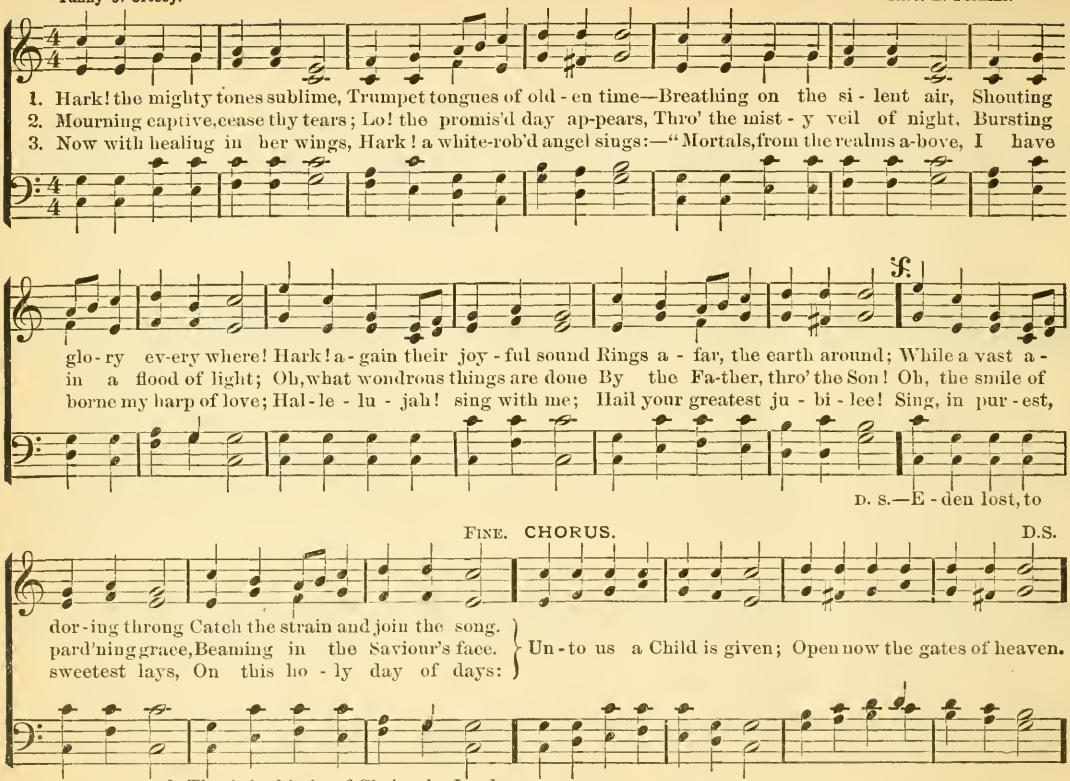
The Angel's Proclamation.

Fanny J. Crosby. Theo. E. Perkins.



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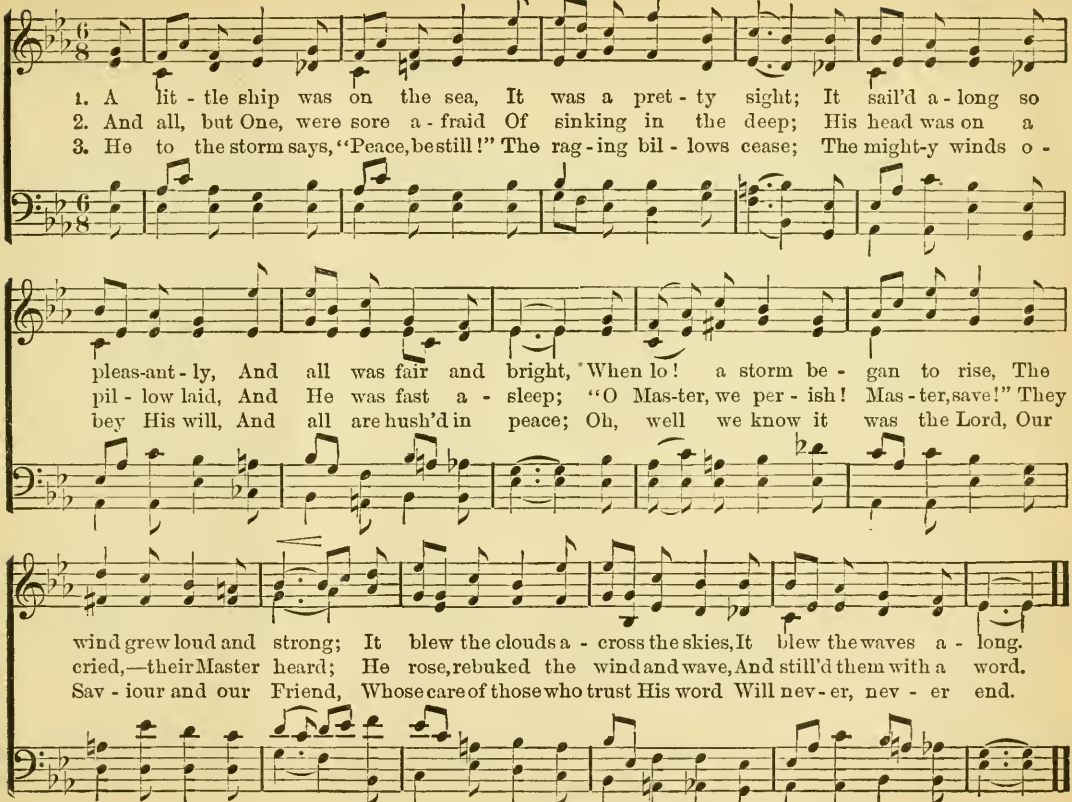
A Little Ship was on the Sea.



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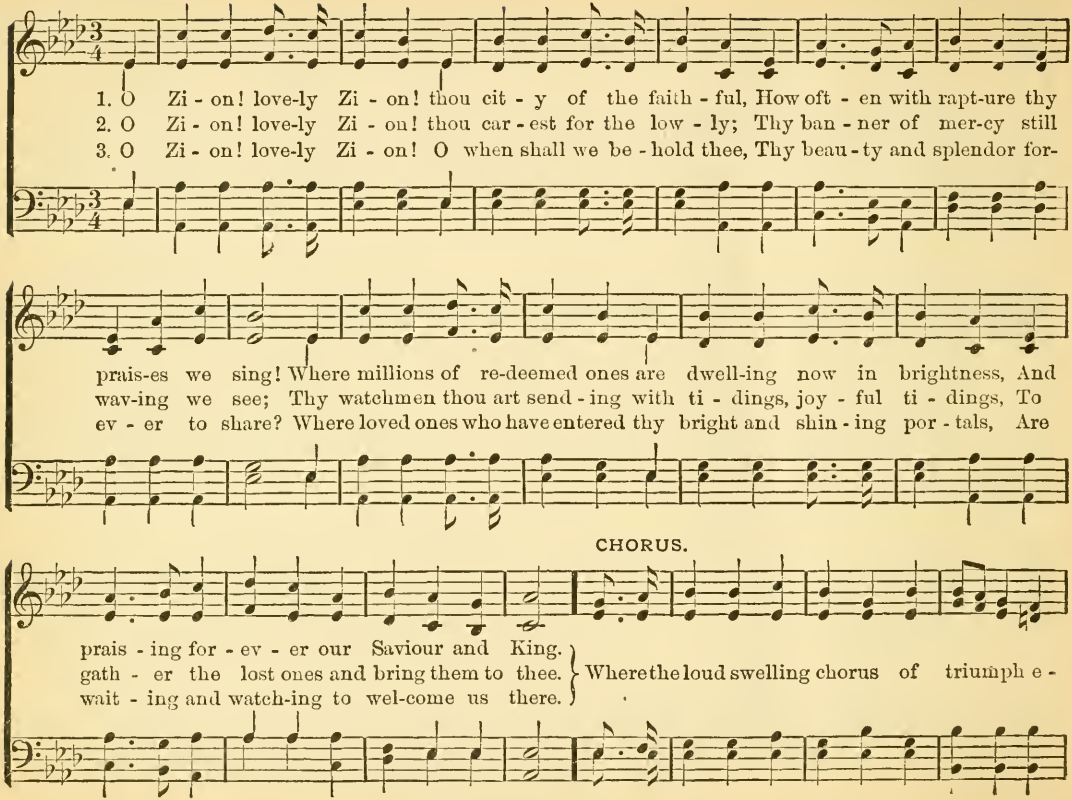
O Zion! Lovely Zion!

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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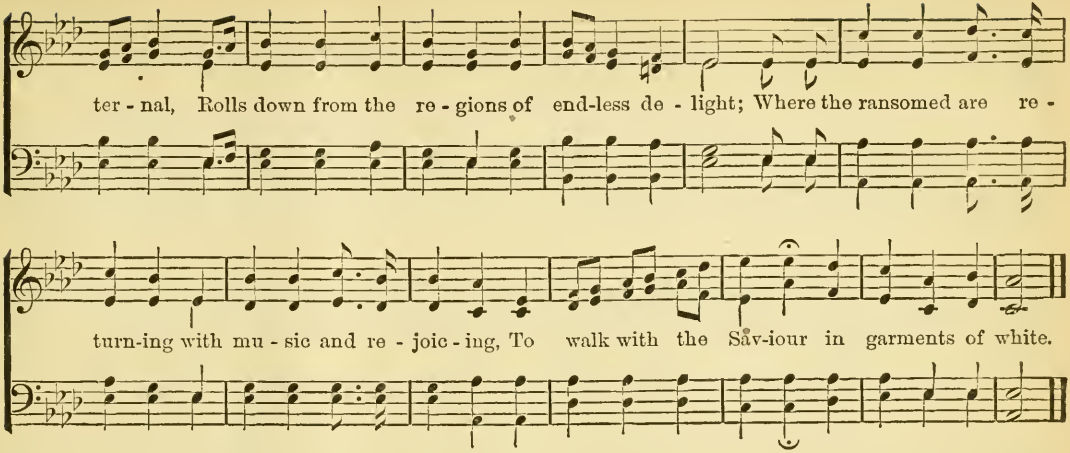
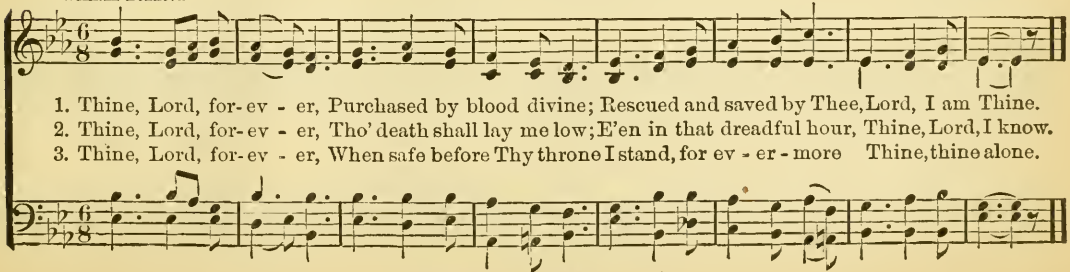


Thine Forever.

William Bennett. Hubert P. Main.



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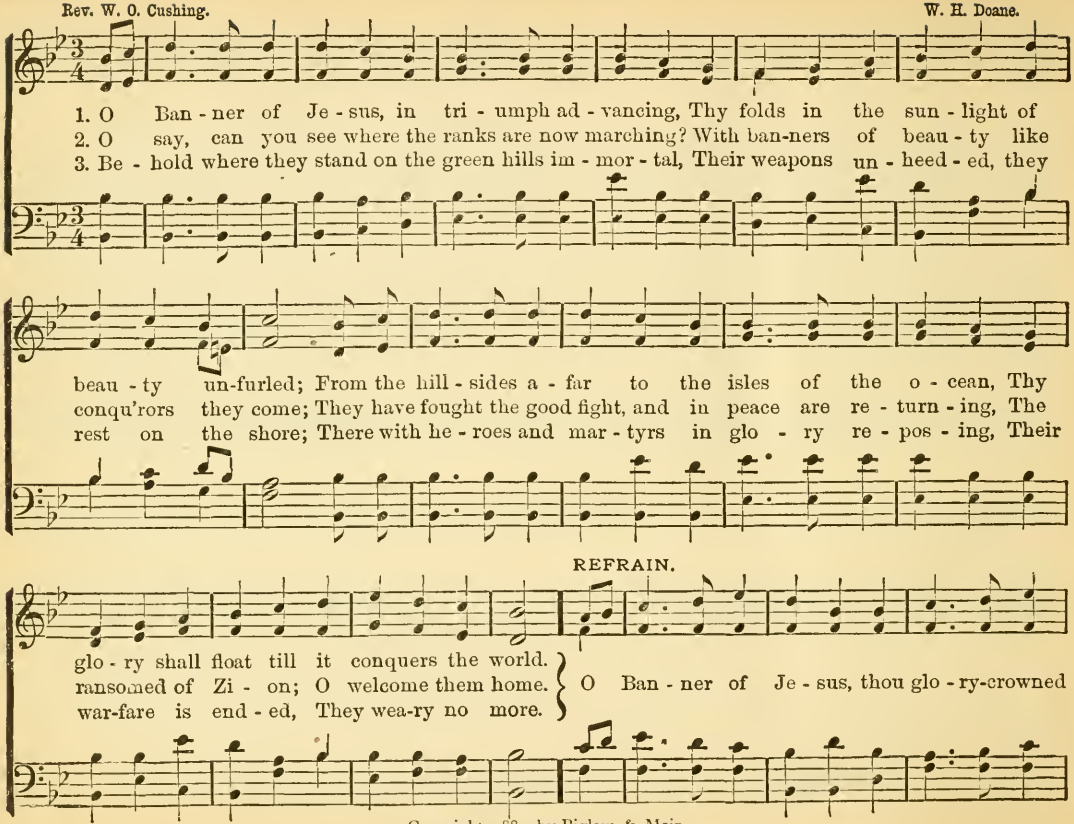
March on, O Banner of Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. W. H. Doane.



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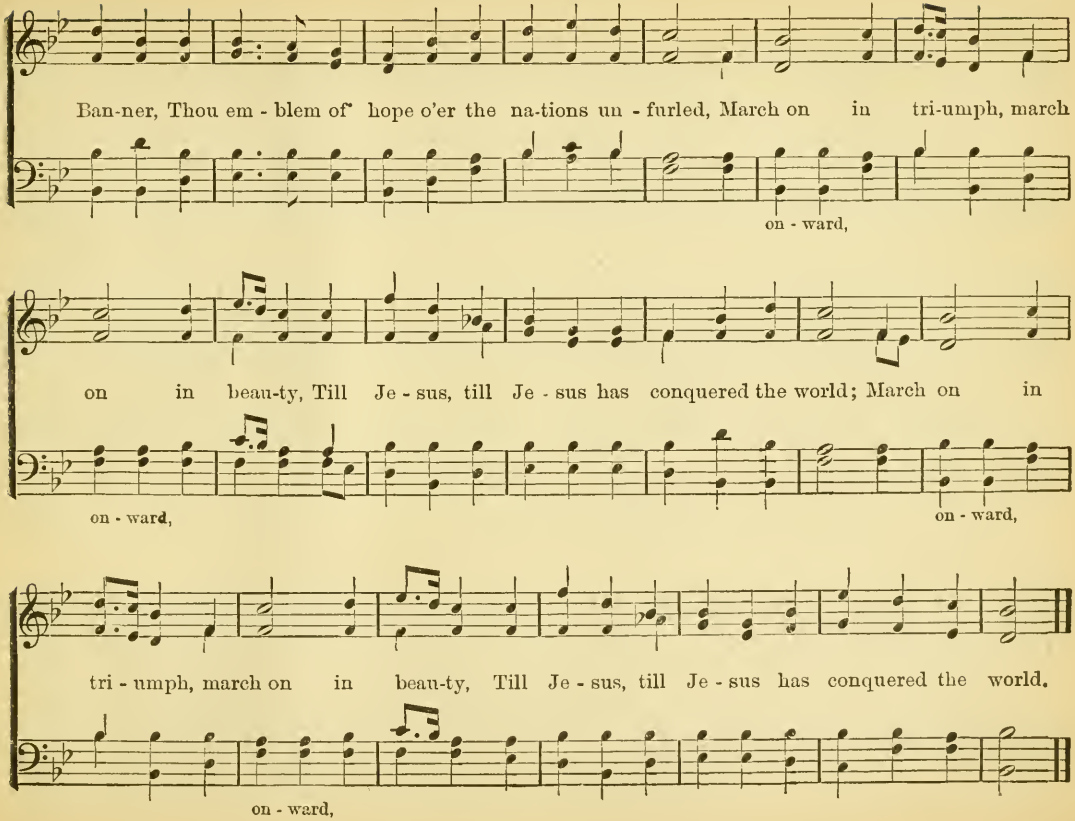
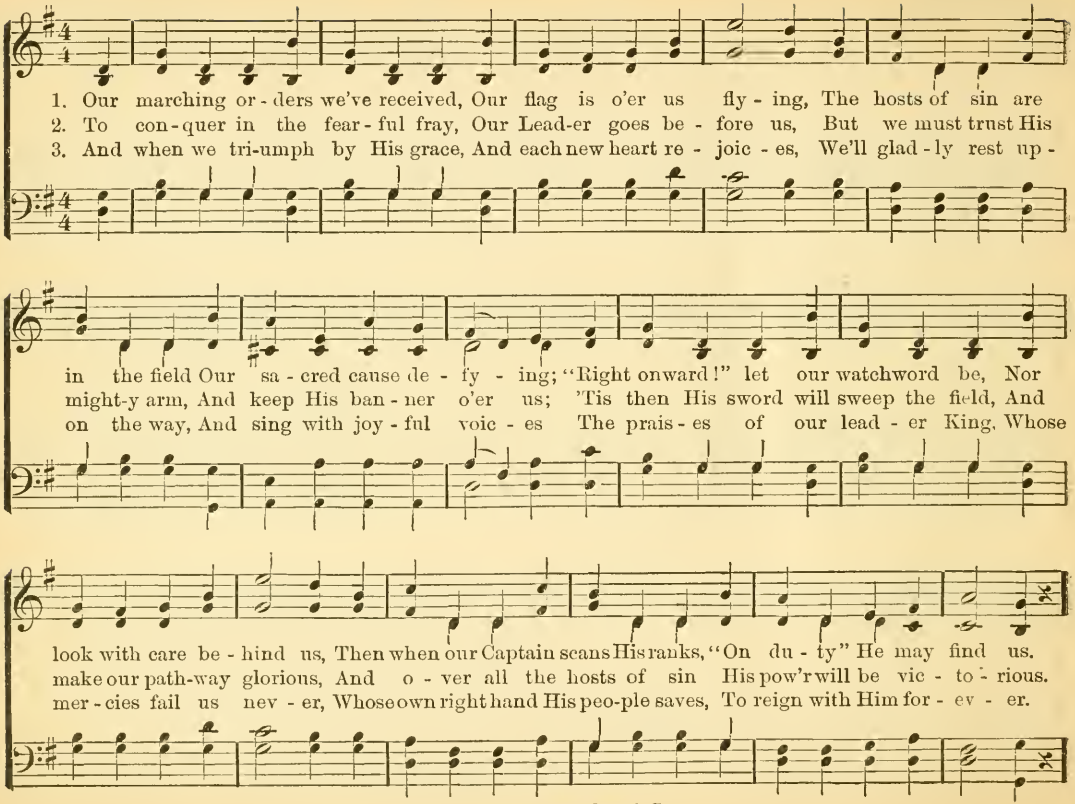

Ban-ner, Thou em - blem of hope o'er the na-tions un - furled, March on in tri-umph, march
on - ward,
on in beau-ty, Till Je - sus, till Je - sus has conquered the world; March on in
on - ward,
on - ward,
tri - umph, march on in beau-ty, Till Je - sus, till Je - sus has conquered the world.
on - ward,

Our Marching Orders.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



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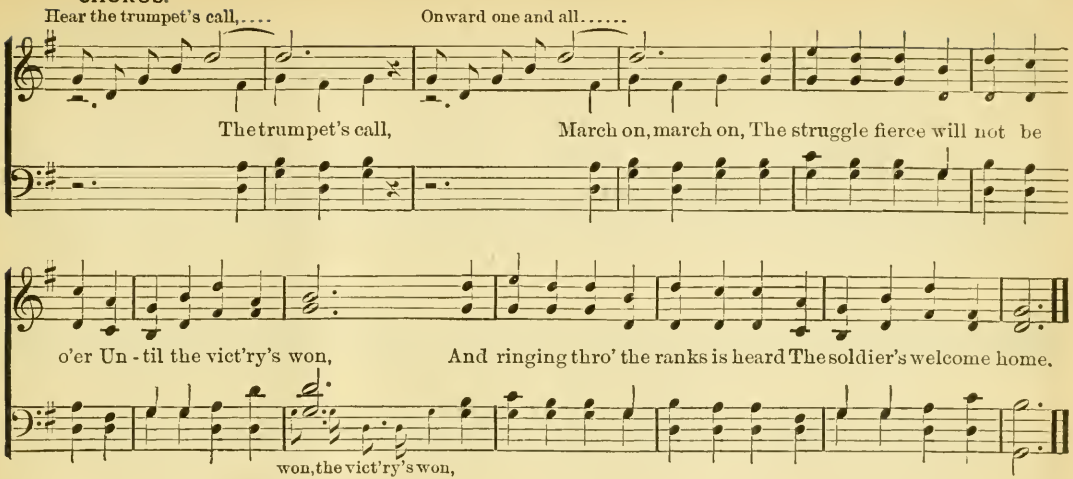
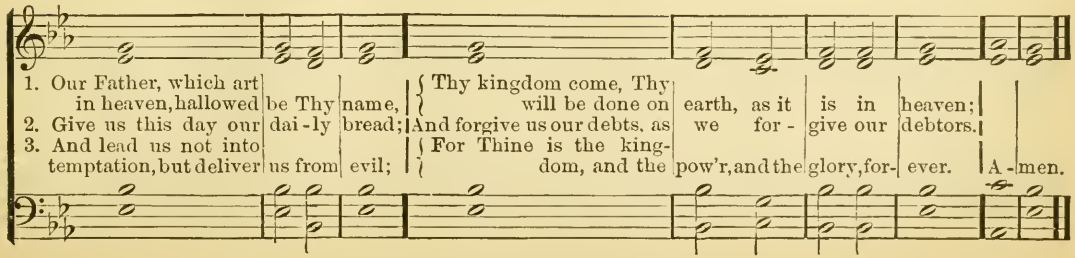


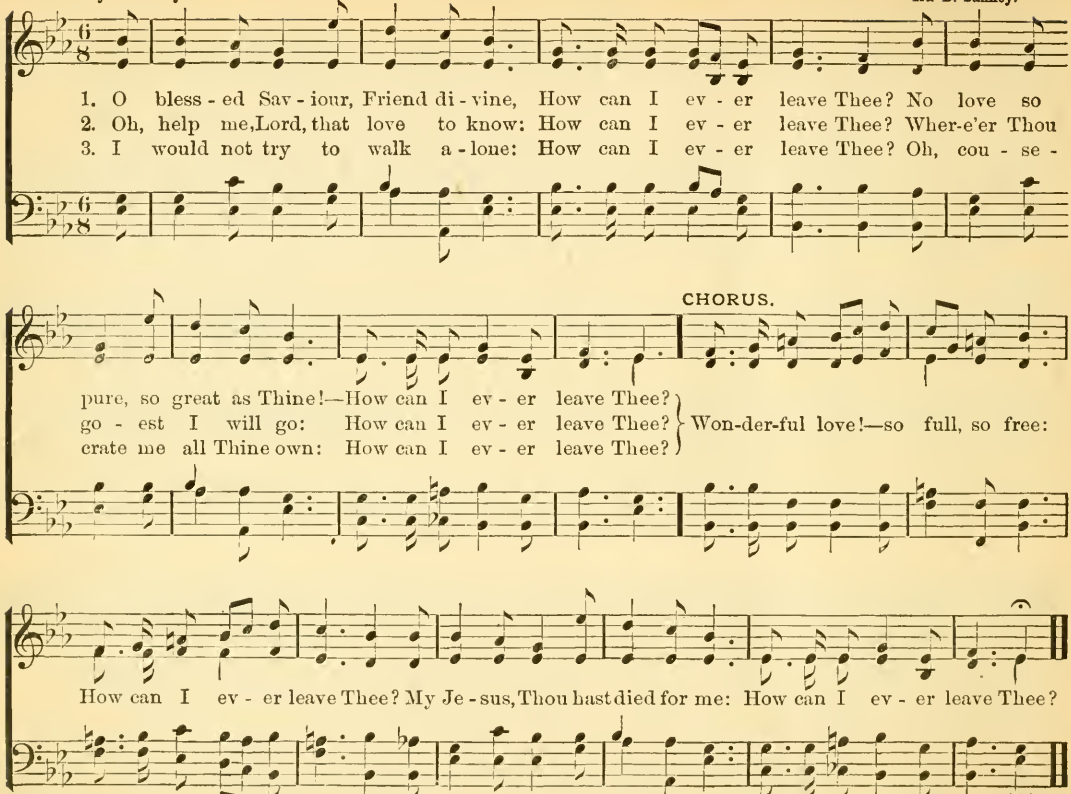
The Lord's Prayer.

Thomas Tallis.



O Blessed Saviour, Friend Divine.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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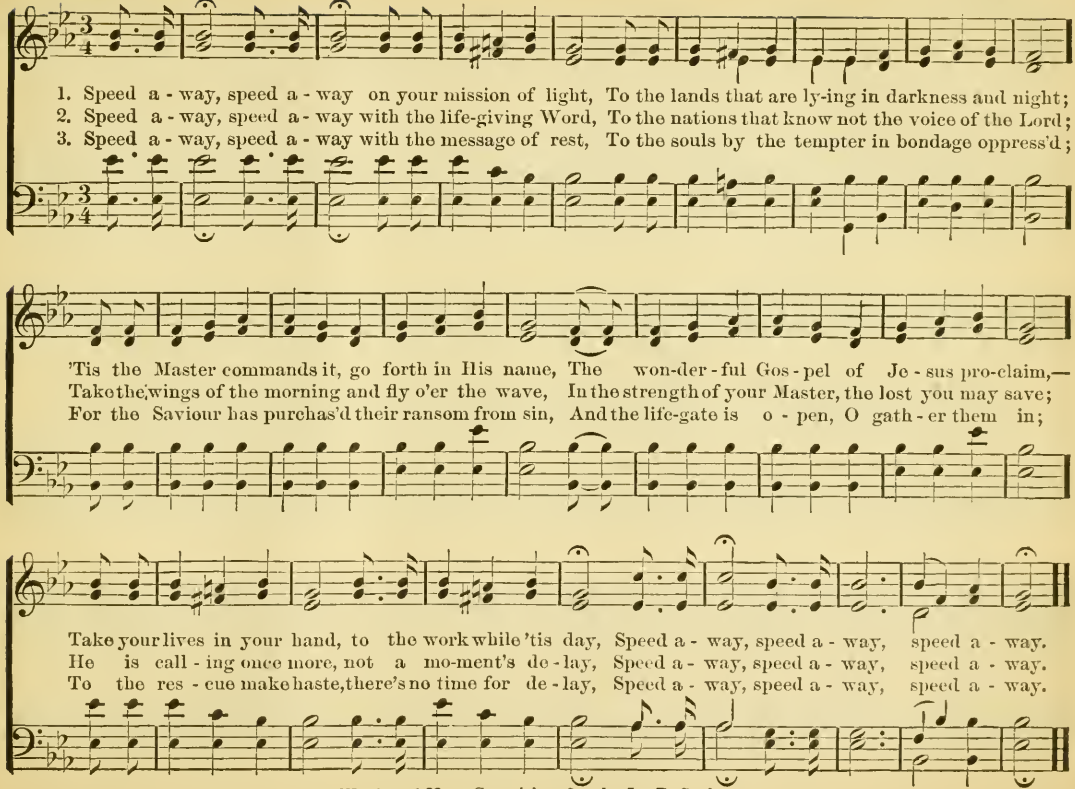
Speed Away.

Fanny J. Crosby. I. B. Woodbury, arr.



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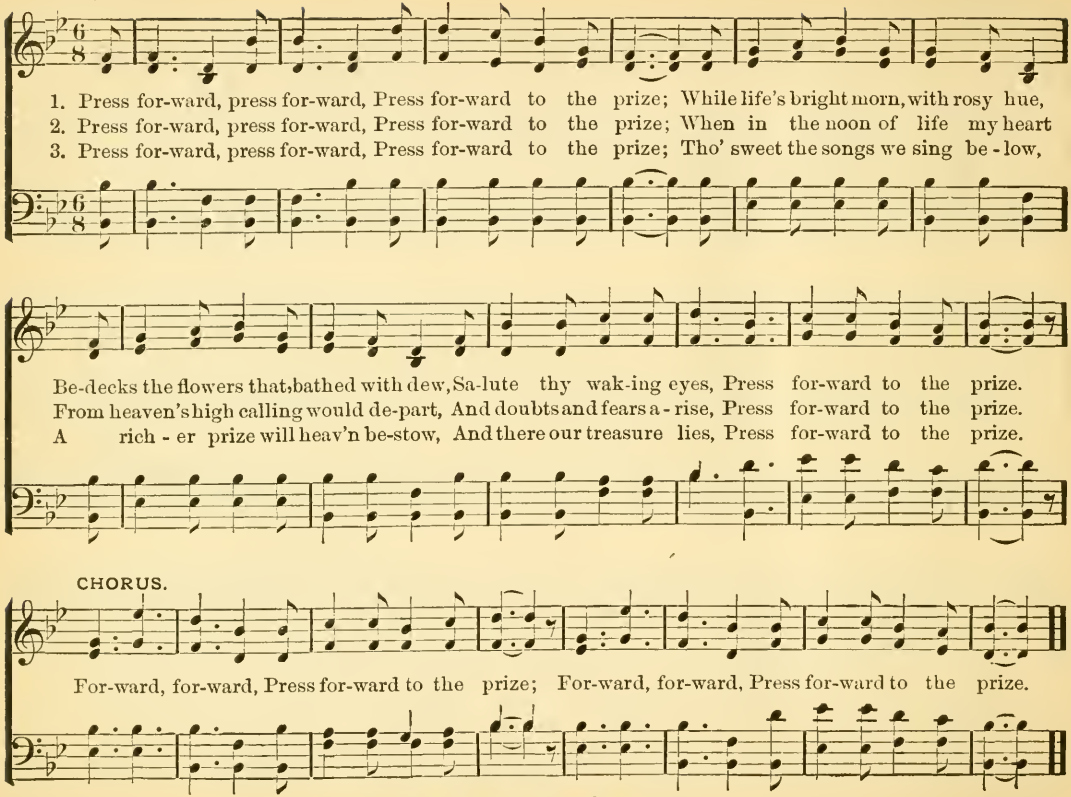
Press Forward.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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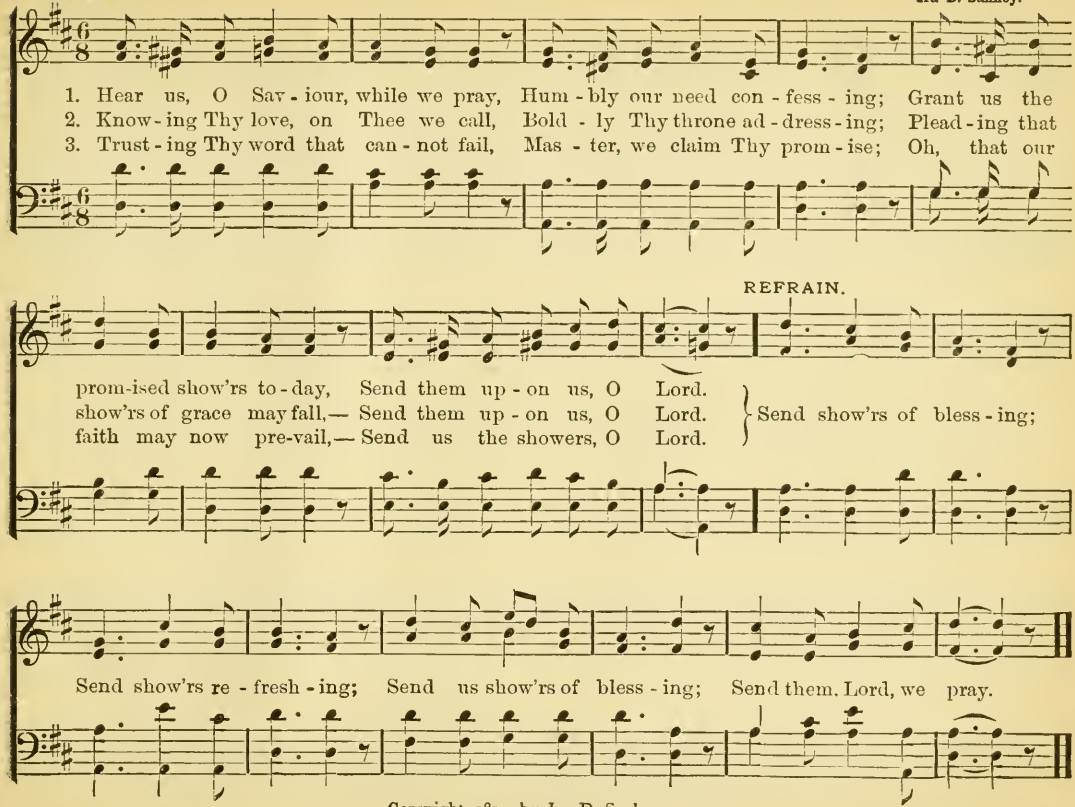
Send Us Showers of Blessing.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



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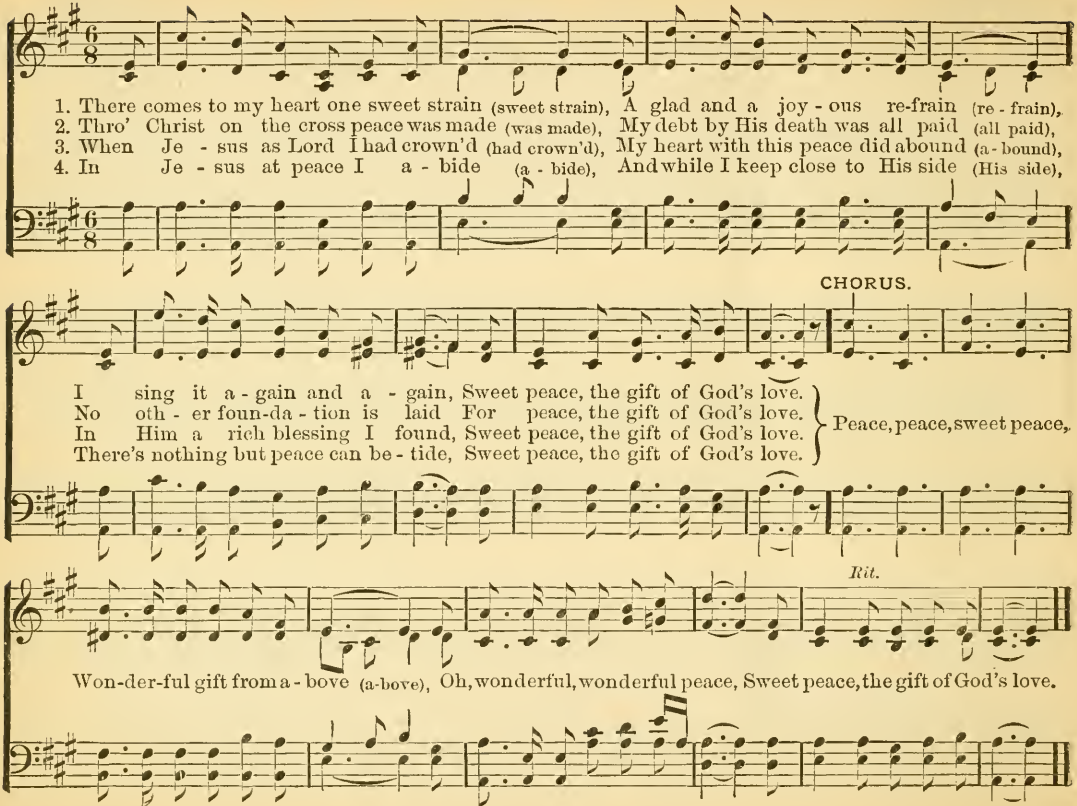
Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. Roblin. Peter Bilhorn.



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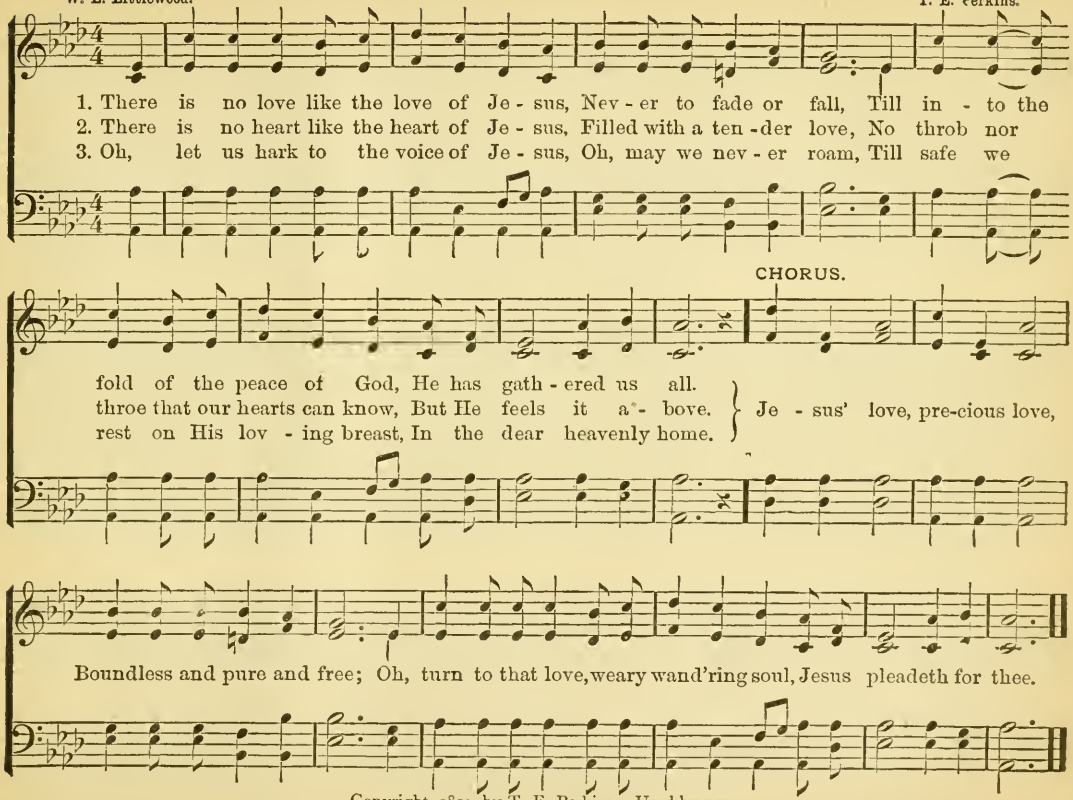
There is no Love like the Love of Jesus.

W. E. Littlewood. T. E. Perkins.



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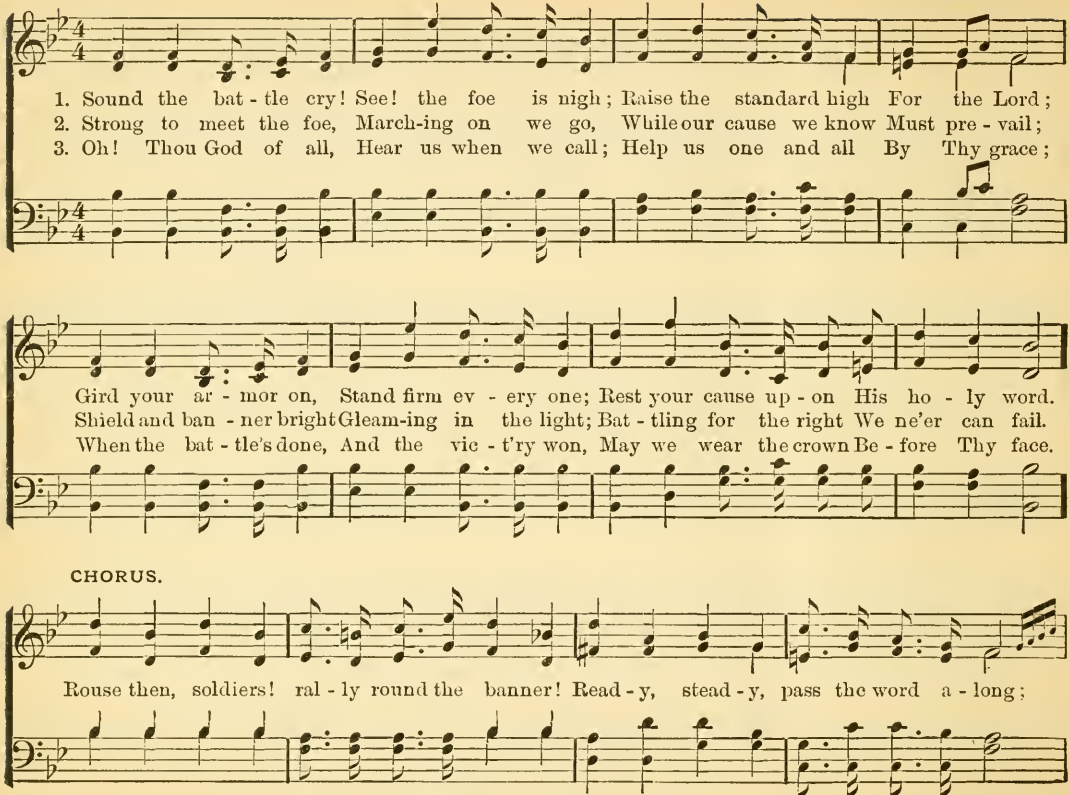
Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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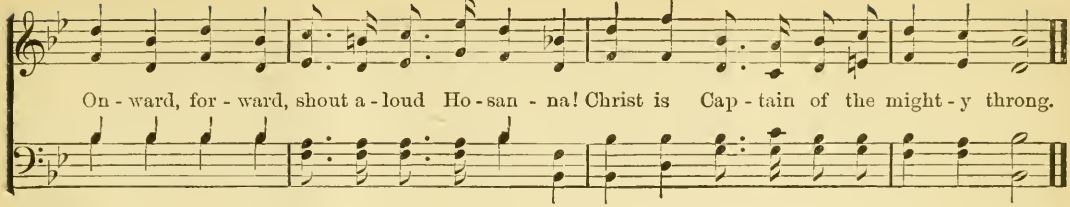
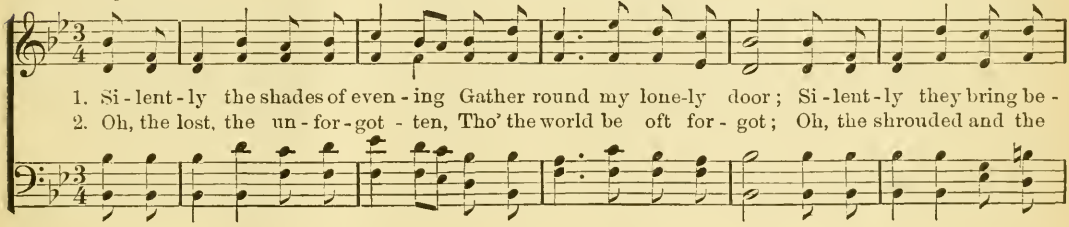
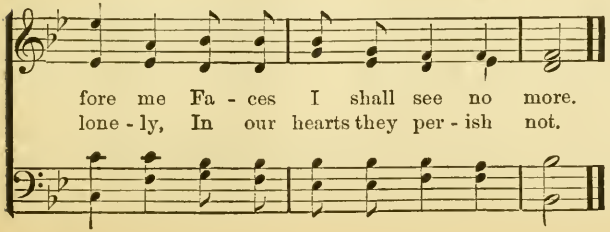


Evening Shadows.

Christopher C. Cox. Rev. D. E. Jones.



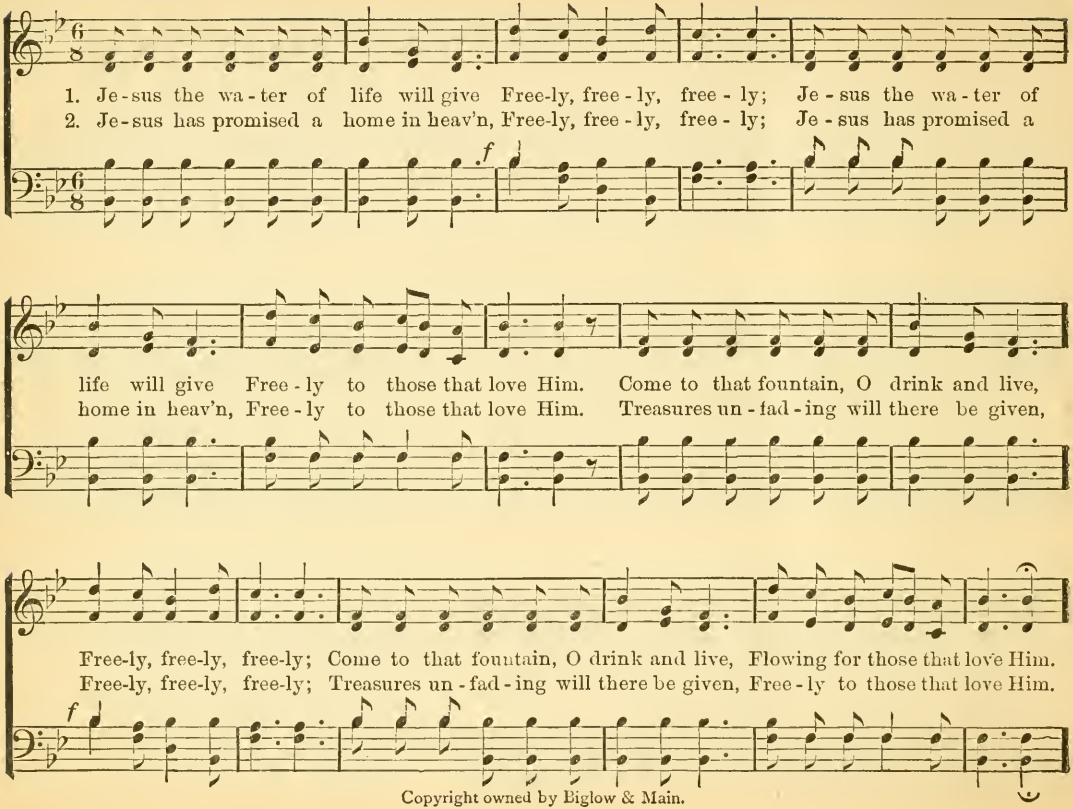


3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,—
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven,
Which we hope to gain at last.

The Water of Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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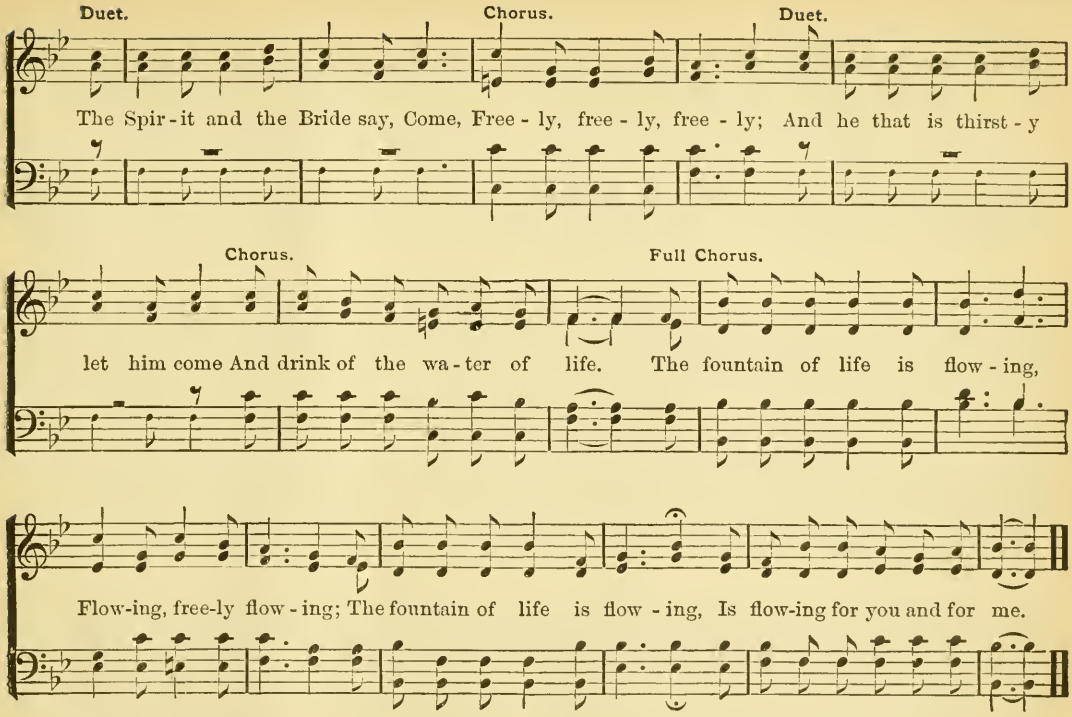
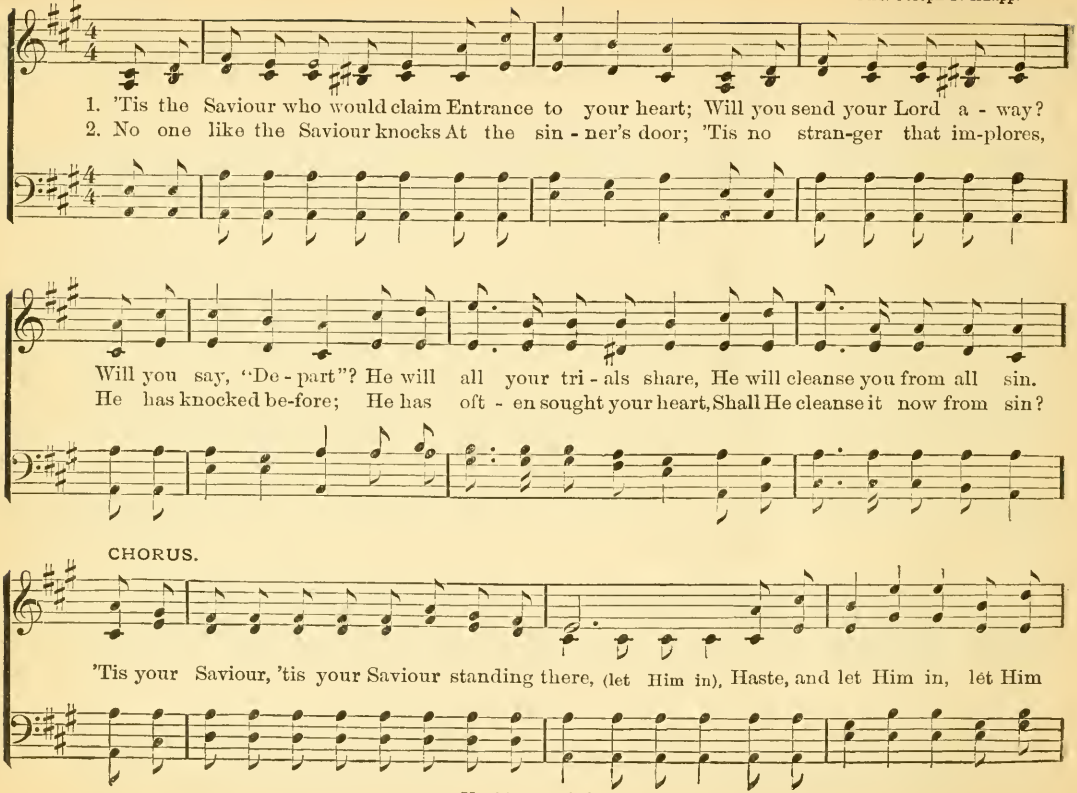


3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely. freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him.

Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love Him.

Let the Saviour in.

Josephine Pollard. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



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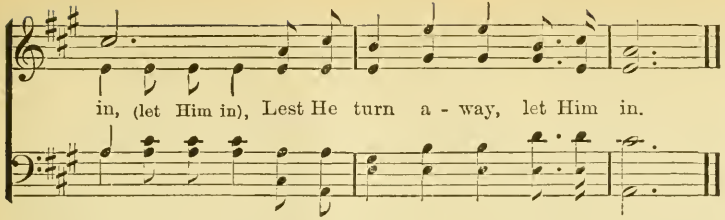
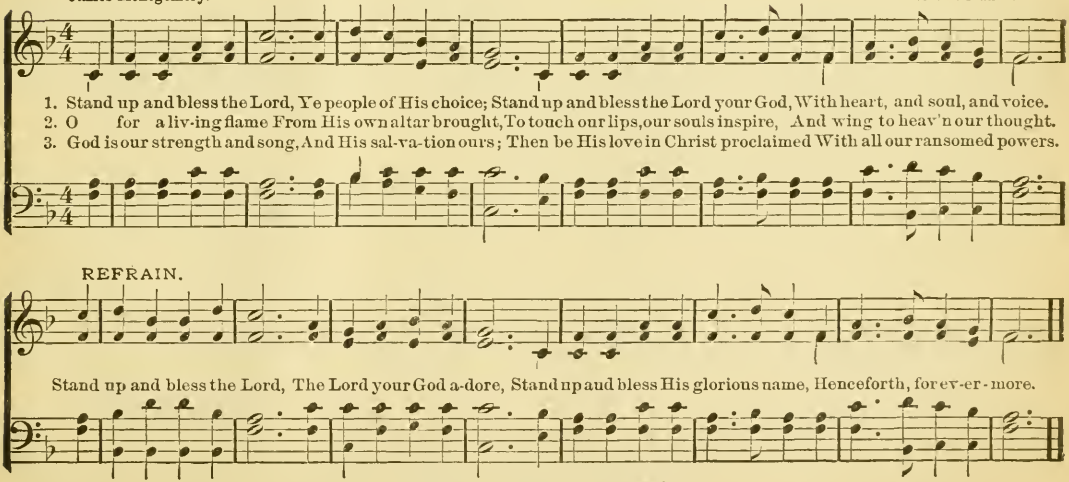


3.
O how can you bid Him wait
Till another day,
When already Jesus weeps
At the long delay?
'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And 'tis you He longs to win;
Cho.—'Tis your Saviour, etc.

Bless the Lord.

James Montgomery. Rev. S. Alman.



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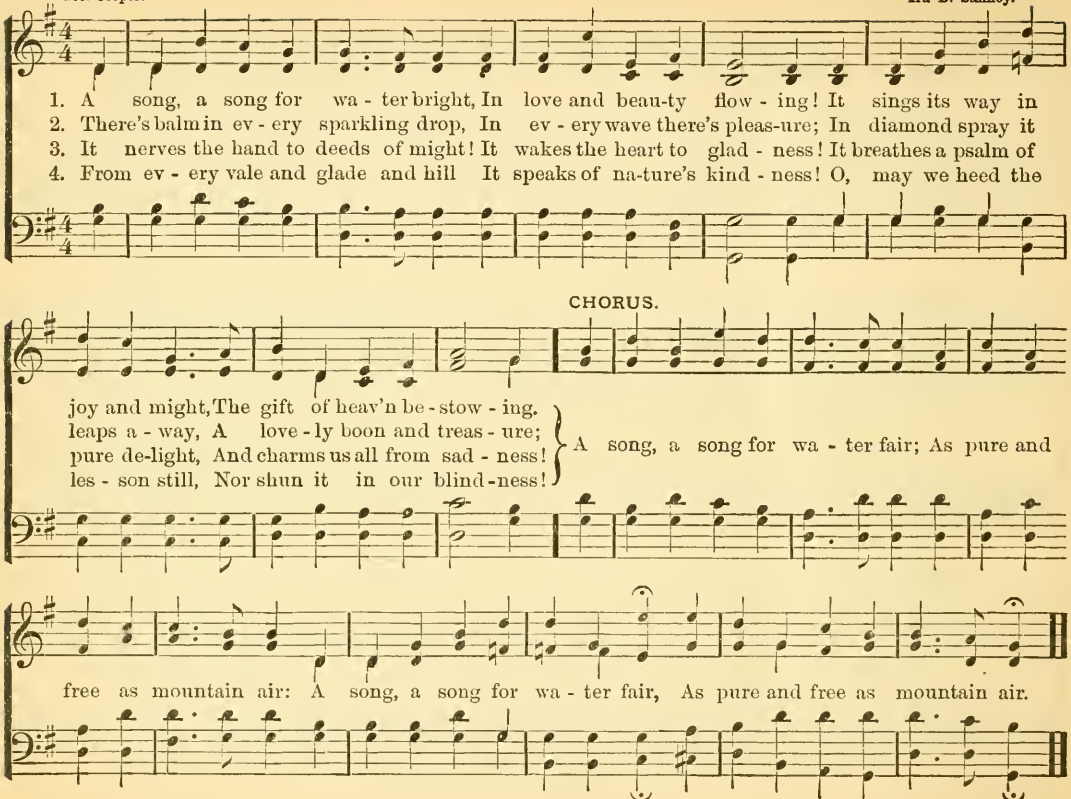
A Song for Water Bright.

Geo. Cooper. Ira D. Sankey.



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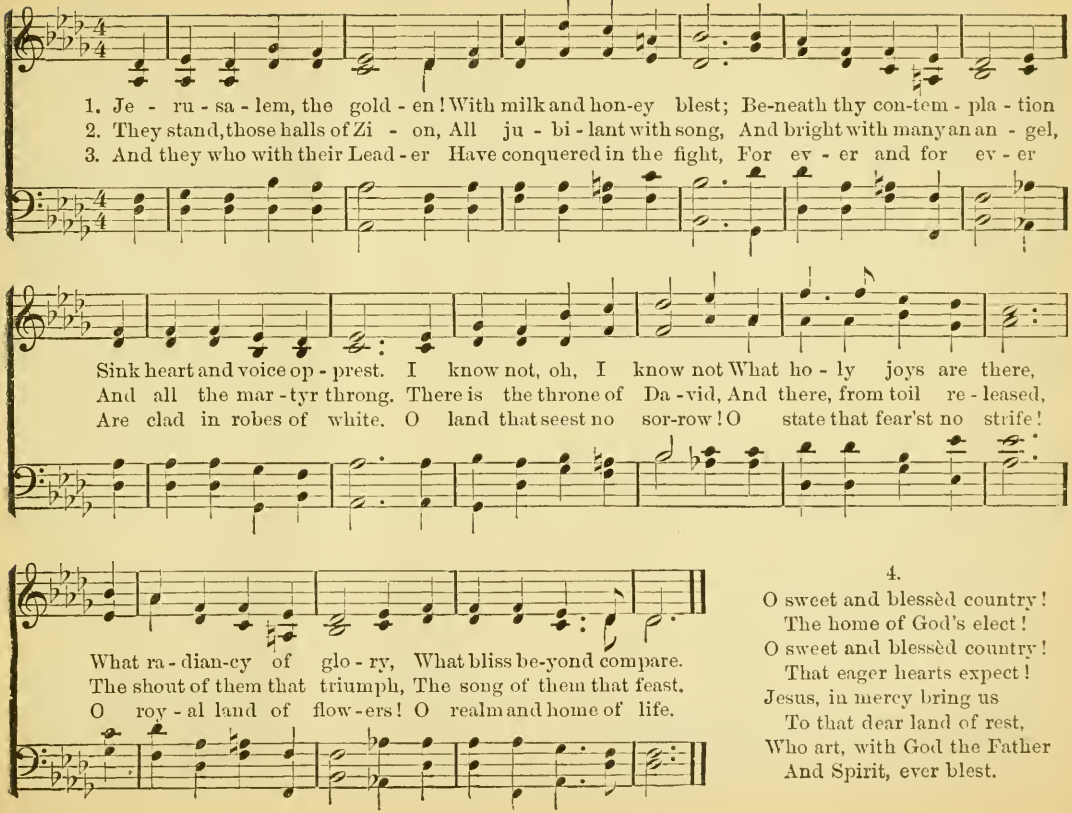
Jerusalem, the Golden!

S. Bernard. Alex. Ewing.



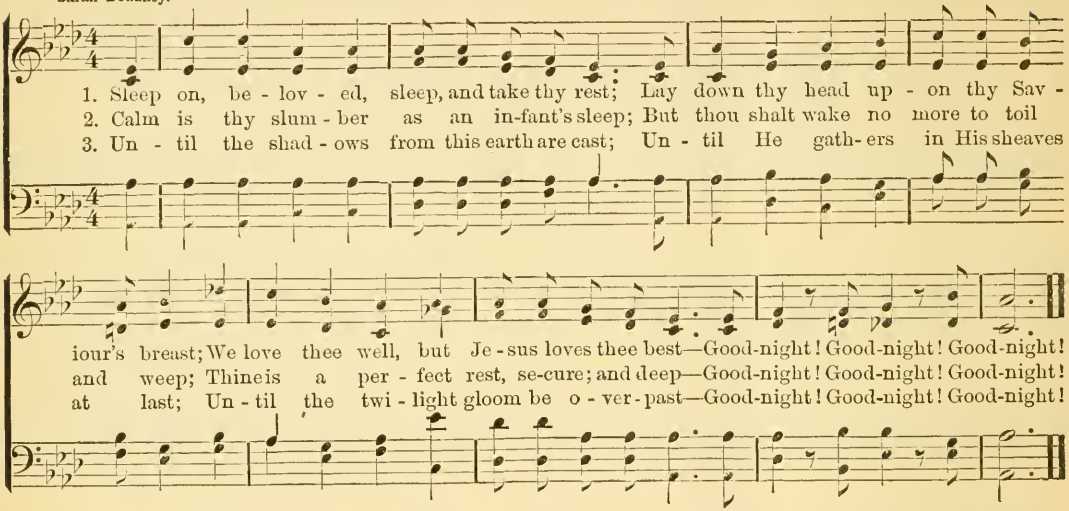
4.

O sweet and blessèd country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country!
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," so sure were they of their awakening on the "Resurrection Morning."

Sarah Doudney. Ira D. Sankey.



4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

6 Only "good-night," belovèd—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

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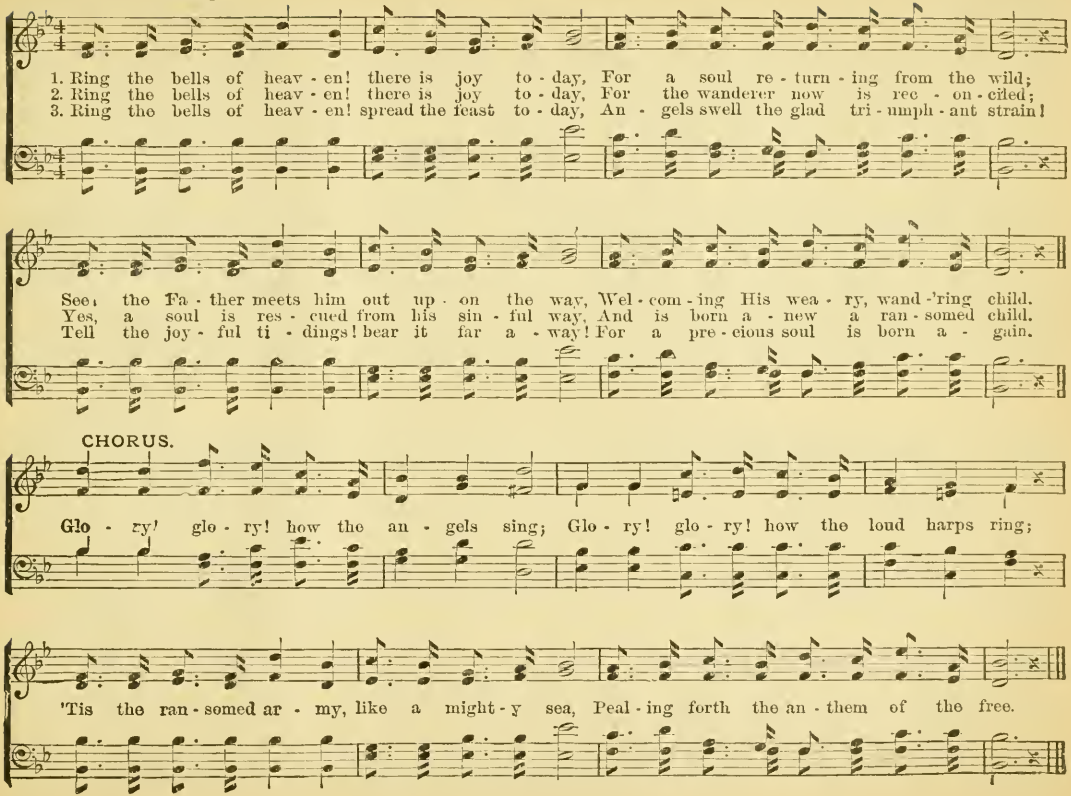
Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.



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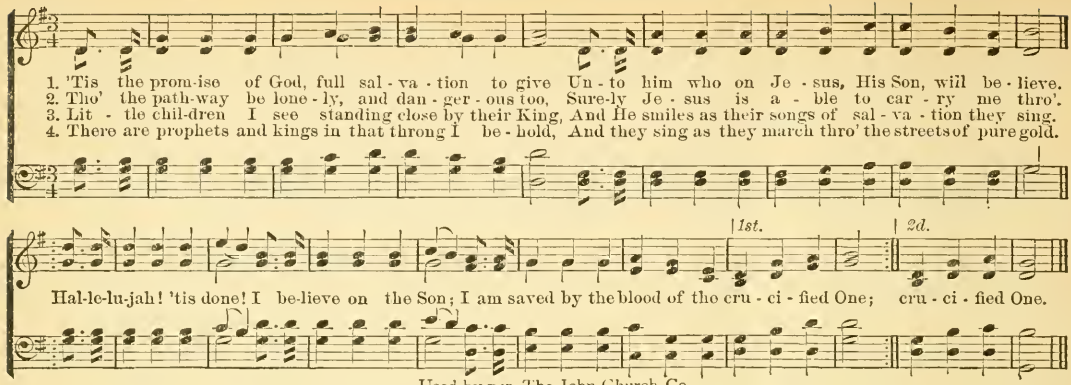
Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

P. P. Bliss.



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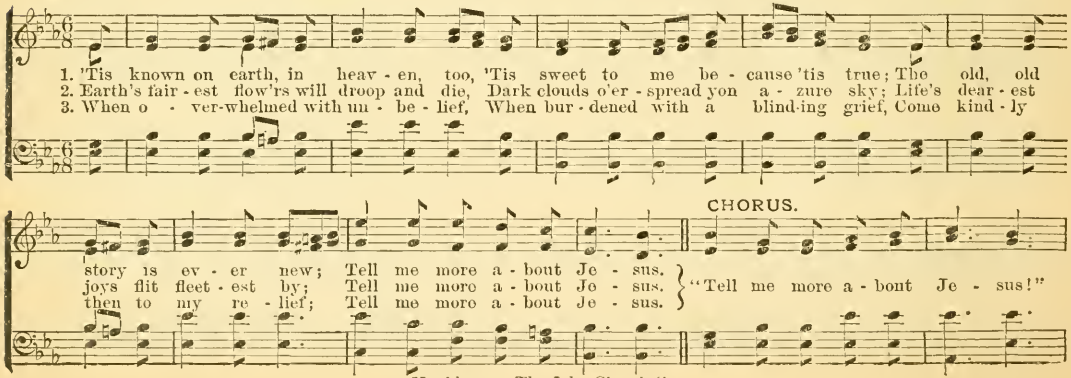
P. P. Bliss.

Tell me More about Jesus.

James McGranahan.



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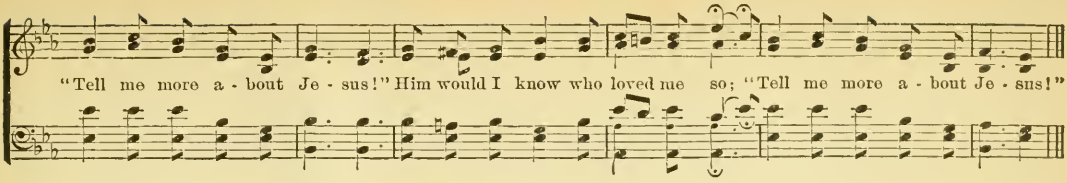
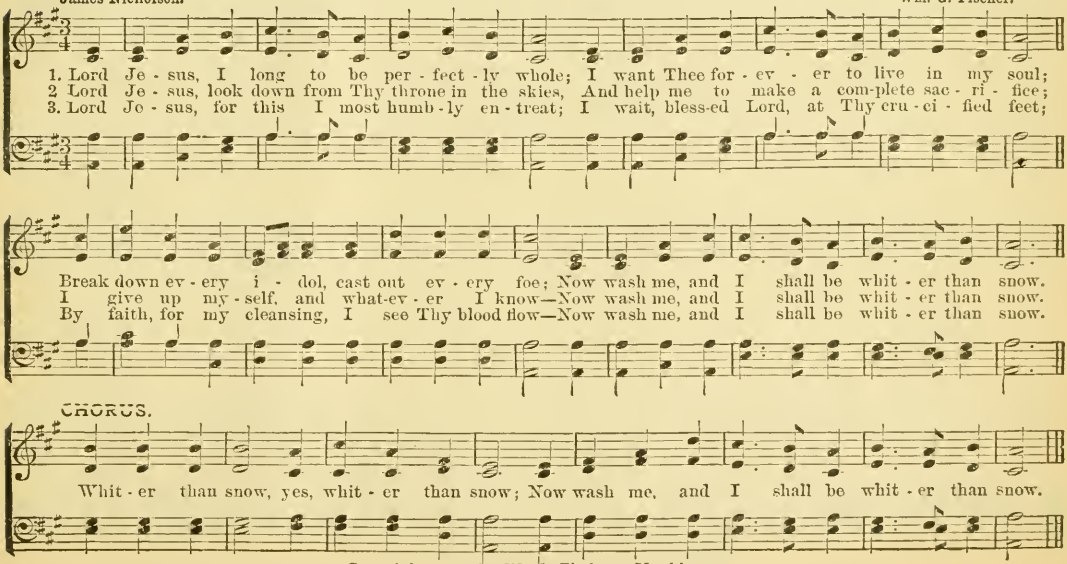


Whiter than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.



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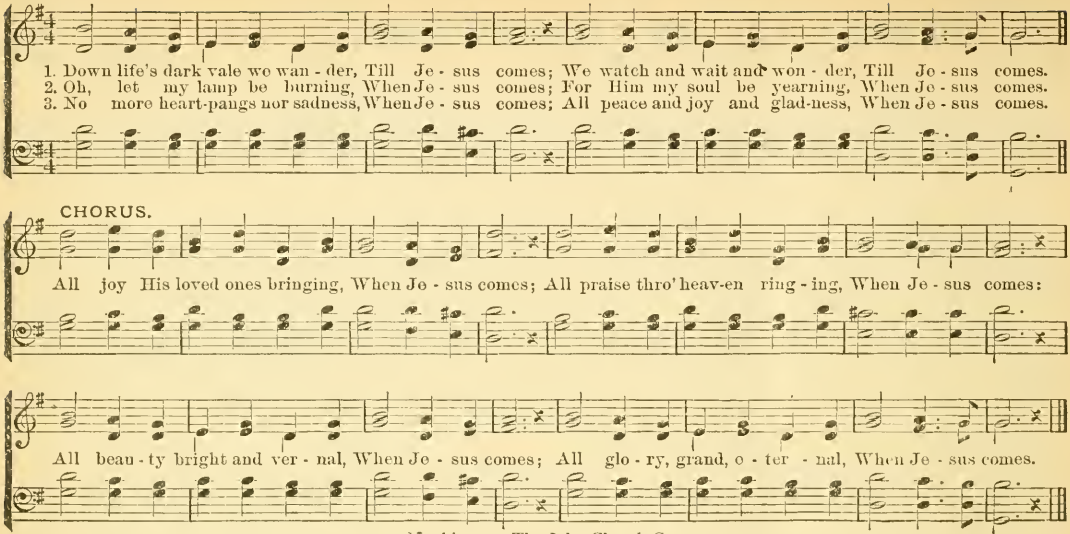
When Jesus Comes.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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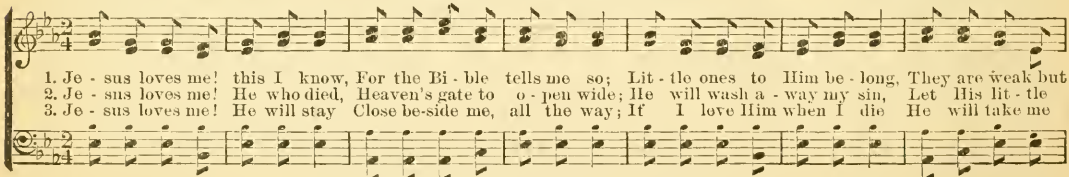
Anna B. Warner.

Jesus Loves Me!

Wm. B. Bradbury.



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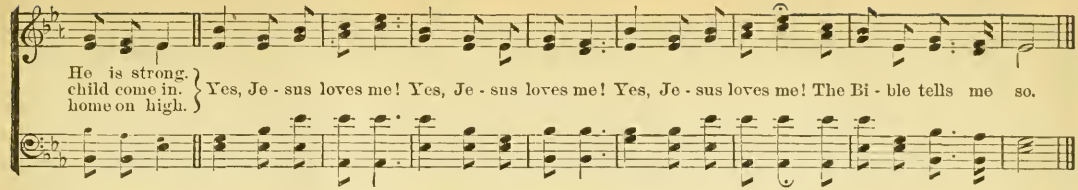
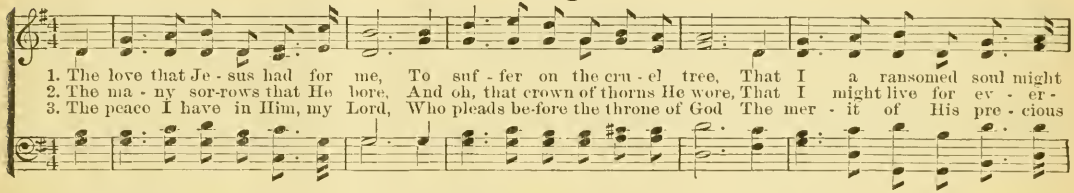
CHORUS.

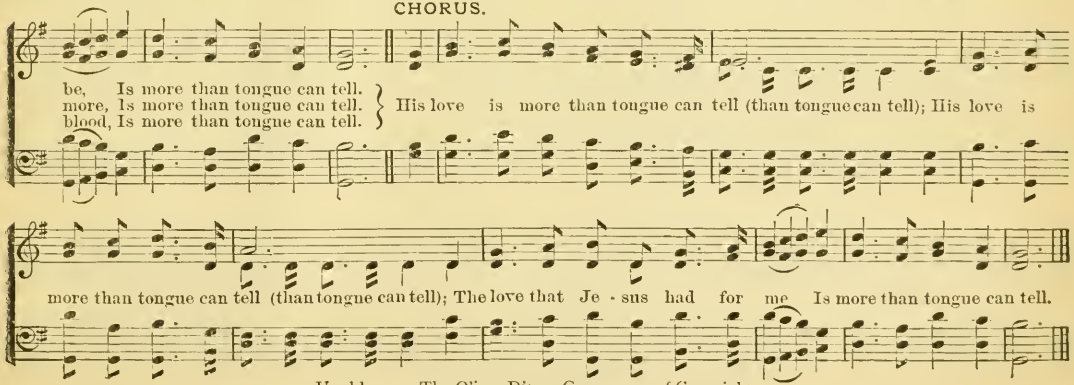


More than Tongue can Tell.

J. E. H., arr. J. E. Hall.



CHORUS.



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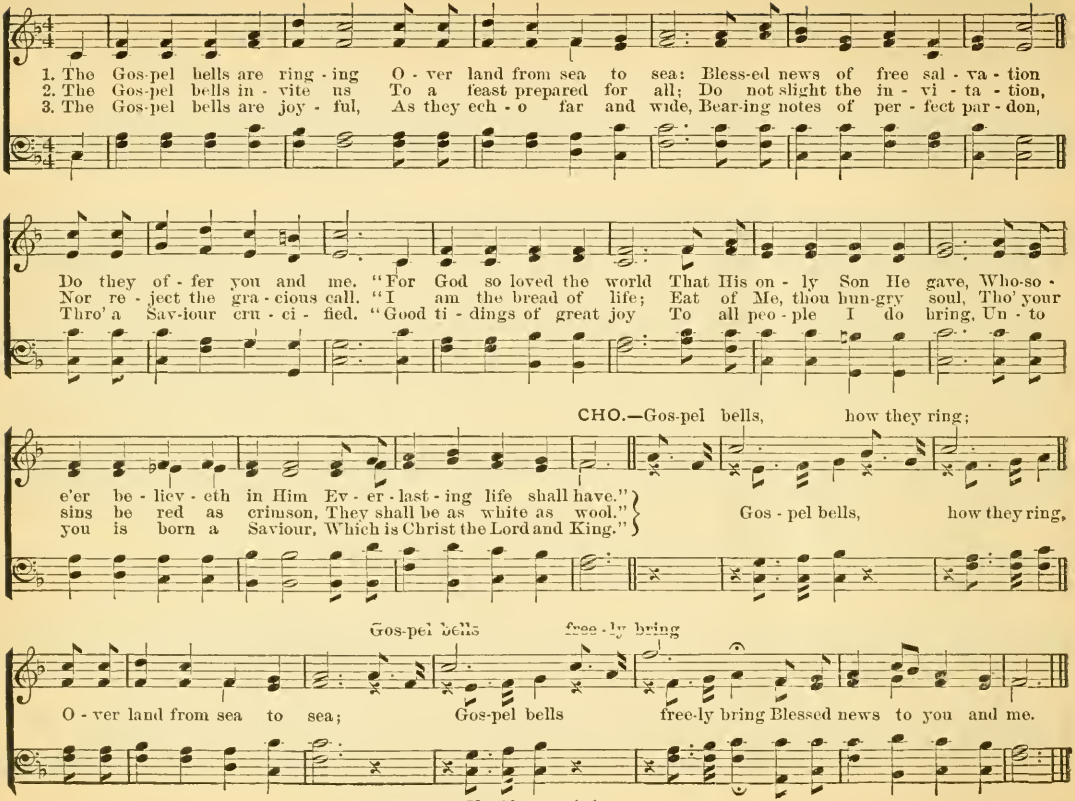
The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M.

S. Wesley Martin.



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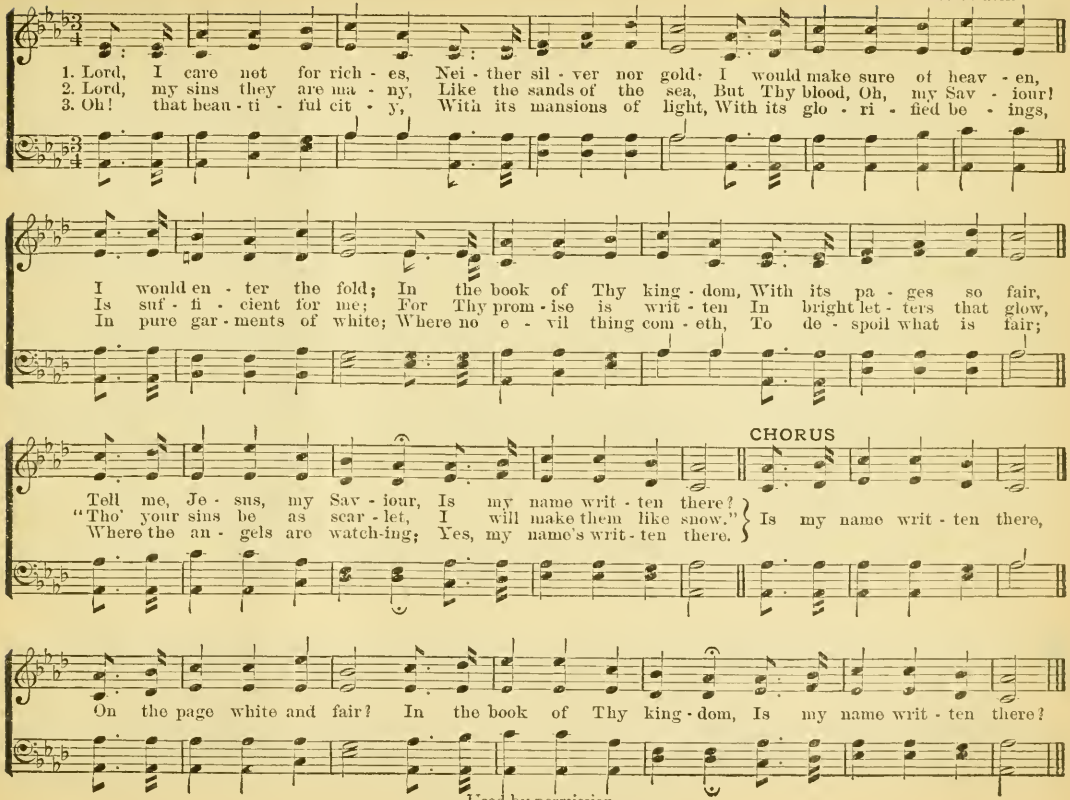
Is My Name Written There?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.



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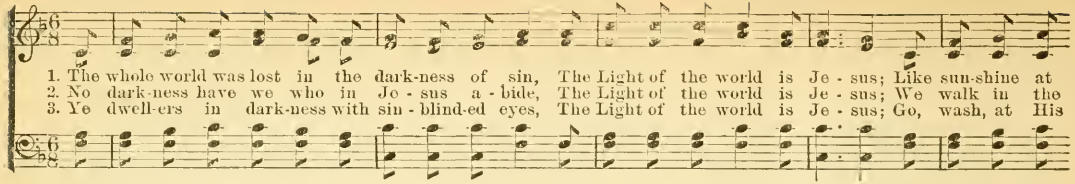
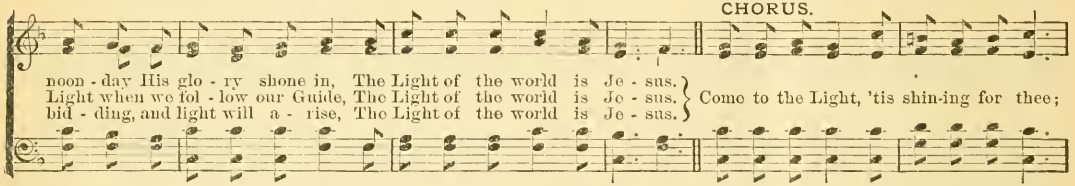
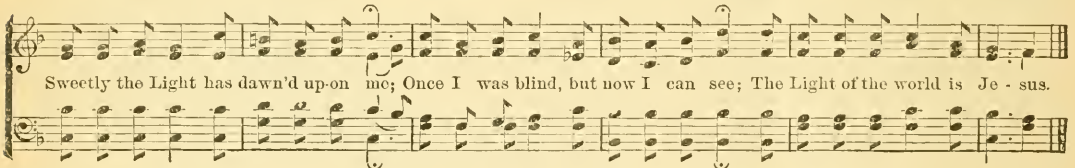
202 P. P. B. The Light of the World is Jesus. P. P. Bliss.







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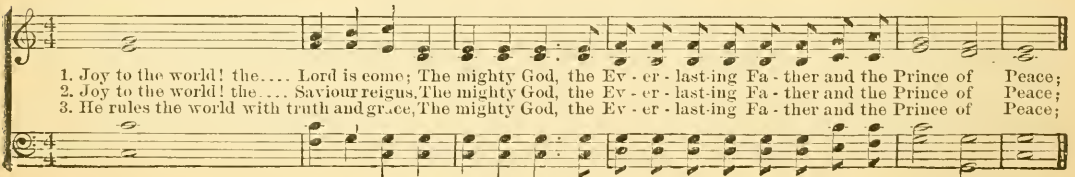
I. Watts, arr. **Joy to the World.** Geo. F. Root.



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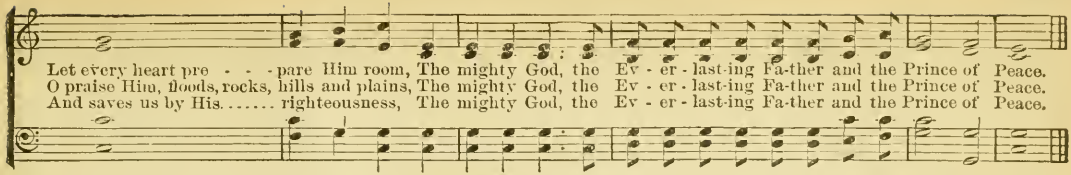
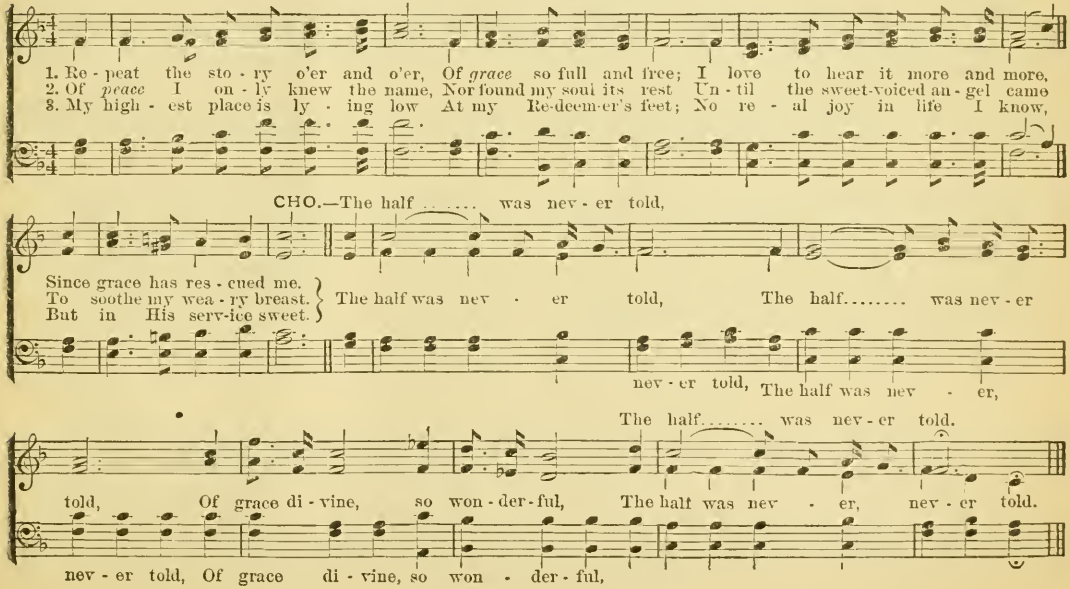


P. P. B.

The Half was Never Told.

P. P. Bliss.



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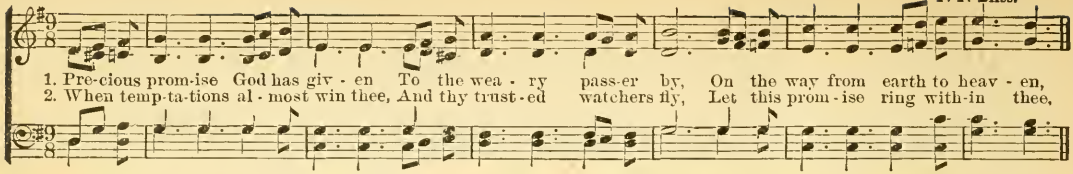
Precious Promise.

Nathaniel Niles. P. P. Bliss.



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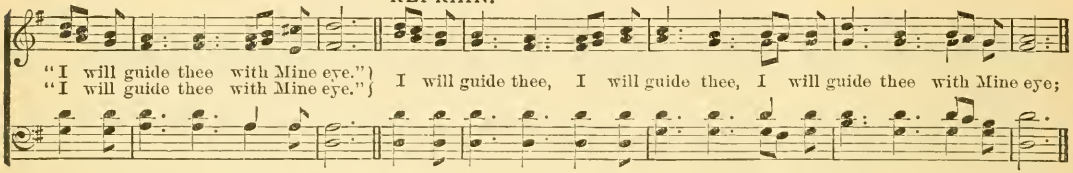

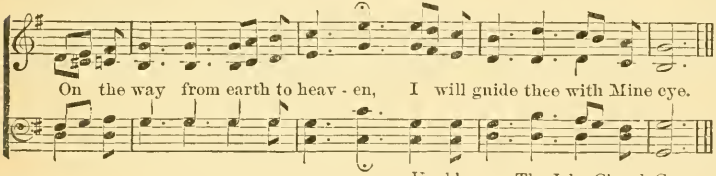

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

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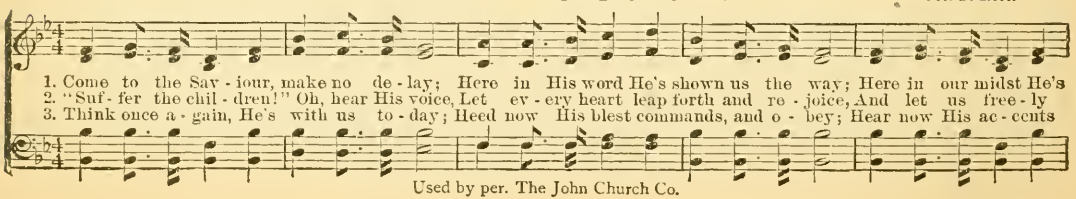
Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



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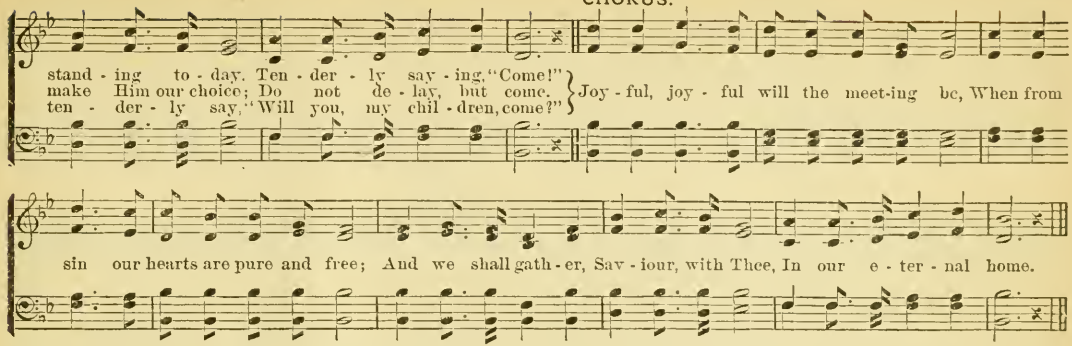
Come to the Saviour.—Concluded.

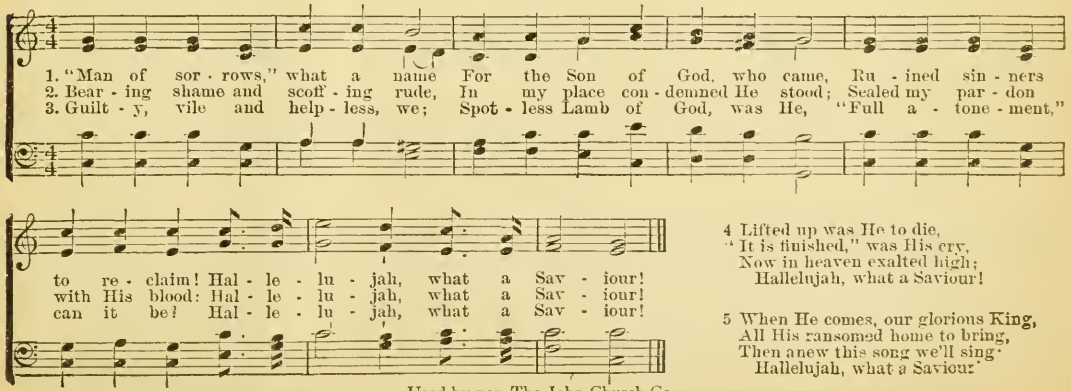
CHORUS.



P. P. B.

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

P. P. Bliss.



4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

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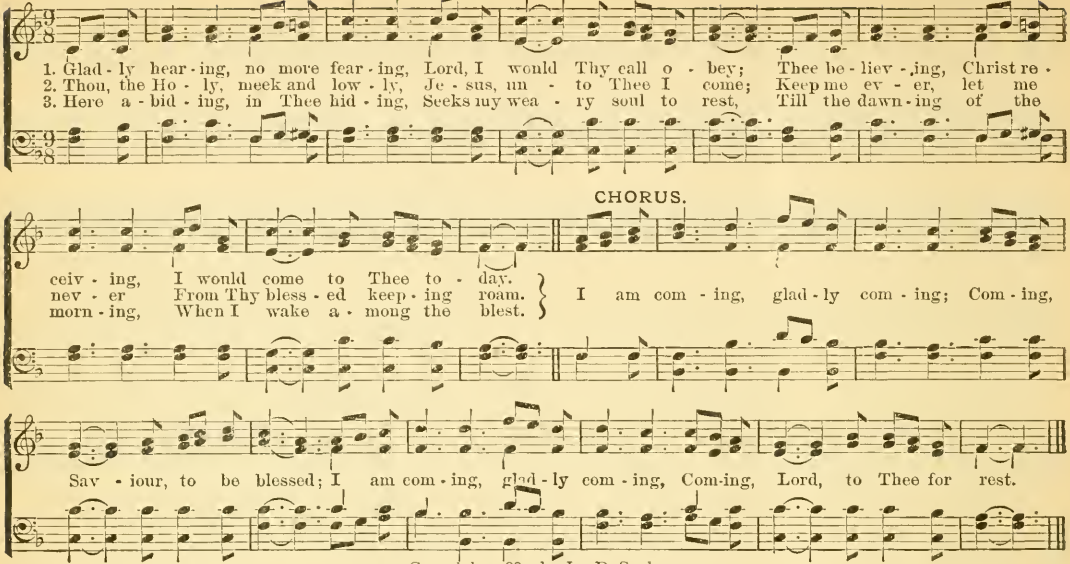
I am Coming.

Helen R. Young. Ira D. Sankey.



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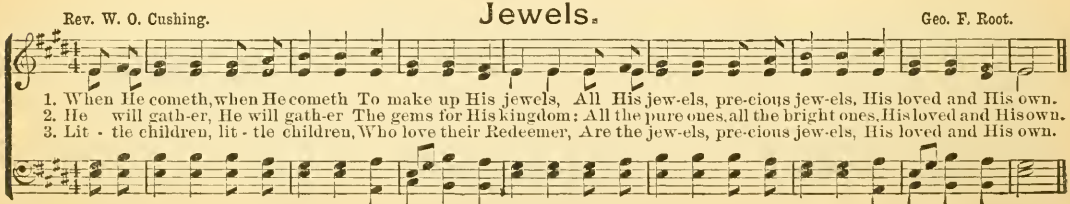
Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.



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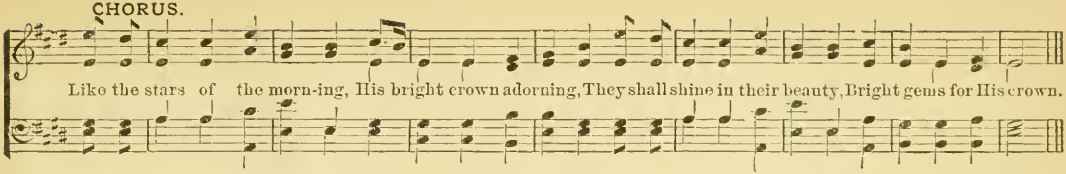
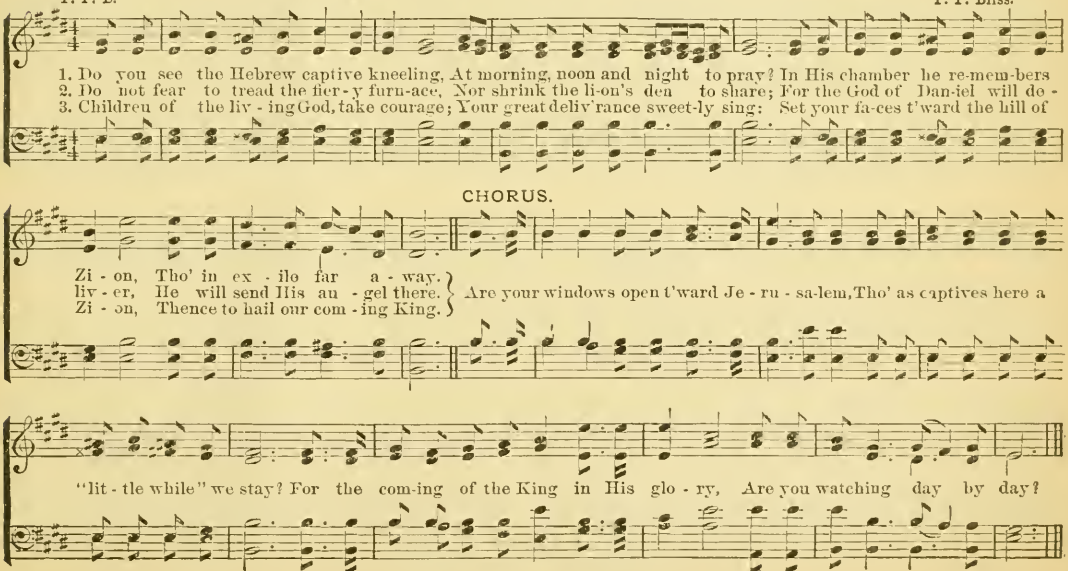
CHORUS.



Windows Open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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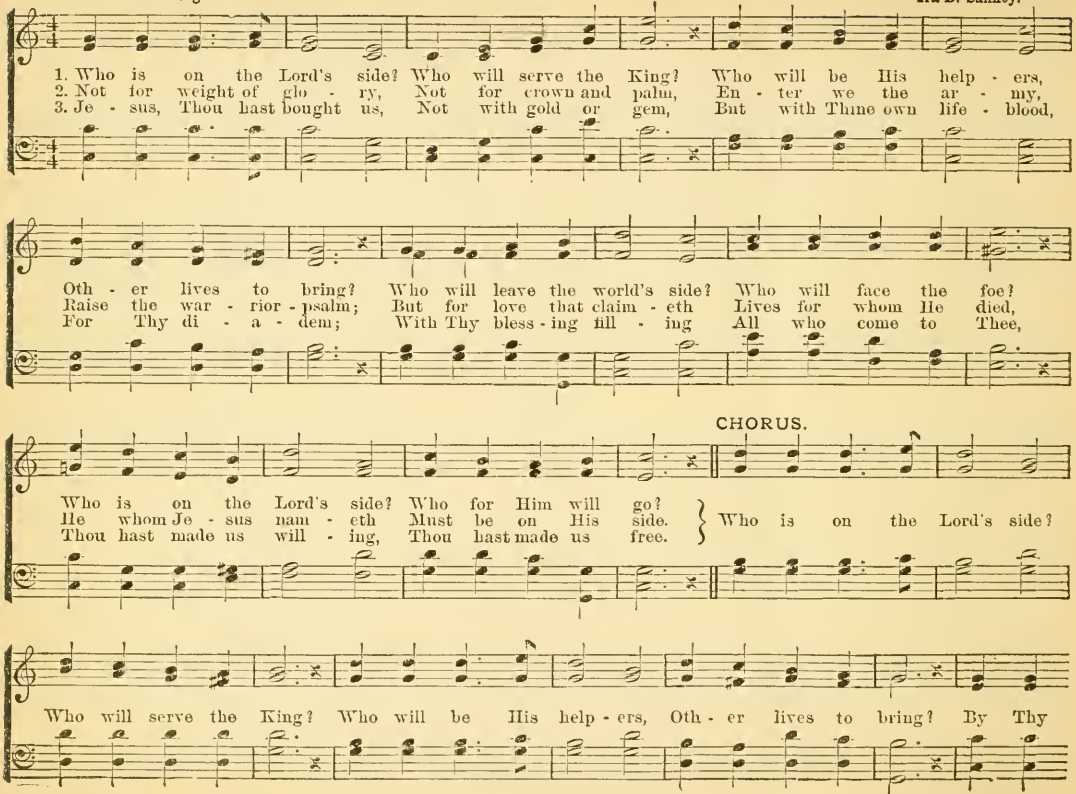
Who is on the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.



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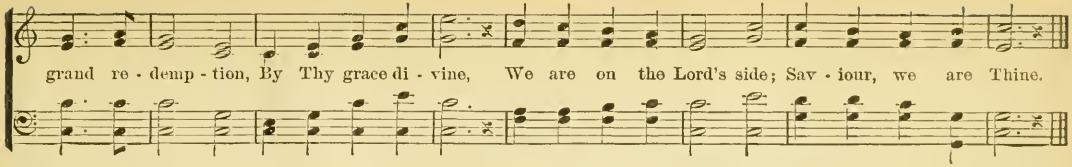
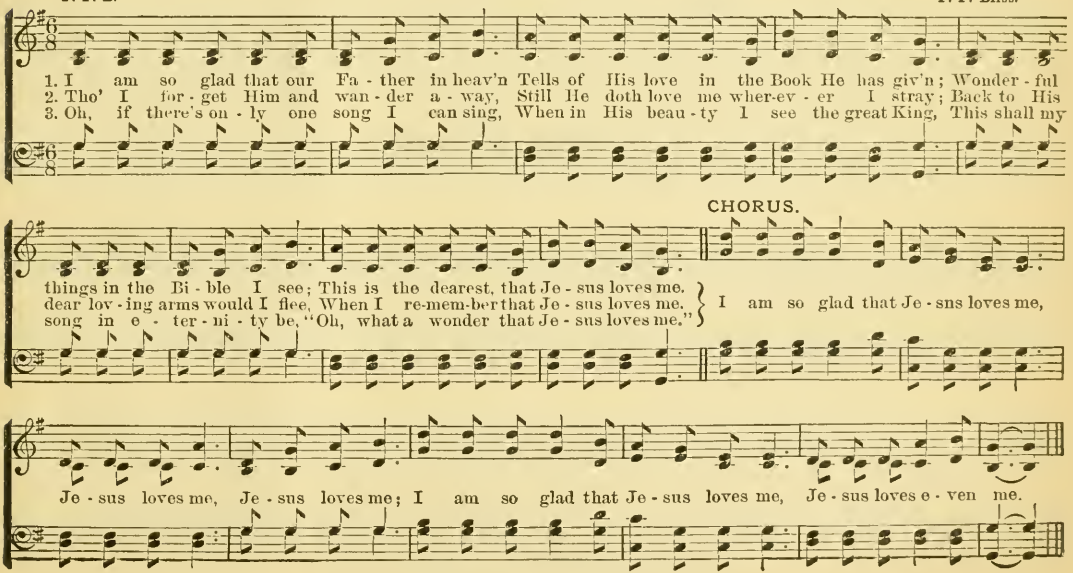


Jesus Loves even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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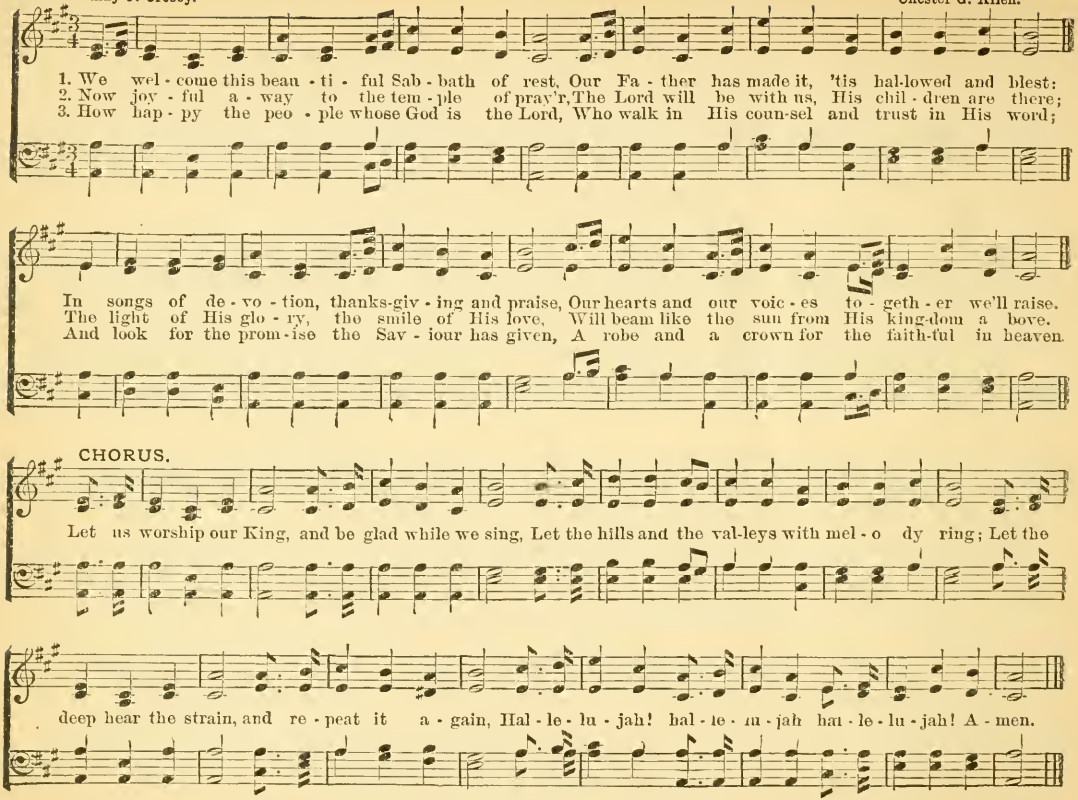
Sabbath Welcome.

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.



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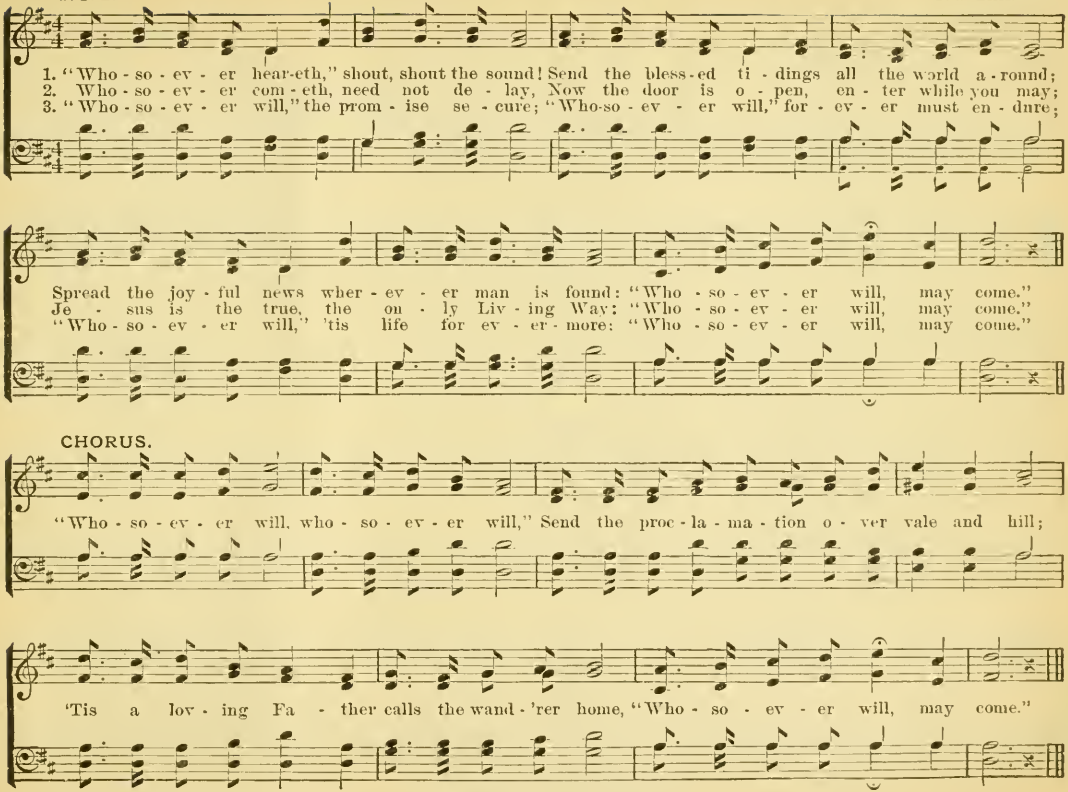
Whosoever Will.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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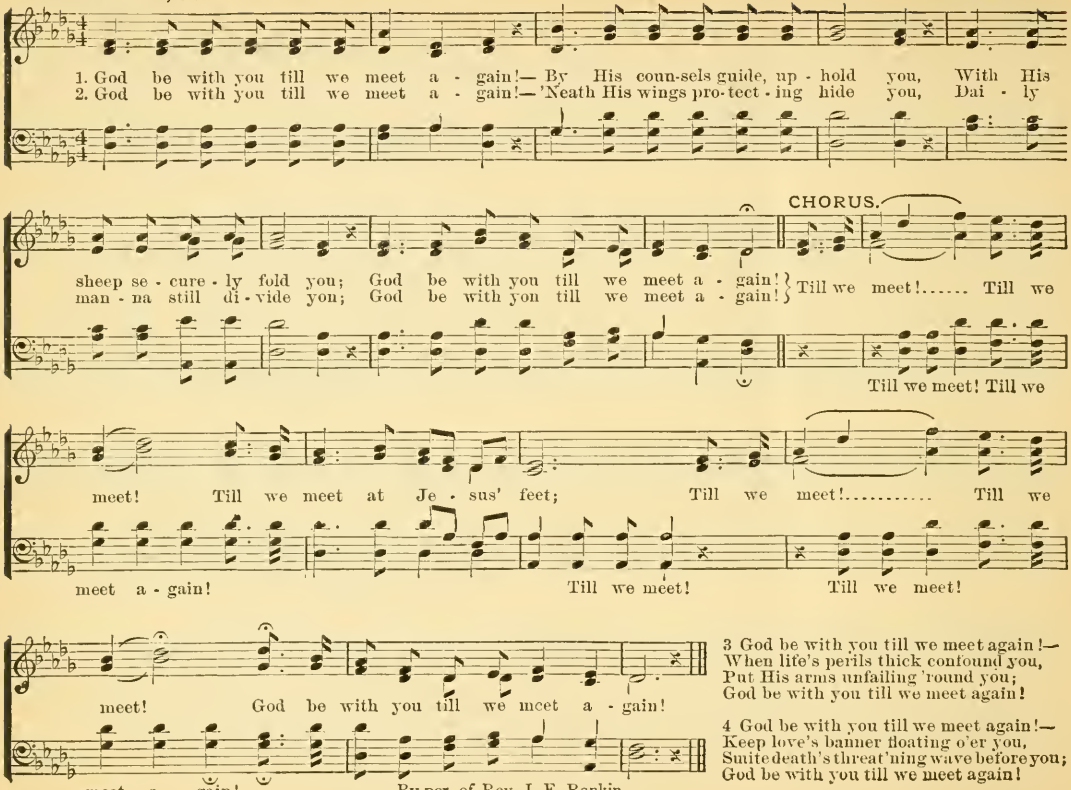
God be with You!

J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer.



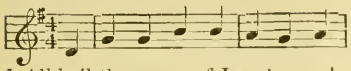
By per. of Rev. J. E. Rankin.

3 God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing 'round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

214 CORONATION.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 201)



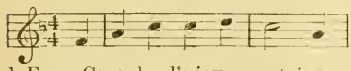
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

Rev. E. Perronet.

215 MISSIONARY HYMN.



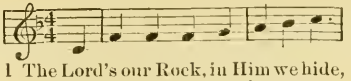
1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Rev. Reginald Heber.

216 THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 55.)



1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure, whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land;
Oh! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

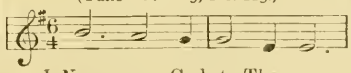
2 A shade by day, defence by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

217 BETHANY.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 223.)



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

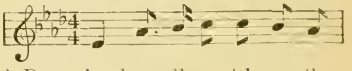
2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

218 FOLLOW ON!

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 148.)



1 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

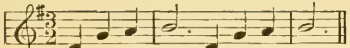
REFRAIN.

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!
Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!

2 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow;
With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear,
Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

219 HAPPY DAY.



1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

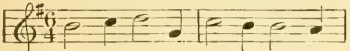
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

Rev. P. Doddridge.

220 EVEN ME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 87.)



1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

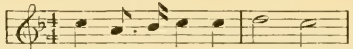
2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
While Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

221 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 224.)



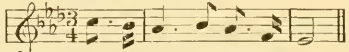
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Annie L. Walker.

222 EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 48.)



1 Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REFRAIN.

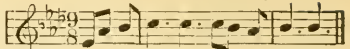
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

223 MY REDEEMER.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 229.)



1 I will sing of my Redeemer
And His wond'rous love to me:
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free,
And made me free.

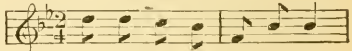
2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death and hell.

P. P. Bliss.

224 DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 158.)



1 Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

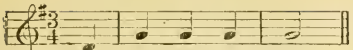
CHO.—Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's band.

P. P. Bliss.

225 WE PRAISE THEE.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 24)



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again: fill each heart with Thy love:
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Rev. W. P. Mackay.

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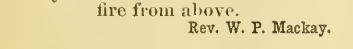
226 OH, HOW HE LOVES!

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 36.)



1 One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves! [Him.
Think, oh, think how much we owe
Oh, how He loves! [us.
With His precious blood He bought
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

Marianne Nunn.

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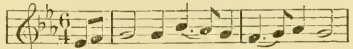
227 WOODWORTH.

Tune—G. H. C., No. 54)



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

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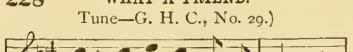
228 WHAT A FRIEND.

Tune—G. H. C., No. 29.)



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Joseph Scriven.

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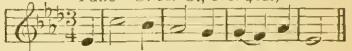
229 BELMONT.

Tune—G. H. C., No. 412.)



1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Rous' Version.

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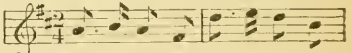
230 HOLD THE FORT.

Tune—G. H. C, No. 14.)



1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS.

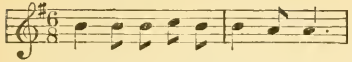
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

P. P Bliss.

231 WONDERFUL WORDS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 163.)



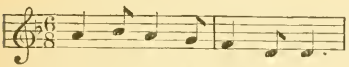
1 Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
‖: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :‖

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life,
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.
‖: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :‖

P. P. Bliss.

232 NEAR THE CROSS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 182.)



1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

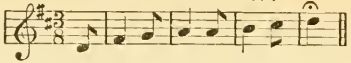
CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

233 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 77.)



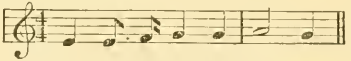
1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Rev. W. W. Walford.

234 THE OLD, OLD STORY.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 37.)



1 Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

REFRAIN.

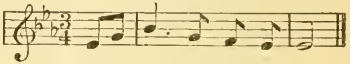
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Kate Hankey.

235 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 179.)



1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee.
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord!
Coming, now, to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

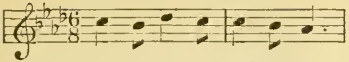
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

236 TRUSTING JESUS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 165.)



1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

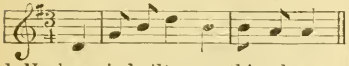
2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine:
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites.

237 THE SOLID ROCK.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 162.)



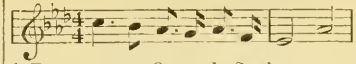
1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote.

238 PASS ME NOT.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 169.)



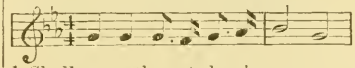
1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Fanny J. Crosby.

239 THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod—
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

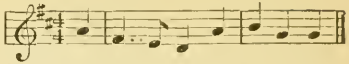
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Rev. R. Lowry.

240 HE LEADETH ME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 51.)



1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

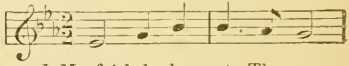
He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Rev. J. H. Gilmore.

241 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 229.)



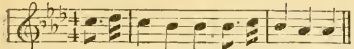
1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

242 DRAW ME NEARER.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 156.)



1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.

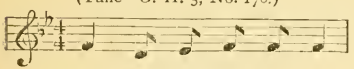
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

243 RESCUE THE PERISHING.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 176.)



1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

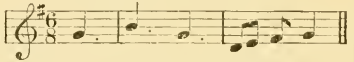
2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that Christ can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Fanny J. Crosby.

244 MARCHING TO ZION.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 250.)



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.

CHORUS.

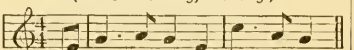
We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

Rev. I. Watts.

245 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 225.)



1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

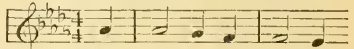
REF.—‖: Lose all their guilty stains, :‖
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

W. Cowper.

246 IT IS WELL.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 157.)



1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

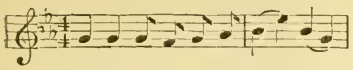
‖: It is well with my soul, :‖
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

H. G. Spafford.

247 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.



1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are. :‖

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way:
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

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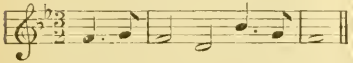
248 TOPLADY.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 200.)



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

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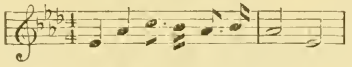
249 THE PRECIOUS NAME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 72.)



1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

2 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

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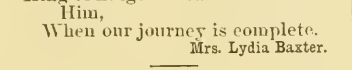
250 BEULAH LAND.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 192.)



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine:
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore!

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites.

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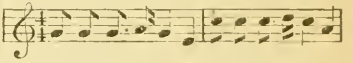
251 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 193.)



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

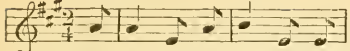
CHO.—‖: Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves. :‖

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

252 PORTUGUESE HYMN.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 217.)



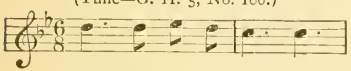
1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent [word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,—
‖: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? :‖

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give [thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand. :‖

George Keith.

253 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 166.)



1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

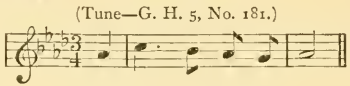
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

254 I NEED THEE.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 181.)



1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord:
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

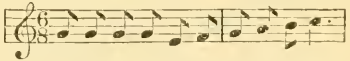
REF.—I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee:
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

Annie S. Hawks.

255 JESUS IS CALLING.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 42.)



1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Farther and farther away?

REFRAIN.

Calling to-day, calling to-day,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

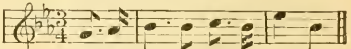
2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh! come to Him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

Fanny J. Crosby.

256 I WILL SING.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 141.)



1 I will sing the wondrous story,
Of the Christ who died for me,
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.

F. H. Rawley.

257 DOXOLOGY.

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.

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